Collier's

April 8, 1950

15c

IOLA,
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS

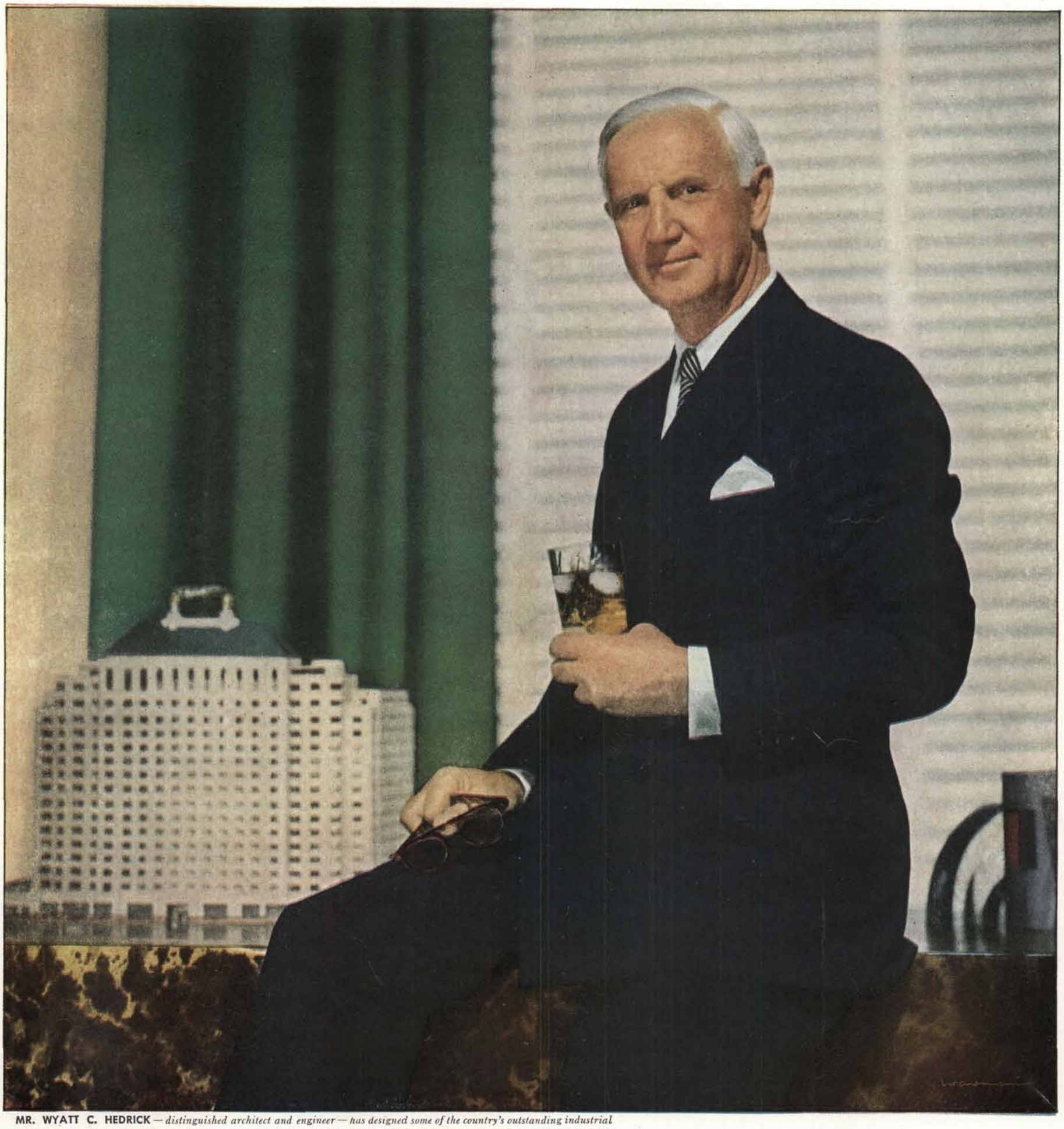
Is Truman Taking Us Down the Br[illegible]

By U.S. SENATOR ROBERT A. TAFT

April 8, 1950

PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA
KANS
A 8h538
R
19AUG50

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MR. WYATT C. HEDRICK — *distinguished architect and engineer — has designed some of the country's outstanding industrial buildings. One of his recent accomplishments is the new Shamrock Hotel in Houston, Texas — a model of which appears above.*

For Men of Distinction... LORD CALVERT

Where there's Lord Calvert, there's usually a man of moderation and discerning taste . . . particular about what he drinks and what he serves his friends. Lord Calvert . . . so rare, so smooth, so mellow . . . meets the requirements of those who appreciate the finest. Why not try Lord Calvert yourself?

LORD CALVERT IS A CUSTOM BLENDED WHISKEY, 86.8 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CORP., NEW YORK CITY

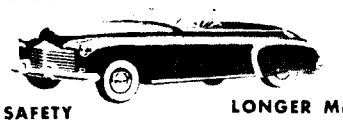
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Best tire value starts INSIDE

WITH B.F. Goodrich

"RYTHM RIDE"

MORE COMFORT



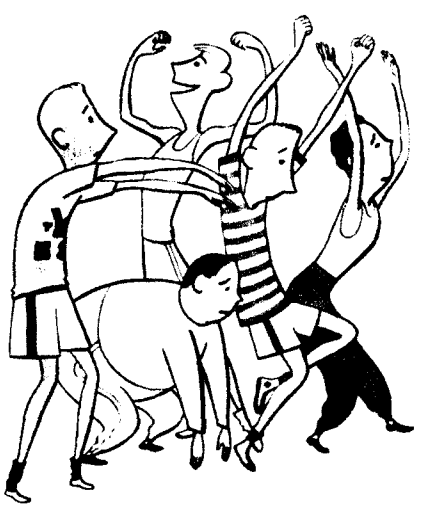
GREATER SAFETY LONGER MILEAGE

Joe McCarthy
Famous baseball manager, says:

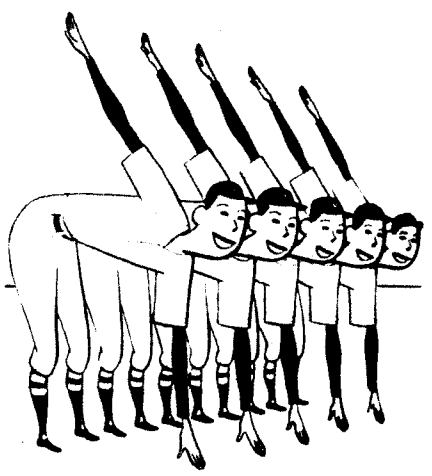
"LOOK INSIDE FOR INSIDE PROOF"

Nobody knows the value of teamwork better than Joe McCarthy. "It helped me win seven world championships, plus two major league and two triple-A minor league championships," says Joe. "And right inside a B. F. Goodrich tire I saw inside proof of the teamwork that makes BFG the best tire value." You can see it too—see how B. F. Goodrich tire cords are precision spaced, sealed in live rubber, with *no cross-threads*. They're free to work together, in rythm, to give you "Rythm Ride"!

IF YOU CAN TELL WHICH ATHLETES ARE BEST, YOU CAN TELL WHICH TIRE IS BEST:

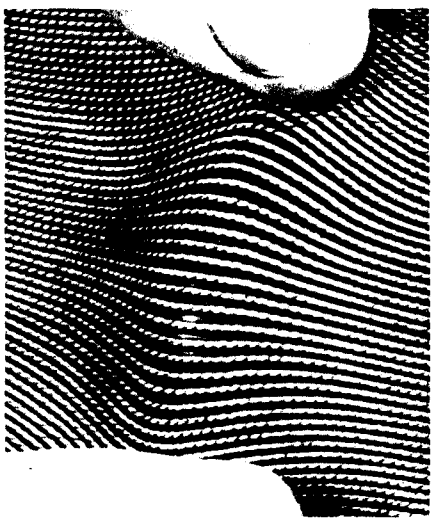


2 **Every tire has** thousands of cords that flex as you ride. In most tires, these cords are *out of rythm* like the athletes above. That's because the cords are hampered by *non-working* cross-threads.



3 **Because no cross-threads** hinder the action of B. F. Goodrich tire cords, they work *in rythm* like the athletes above. Carry impact from one to another, smother road shock, reduce wear, cushion bumps.

4 **Note how** most tire cords are bunched and gapped by slender cross-threads. Result: weak spots, "slacker" cords, overworked cords. BFG cords, instead, are sealed in rubber, with uniform spacing and tension.



5 **Only B. F. Goodrich** has the equipment and skills to give you "rythmic-flexing cords" in every tire for every need. Buy today. See your B. F. Goodrich dealer. The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, O.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

"ANNIE GET YOUR GUN"

starring

BETTY HUTTON

HOWARD KEEL

with

LOUIS CALHERN • J. CARROL NAISH
EDWARD ARNOLD • KEENAN WYNN

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by Sidney Sheldon

Based on the Musical Play with Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN and Book by HERBERT FIELDS and DOROTHY FIELDS

Musical Numbers Staged by.ROBERT ALTON
Directed by.....GEORGE SIDNEY
Produced by.....ARTHUR FREED

We've seen it! – the M-G-M musical "Annie Get Your Gun" and this excited, delighted reviewer is here to tell you that *There's No Business Like Show Business* and there's no show like this one!

With its sure-fire cast, its corral of Irving Berlin song hits, its rootin', tootin' Technicolor, and its riproaring Wild West Shows—"Annie Get Your Gun" hits the bull's eye!

Unless you happen to be a sharp-shooting heart-breaker like blonde and bouncy Betty Hutton, *You Can't Get A Man With A Gun.* But she steps right into Annie Oakley's boots and handles men the way she handles a gun: she just can't miss with either.

Romantic Howard Keel, the most exciting new singing star in years, thinks he knows exactly what he wants his girl to look like and act like. Betty Hutton makes him change his tune—but fast—when he sings *"The Girl That I Marry".*

The song titles we have interpolated are only a few, of course, among the dozen favorites for which "Annie Get Your Gun" is famous. There's *"Anything You Can Do I Can Do Better", "Sun In The Morning", "I'm An Indian Too"* and *"My Defenses Are Down".*

And, of course, there's *"Doin' What Comes Natur'lly"*—which is exactly how the whole cast play their roles. Edward Arnold as tricky Pawnee Bill; Louis Calhern, as a wild and wooly Buffalo Bill; J. Carrol Naish as Sitting Bull, the Sioux with an eye for the Susies; and Keenan Wynn as the press agent.

Director George Sidney and Producer Arthur Freed have made that great Broadway smash, "Annie Get Your Gun", into the outstanding movie musical in many a moon.

To borrow one more phrase from Mr. Berlin, *They Say That Falling In Love Is Wonderful.* And you'll fall in love with M-G-M's wonderful "Annie Get Your Gun".

The songs are available on M-G-M Records!

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

Collier's

EDWARD ANTHONY, *Publisher*
LOUIS RUPPEL, *Editor*

RICHARD CHAPLIN, *Assistant Publisher* JOHN DENSON, *Managing Editor*

WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director* KNOX BURGER, *Fiction Editor*
GURNEY WILLIAMS, *Cartoons* WALTER DAVENPORT, *Senior Correspondent*
JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief of Washington Bureau*

Associate Editors · BERT BACHARACH · HELEN S. BILKIE · WARREN BROWN
GERTRUDE BUCKMAN · HELEN P. BUTLER · JEAN B. CAMPBELL · JOSEPH CARROLL
ALLEN CLEATON · JOHN CONNER · WILLARD B. CROSBY · BILL DAVIDSON
WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR. · MACLENNAN FARRELL · BILL FAY · JOHN FLOREA
DIANA HIRSH · DEAN JENNINGS · JAMES M. KAHN · JOHN LEAR · DAVID MANESS
GORDON MANNING · MARSHALL McCLINTOCK · TOM MEANY · FRANK D. MORRIS
JOHN C. PELLEW · ELEANOR PORTER · JAMES A. QUIGNEY · COLLIE SMALL
RED SMITH · JAMES THRASHER · LESTER VELIE · FRANCIS WALLACE
TODD WRIGHT · JAMES N. YOUNG

April 8, 1950

ARTICLES

Is President Truman Taking Us Down the British Road?.....
U.S. SENATOR ROBERT A. TAFT 13

Don't Pity the Blind.....HERBERT YAHRAES 16
(PART ONE OF THREE PARTS)

The World's Worst Traffic Jam.....BILL DAVIDSON 20

The Met's Accent Is American.....HERBERT KUPFERBERG 22

Home Is a Dream.....LESTER VELIE 26
(Concluding THE AMERICANS NOBODY WANTS)

Brother, That's a Steak!.....RICHARD B. GEHMAN 30

It's Color from Head to Toe.....BERT BACHARACH 48

FICTION

The Lovely Night.....SHIRLEY JACKSON 14

Sea Dog.....EDMUND GILLIGAN 18

The Case of the Smuggler's Bell.....ERLE STANLEY GARDNER 24
(PART THREE OF SIX PARTS)

Uncle Funzy and the Burning Tapers.....JOSEPH PETRACCA 28

Mountain Crossing.....TOM W. BLACKBURN 32

The Hollow of Her Hand.....MARJORIE CARTER 34
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

Keep Up with the World.....FRELING FOSTER 8

Report to Pravda.....GURNEY WILLIAMSKY 10

Editorial..... 74

Cover.....LAWRENCE WILLINGER

COLLIER'S The National Weekly Vol. 125, No. 14. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19. N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Denerlein, J. B. Scarborough, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

COPYRIGHT, 1950, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

Barbara Wittlinger is *prettier* than her picture, according to Photographer Lawrence Willinger. Just eighteen years old, Barbara is the daughter of a former actress who married a technician for Producer Samuel Goldwyn. She's gone to work for Goldwyn, too, and will be seen in Our Very Own, now scheduled for fall release. Her future plans include enrollment at Los Angeles City College where she will study dramatics.

Week's Mail

Pre-Holman Basketball

EDITOR: I read with intense interest every word that Stanley Frank wrote about that truly fine basketball coach, Nat Holman (*Easy Doesn't Do It, Feb. 18th*), but I would like to put into the record of Collier's pages a gentle gripe about the purging of several hundred basketball players and coaches and several hundreds of thousands of basketball fans of the pre-Holman era of the game.

Mr. Frank somewhat arbitrarily set the year of 1920 as the date when basketball attained its majority. There are a good many thousands of participants and spectators who could prove to him by the Spalding and the A. J. Reach Company annual basketball guides that basketball was a major sport in the year 1904 at the St. Louis World's Fair, when the Buffalo Germans won the Olympic world championship in an outdoor arena which drew crowds that would have overflowed Madison Square Garden.

Speaking as an old-timer myself, I should imagine that Mr. Holman would not be, as Mr. Frank said, "sore that Dr. James A. Naismith beat him to the punch by inventing basketball," but that he should be on the contrary very pleased that the good doctor did invent the game in time for him to play it and coach it.

Phog Allen, who, according to your article, "started at the University of Kansas also in 1919," actually started 13 years before 1919 when he was playing left forward on a wonderful team of the Kansas City Athletic Club, coached by Martin Delaney.

There was enough good and high-class basketball throughout the country that far back of these days mentioned in your article so that the Crescent Five of Evanston, Illinois, spent the entire season of 1906-'07 from December 12, 1906, to April 6, 1907, playing some 70 games on the road in the U.S. from Rochester, New York, to the West Coast and back and from Toronto to Vancouver in Canada.

I was the left forward and captain of the Crescent Five referred to in the preceding paragraph, and the record of that team is also enshrined in the basketball guides and rulebooks of 1907.

WILLIAM A. ORR, New York City

. . . In Easy Doesn't Do It, the following is stated: "Today, basketball attracts more participants and spectators than any other sport in the United States."

It is believed that there are more spectators of softball, and that there are more participants in bowling.

H. T. EATON, New York City

Sausage Surplus

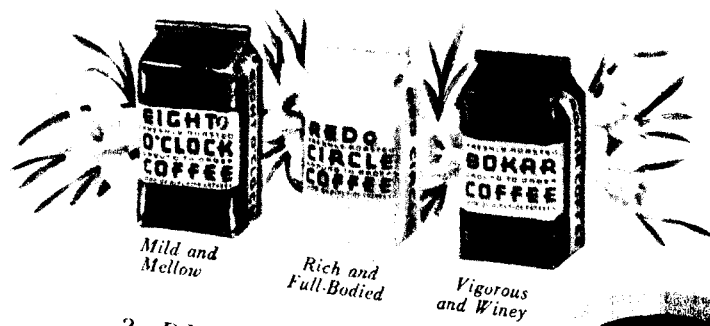
EDITOR: Just finished cooking a batch of Boned Chicken Pompadour, Garni, according to the recipe in The Happy Irishman of the French Quarter (Feb. 18th). It looks and smells great.

Your recipe reads, "Remove chicken and sausages, thicken sauce with yolks of three eggs and half cup cream. Add pat of butter while thickening. Pour over chicken and

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Something for a Rainy Day

If April showers get you down—let a cup of rich, flavorful A&P Coffee brighten you right up. It's cheery as the chirp of robins—fresh as spring blossoms. In fact, there is no finer coffee in any package at any price. And speaking of price—thousands now save up to 15¢ a pound by changing to A&P Coffee from coffee of comparable quality. Figure out what a tidy sum you can save for your "rainy day" fund by changing to A&P Coffee, too. It's Custom Ground from the roaster fresh bean right before your eyes—it's America's favorite . . . it will be your favorite, too!



A&P COFFEE

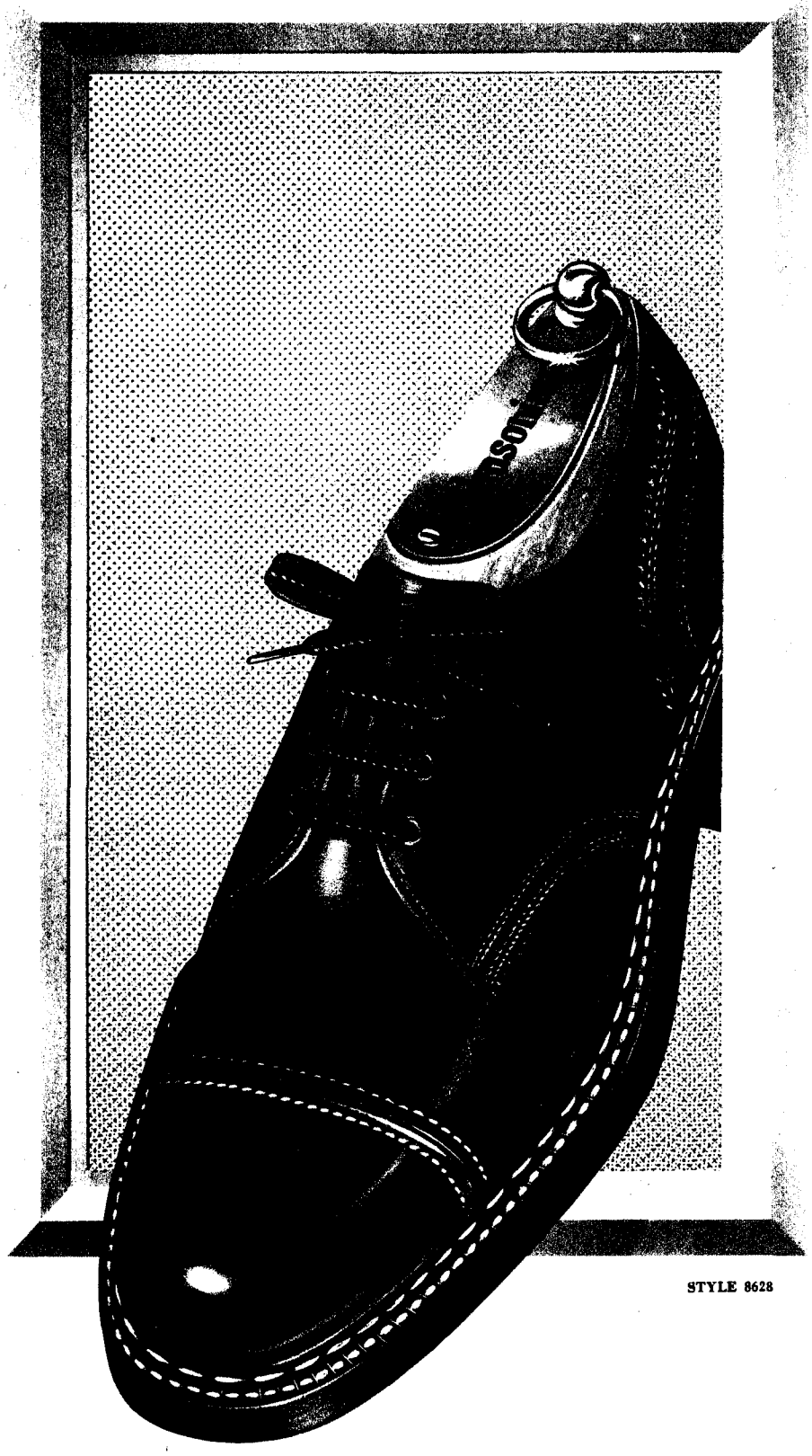
AT ALL A&P FOOD STORES

3 DISTINCT BLENDS
(ALL WONDERFUL)

Unlike most coffees which come in one blend only, A&P Coffee offers you the blend that exactly suits your taste.

A&P

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Picture *your* feet in Johnsonians

for **STYLE** • *for* **COMFORT** • *for* **WEAR**

Step into this picture! Put your feet in Johnsonians . . . you'll find comfort from the very first step . . . the last word in styling in every pair . . . *plus* careful crafting of fine leathers for longer wear. The picture is complete at a price you've been looking for! For name of your dealer, write to: Endicott Johnson Corp., Endicott (1), N. Y., St. Louis (2), or New York (13).

$8.95 to $9.95

Johnsonian

"THE SMARTEST SHOES ON THE SQUARE"

A PRODUCT OF ENDICOTT JOHNSON

add dash of lemon juice. Serve with fresh-cooked vegetables."

Now, what I want to know is, what the hell will I do with the eight small pork sausages? W. G. THOMAS, Medina, N. Y.

Eat them with your fingers—no sauce.

The Stritches of Limerick

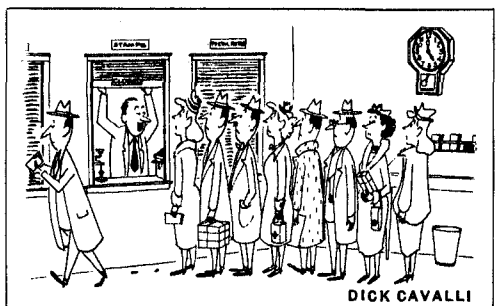
EDITOR: I rise to the defense of Cardinal Stritch's ancestry. In the fine Phil Regan piece (That Lucky Fellow, Feb. 25th), the author finds it amusing that Regan should "tack on at the end" of a ballad litany of Irish names a "mirth-provoking un-Irish" one such as that of Chicago's cardinal.

The name Stritch is as Irish as Fitzgerald, Nugent, Costello, Powers or any of the others which comprise the great Norman group of Irish. The ancient patrimony of the family was in County Limerick and a Nicholas Stritch was mayor of the city of Limerick in 1427. They have been in Ireland since shortly after the Norman conquest of England, at the Battle of Hastings, in 1066.

My authority is Patrick Woulfe's Irish Names and Surnames and the Ancestral Map of Ireland, by O'Daly.

DENNIS JOHN O'NEILL, Lakewood, Ohio

'Tain't Funny, He Says



"And, in closing, I wish to thank you all for your admirable patience"

EDITOR: I wish to submit this note as a constructive criticism of a cartoon appearing in your Feb. 18th issue. It is undoubtedly funny to the majority of people. But to me, a postal window clerk of 30 years' experience, it falls flat.

In the first place, post offices close their windows at 5:45 P.M., not 5:00 P.M. The windows are not closed while a line is formed.

I have worked overtime as much as a half hour many times to clear up a line before my window.

CHARLES W. GUEST, JR., Pittsburgh, Pa.

The Thomases: Continued

EDITOR: In Lowell Thomas' article On the Caravan Trail of the High Winds (Feb. 18th), a slight error of fact has crept in which in no way detracts from a most fascinating story.

Thomas states "at 14,000 feet water boils at about 40° C. . . . when it is barely lukewarm." In the first place, water at 40° C. (104° F.) is hardly what one would call "barely lukewarm." In the second place, as a matter of fact at that altitude water boils at about 86° C. (187° F.) which is not hot enough for most kinds of cooking, but is still uncomfortably hot.

To reach an altitude where the boiling point has dropped to 40° C., one would have to get to about 60,000 feet above sea level. L. F. BRADY, Tempe, Ariz.

. . . I wish to express my appreciation for the privilege you are giving your readers through publishing the Lowell Thomas articles on Tibet.

I have been a regular reader of Collier's for the past 18 years and an intermittent reader for 17 years before that. At no time before were there such consistently fine articles as you have been giving your readers for some time past.

EDITH F. GARDNER, Flushing, N. Y.

. . . It should receive an Oscar! The another-world land of Tibet; plus the Thomases; plus that superb color photography. It all adds up to the magazine article of the year.

BURTON M. FOSTER, Newburgh, N. Y.

. . . In Lowell Thomas' article Out of This World—A Journey to Lhasa (Feb. 11th), the author states that he and his son were the seventh and eighth American citizens to visit the Forbidden City.

I believe this is in error, as an internationally known traveler, the late Richard Halliburton, visited there with two companions in the 1930s; and he was very much there according to his own story of Lhasa and Potala, the palace of the god-king. VERNA MATTSON, Chicago, Ill.

To Miss Mattson and dozens of other hasty readers with the same complaint, Mr. Thomas didn't say that he and his son were the seventh and eighth Americans to visit Lhasa. He did say (page 16), "we were the seventh and eighth citizens of the U.S. to be received officially by the Tibetan god-king and to visit his golden-roofed Potala. . . ."

Maybe It's Congenital

EDITOR: There's only one thing wrong with Parke Cummings' In One Ear and Upside Down (Feb. 18th). It applies to husbands, not children.

My three-year-old carries out the most complicated commands perfectly, but my husband— If I ask him to go to the store for bread and eggs, the chances are ten to one that he will return with milk and butter. If I carefully add, "We *have* three quarts of milk and a pound of butter," I don't need to tell you what happens; I soon have six quarts of milk and two pounds of butter (but no bread and eggs). ROBERTA KANTRO, Washington, D. C.

Census Snoopery

EDITOR: Since your publication seems to be a rather effective crusader against bureaucratic misgovernment, I wonder if you wouldn't take up the cudgels against the Census Bureau's unjustified attempt to include illegal questions concerning personal incomes in its querying of every fifth person above the age of fourteen?

The Census Bureau obviously does not have legislative authority, and is not the master but the servant of the people who pay its expenses. Why, then, should it be permitted to invoke penalties of fine and imprisonment against law-abiding citizens who resist its excursions into *personal* government? WILLIAM H. STAEBNER, Willimantic, Conn.

Haymaker

EDITOR: I have just got around to reading Brothers' Keeper by Edwin Lanham (Jan. 7th) and hasten to send this belated note of congratulations. It's one of the best fiction articles I've ever read (and it's my business to read quite a few) that swings a haymaker at bigotry.

At the same writing, let me express my deep admiration for the vigorous editorial policy of Collier's in articles, as well as on the editorial page, on behalf of full civil rights for all Americans.

BENJAMIN R. EPSTEIN, Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, Chicago, Ill.

Have a Nice Trip

EDITOR: Since I am going to be traveling for the next six months, I am going to wait until September before starting Collier's again.

This is the first time in many years that I will be without a Collier's subscription. I'll buy it, though, at newsstands.

You just can't beat Collier's for good reading!

MRS. E. F. WINGATE, Charlotte, N. C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CAPTURE
Killing a man is one thing... loving his wife is another... both are Dynamite!
Author NIVEN BUSCH brings his newest thrill with all the emotional violence that marked his DUEL in the SUN
LEW AYRES · TERESA WRIGHT
in
NIVEN BUSCH'S
production
THE CAPTURE
FEATURING VICTOR JORY · JACQUELINE WHITE and introducing EDWIN RAND
Written & Produced by NIVEN BUSCH · Directed by JOHN STURGES

A Showtime Properties, Inc. Feature · Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON

MRS. HARRY B. MATHEWS, the former Agnès de Saint-Phalle of Paris and New York society. Discriminating in her choice of cigarettes, Mrs. Mathews says: "I like the cork tip and better taste of Herbert Tareyton."

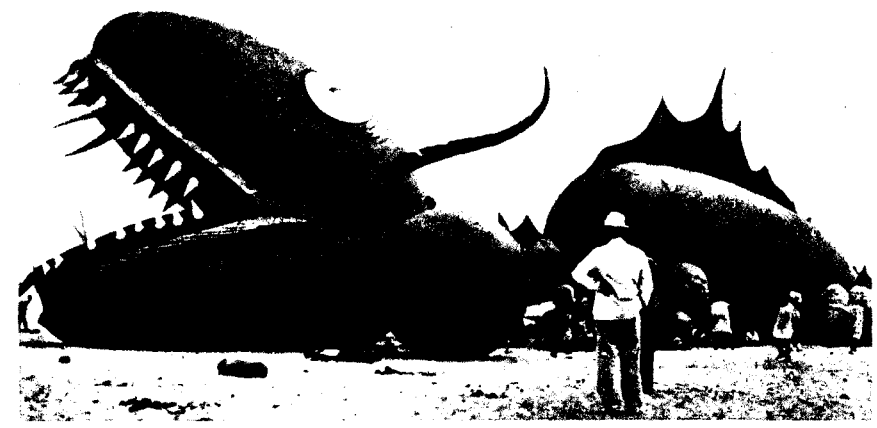
Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton *because they pay no more for this better cigarette.* They appreciate the kind of smoking that only a genuine cork tip can give... the cork tip doesn't stick to the lips, it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



In 1937 a rubber sea serpent startled the natives of Nantucket

Sea serpents are almost as numerous today, it seems, as they have been for centuries, at least 15 of these imaginary animals having been "sighted" in the past 15 years. One was seen in the White River in Arkansas, one in the Mediterranean and one in the Gulf of Mexico, the last having rammed a freighter repeatedly for two days. But the people on Nantucket were not fooling when they reported a monster swimming a half mile off their island on an August morning in 1937. Newsmen and photographers rushed there and, as hoped, the weird beast finally came ashore. It was about 100 feet long, 25 feet high, gray in color and had large tusks protruding from its head. Shortly, its "owner" arrived and announced that it would be seen in New York in Macy's next Thanksgiving Day Parade, which has long featured such grotesque inflated-rubber creatures.

Some rural families in several European countries still observe an old custom after a death has occurred in the household. They put many structures and animals on the farm into mourning. For example, they hang crepe on barn doors, pigsties, beehives and chicken coops; and tie small pieces around the necks of favorite dogs, cats, horses and cows.

In 1785 in London, Prince George of England, while in a facetious mood one day, told his wife that he greatly admired her right eye. Taking him seriously, she had a small painting of the eye made and gave it to him for Christmas. Not to be outdone, members of the royal and noble houses promptly ordered similar pictures and, shortly, all Britain was swept by this absurd fad. Despite the time and money spent on these paintings, they were worthless as portraits because a person cannot be recognized by one eye alone.

One of the most farcical murder trials in U.S. history was that of George Remus who shot his wife to death in Eden Park, Cincinnati, on the morning of October 6, 1927. Having finished a prison sentence in Atlanta for bootlegging, he had just returned home and thought that she had been unfaithful during his absence. Although Remus was a disbarred lawyer and had a bad record, he was allowed to conduct his own case in court and pleaded insanity, the only plausible defense for such a crime. The prosecution called a number of alienists who knew and testified that Remus was mentally normal; yet he, being shrewd, convinced the jurors that he was crazy and they acquitted him in 19 minutes. As Remus was dangerous, according to his witnesses, the judge had him committed to a state asylum. But four months later he appeared before the Ohio Court of Appeals, proved that he was sane and obtained his freedom.

In 1921 in Hammond, Indiana, a Hazel McNally, twenty-three, informed her husband, Frank, sixty-nine, that she was going to have a baby. This made him very happy as he had often said he wanted a child. Assisted by a midwife and friend, Hazel shortly gave birth to twins whom she named Loren and Lorene. As they were sickly and susceptible to germs, Frank was not allowed to see them or permitted to enter the nursery for an indefinite period. Consequently he had to satisfy himself that they existed by listening to their crying spells. One day, a year later, Hazel told Frank the infants were critically ill and left with them for Chicago, where she stayed a week and then returned alone, explaining that the babies had died and been buried there. Hearing the story, Frank became enraged and accused her of killing the children. Hazel was tried for their murders and acquitted. Her lawyer proved that she was incapable of having a baby and that she had pretended to have twins to please her husband. Lastly, she had gone to Chicago and concocted the death tale, thinking that she could make Frank believe this one last lie that would end her deception. To climax his case, Hazel's lawyer then unwrapped a box and produced Loren and Lorene—two large crying dolls.

Through experience, the people of India have had little or no confidence in printed financial statements for generations. Therefore, bank depositors were difficult to secure and hold until it was realized that the public's faith had to be restored by tangible objects, such as displays of real money. Since that time, virtually all banks there have maintained a large room, filled with open boxes overflowing with rupees, which may be seen by passers-by at any hour of the day or night, through windows opening on the street.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Their Pension Checks Come Regularly"

For more than 37 years, the working days and the future of Bell Telephone employees have been made more secure by a complete Benefit and Pension Plan. The Company pays the cost.

Long, long ago — before there was any thought of social security or of pensions by most companies — the Bell System Companies started a Benefit and Pension Plan for their employees.

The Plan is much more than a pension plan. It is a well-rounded, financially sound program to assist employees in meeting the emergencies of Sickness, Accident, Disability, and Death, as well as retirement.

It is designed to give help of different kinds and on different occasions when Bell System men and women — the younger as well as the older — may have need of it.

Plan Recently Improved — Important improvements have been made from time to time to meet changing conditions. Twice in the last four years the minimum pensions have been increased. Just last November the minimum pension was raised to $100 a month (including social security) at age 65 for employees with twenty years' service. Many employees get pensions of substantially more than $100 a month.

Benefits Public as Well as Employees — All of this is in the interest of the public as well as telephone employees. Because for you to have good service, the Telephone Company must have good people to give it to you.

This Benefit and Pension Plan is part of the Bell Telephone Companies' responsibility as good employers and good citizens in every community in which they operate.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NO MUSS...NO FUSS...

No Dust Bag to Empty

The world's most modern Vacuum Cleaner

DO IT with LEWYT

- **NOTHING TO SHAKE OUT!** The bag's gone . . . the bother's gone! Lewyt empties *clean* in seconds!
- **IT'S QUIET—NO ROAR!** You can even clean the nursery without waking the baby!
- **NO LEAKING DUST!** Only Lewyt filters dust *4-ways*—gives you "hospital-clean" air to breathe!
- **NEW NO. 80 CARPET NOZZLE** gets *more* dirt, lint, threads, hairs...all with *less* rug wear!
- **NEW MAGIC "ENERGIZER"!** Only Lewyt *automatically* maintains peak cleaning power—it can't "choke-up"!
- **SWEEPS BARE FLOORS...** does your dusting...cleans draperies...sprays paint, waxes linoleum, even de-moths closets! So *light*, so *easy* to use, so *easy* to store!
- **LEWYT COSTS NO MORE THAN ORDINARY CLEANERS!**

10 WORK-SAVING ATTACHMENTS
Everything you need for every cleaning job! No extras to buy!

Ask your Lewyt Dealer for Free Home Demonstration. See your Classified Telephone Directory.

FREE BOOKLET ON MODERN HOME CLEANING!
LEWYT CORPORATION, Vacuum Cleaner Div., Dept. 4, 84 Broadway, Brooklyn 11, N.Y.
Without obligation, rush me FREE copy of Lewyt's Picture Booklet on Modern Home Cleaning!
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....
COUNTY.....STATE.....

REPORT to PRAVDA

By GURNEY WILLIAMSKY

Some juicy propaganda items other observers seem to have overlooked

ALTHOUGH the posting of a letter may be of the utmost importance to him, an American citizen is arrested if he attempts to mail it in the red box on the street corner. Such is the ridiculous lack of logic in the muddled capitalistic mind that, in the above case, the fire department arrives first, the police second.

Can you imagine?

On rainy days in large American cities the traffic laws are regarded with startling contempt. Men in commanding uniforms, holding umbrellas over their heads and constantly blowing whistles, signal all yellow automobiles to pull over to the curb, but the drivers sneeringly ignore the wild gesturing. The worst violations occur near large hotels, apartment houses and stores.

HARRY A. DEVLIN

They blow whistles constantly but the drivers ignore the gesturing

Such is the decadence of democratic citizens that when a holiday falls on a Sunday, workers do not appear at all in their offices the following day. Furthermore, the city workers are so ill fed that even the highest-paid find it imperative to leave their desks at ten in the morning and seek sustenance at a coffeeshop. Despite this, they find themselves so weak at noon that it often requires two or three hours for them to consume lunch. It is a wonder they are able to return home in time to dine with their starving wives, who have stoically missed lunch in order to attend P.T.A., religious and similar meetings where the indolent proletariat gather.

The dishonesty, untidiness, ill-health and cruelty of the average American is so inherent that many significant expressions have come into common usage. For instance, a baseball enthusiast, returning from a game, will exclaim: "We wuz robbed!" and a card player will freely admit that his companions "stole the shirt off my back" and "sent me to the cleaners"—the latter, presumably, because he needed a bath. One also frequently hears the expression: "I grabbed the dinner check."

As for ill-health, the American constantly cries: "Oh, my achin' back!" and complains about having holes in his head. Typifying his cruel streak are such phrases as: "I burned him up," "This will kill you," "I got a kick in the teeth today," "You'll get a bang out of this," "She talked my ears off," "He twisted my arm" and "Drop dead!" This is democracy!

And there is the case of the faithful worker in a sweatshirt factory (they still exist despite denials) who, becoming ill, was banished to Bermuda for 60 days by his capitalistic boss and prohibited from earning his wages. This is freedom!

Turning to scientific matters, the United States Bureau of Standards has fallen so far behind the times that in spite of population and dollar figures that have reached the millions and billions, the dizzy Americans still stumble along with only two pints to a quart, only four quarters to a dollar and a mere 12 to a dozen.

If the sleepy authorities realized that in order to maintain sane proportions there should now be 52,800,000 feet in a mile and that light should presently travel at the rate of 3,000,000,000 feet a second, the country might wake up; but it is not likely that the common man will raise his voice to effect any such changes. Incidentally, gasoline is still sold in units of one gallon, and the average American automobile can travel at speeds of only 80 to 100 miles per hour—pfui!

American air travel is so chaotic that a passenger embarking at Los Angeles will discover, when he arrives in Boston, New York or Washington, that his watch is three hours slow. Conversely, if he travels from the East to Seattle, San Francisco or Los Angeles, his timepiece will be three hours fast. The stupid U.S. citizens, however, are too discouraged to protest this outrage.

Finally, it is extremely dubious that the much-publicized H-bomb will become a reality. Although the A-bomb proved moderately effective some years ago, the clumsy American experiments with the ensuing B-, C-, D-, E-, F- and G-bombs ended in dismal yet laughable failure.

What a country!

THE END

When he arrives on the East Coast he finds he has lost three hours

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

coming out

just in time

for Easter

in fourteen wonderful colors

*B.V.D.
BRAND

fabuline sportshirts
the fabulous gabardine

Feast your eyes on this Easter prize—B.V.D.'s gift sportshirts of Fabuline, a fabulous washable lightweight rayon gabardine in 14 glowing colors, from lustrous lights to deep-keyed darks. They're styled expensively, with beautiful pearl buttons and a super-sumptuous feel. Drop an Easter gift hint, or treat yourself. You'll wear these sportshirts day in, day out . . . to the office with a tie, or for loafing in open-at-the-throat ease. And happy note . . . though they look like luxury, they don't cost like luxury! Fabulous at only **$4.95**

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, ABC Network, every Monday evening.

Give yourself this Springtime lift

IT'S spring—the world is growing young again—and so are you.

You feel like flinging back the steel canopy of the family sedan and traveling free and open, one with the birds and the fleeting clouds.

Well—what's holding you back?

Not far away—no farther than your Buick dealer's—there's a car like this one.

A thing brawny and beautiful and powered to ramble.

A thing graceful and sleek of line, bold-fronted in husky chromed steel, streamlined in the tapered dip of its fenders.

It's a comfortable thing, striding the roads on soft-cushioned wheels that are coil-sprung all around.

It's a lively thing, spanning the miles on the wings of valve-in-head straight-eight Fireball power that is high in compression, and extra-efficient in wringing top mileage from the fuel you buy.

And there are touches of magic in it. Magic button-controls that run the windows up and down or set the front seat or fling the top up or down. The magic of spinning oil in Dynaflow Drive,* where you set a lever once and forget it until journey's end, whether your course is through heavy traffic or over the wide and open hills.

Standard on ROADMASTER, optional at extra cost on SUPER and SPECIAL models.

—AND A BIG NEW POWER THRILL! This is the Buick SUPER Convertible, which means, in addition to style and comfort and springtime lift, the extra wallop of Buick's new F-263 Fireball engine. See it—try it—at your Buick dealer's.

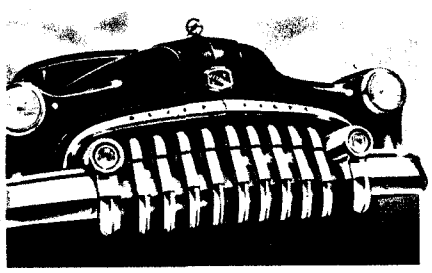
The price? Lower than you'd think from a look. Certainly mighty low for the springtime lift you find here as nowhere else.

And it's accompanied by most satisfying details of trade-in and delivery, as you'll see when you call on your Buick dealer. Why not see him today and be ready for spring and the out-in-the-open days sure to follow?

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

Only BUICK has Dynaflow

and with it goes: HIGHER-COMPRESSION Fireball valve-in-head power in three engines. (New F-263 engine in SUPER models.) • NEW-PATTERN **STYLING,** with **MULTI-GUARD** forefront, taper-through fenders, "double bubble" taillights • **WIDE-ANGLE VISIBILITY,** close-up road view both forward and back • **TRAFFIC-HANDY SIZE,** less over-all length for easier parking and garaging, short turning radius • **EXTRA-WIDE SEATS** cradled between the axles • **SOFT BUICK RIDE,** from all-coil springing, Safety-Ride rims, low-pressure tires, ride-steadying torque-tube • **WIDE ARRAY OF MODELS** with Body by Fisher.



WHATEVER YOUR PRICE RANGE

"Better buy Buick"

YOUR KEY TO GREATER VALUE

When better automobiles are built BUICK will build them

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's, April 8, 1950

Is President Truman Taking Us Down The British Road?

By ROBERT A. TAFT
United States Senator from Ohio

"Mr. Republican" says flatly: Administration policies parallel the British Socialist program which brought that country to a "state of economic morass and regimentation"

WHEN I came to Washington in the thirties, one of the clinching arguments for any new program was that it had been a brilliant success in Great Britain, or perhaps in Australia or New Zealand. I rather doubt if anyone had thoroughly analyzed its results there, but the popular impression was created that England was well ahead of us in dealing with economic and welfare problems.

There isn't much doubt that British thinking influenced many of our liberals. President Roosevelt and Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., were entranced with the financial ideas of John Maynard Keynes, the British economist. Sir William Beveridge, author of the Beveridge cradle-to-the-grave security plan, was the prophet of the social workers. Whatever the British did, we must do the same.

The general theory seemed to be that there was less depression, unemployment and poverty in England than in this country, although I never saw any figures which undertook to prove it. The British, naturally, did nothing to dispel the strange American belief that they somehow were superior to us in political and social thinking; and also in craftsmanship. Every American has been told that this tie, or shirt, or suit, or something, was imported from England, as if that fact was obvious evidence of superior quality.

Today Great Britain is living a life of austerity. It is unable to manufacture exports sufficient to pay for the imports which it must have. Its workmen suffer a low standard of living. While we do not hear so much any more of the argument that this or that program must be adopted because it has been followed in England, yet it appears that the so-called Fair Deal program, and the thinking of groups like the Americans for Democratic Action, are still following the British Socialist pattern and paralleling the developments in England.

While conditions in England are not entirely the same and undoubtedly the British have a less favorable economic basis on which to work, still it seems fair to assume that if we copy the British in all of their policies we are likely to reach the same kind of state of economic morass and regimentation which they had attained prior to the recent election. That morass cannot be cleared up for a long time, even if future elections completely repudiate the Socialist program.

It is rather curious that the Fair Deal program parallels almost exactly the measures enforced by the labor government of Great Britain since it came to power in 1945 with promises of nationalization of industries, and broad government controls.

Mr. Truman insisted in 1947, 1948 and 1949 that he must be given in peacetime all the OPA war powers to fix prices because of the fact that prices were rising. At the present time he has confined his price-fixing demand to that of fixing a minimum price for agricultural products, but there can be no doubt that if prices begin to rise again, his demand will be renewed. The Spence bill containing these powers is still pending in the House of Representatives. No one in this country has ever asked for general price-fixing powers before, except in time of war. We have found from our war experience that we cannot fix the price of a few products without going on to all related products and, if the control is to be effective, spreading it out gradually to everything, as Leon Henderson did after the first year of the OPA.

Price fixing involves the control of all the selling and buying practices and even advertising and other costs, because nearly all of them have some effect on price.

The Spence bill also contains a mild move toward wage fixing under some circumstances, recognizing the inexorable law that prices cannot be fixed if wages remain unfixed. The Spence bill also contains the general power to "allocate" goods, which cannot be done effectively unless you are prepared to go on to consumer rationing. All these powers, taken together, mean a complete control of all distribution from the producer through to the consumer. It involves, therefore, an attempt to govern every transaction of buying and selling, and every payment of wages in the United States.

All of those powers exist in Great Britain today. British industry and commerce are tied hand and foot and directed in their every detail by government regulation. Much more than an election is needed to free them. It is interesting that even under a labor government, England has attempted to hold wages down by the government's influence with the Trades Union Congress and by threatened regulation. We have seen only a short time before the February 23d election the demand of Sir Stafford Cripps that wages must not be increased, even though devaluation of the pound had caused some increase in prices. The British labor government assumed the power to tell a workman that he cannot work in one place, but must work in another and take the wages which the second job provides. This is a power, I am told, not often used, but it has been used.

There is no question in my mind that if the government sets out to control all prices, that control can only be effective if the control is complete and wages are fixed also. Thus *(Continued on page 46)*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Lovely Night

The two girls were carrying her along on the tide of their unpopularity. The dance tonight could wreck or save her

NATALIE WAITE leaned her chin on both her hands and looked at the soda clerk thoughtfully: What would happen if she went over very casually, smiling, and asked him to marry her? Or run off with her to Italy? Would he stare at her blankly, or would he, possibly, conceivably, smile and say, "Sure"? Suppose, worst of all, she went over very casually, smiling and hardly looking at him at all, very casually indeed, and asked him to take her to the informal dance at the high school? She shivered, and closed her eyes suddenly; it was horrible. ("How would you like to take me to the informal dance tonight? No one else seems to ask me, and it's getting pretty late.") Horrible.

"What on earth *you* thinking about?"

Natalie opened her eyes. "Nothing," she said. She tried very hard not to look impartially on her companions; almost constant companions they were, by now, and any clear look at them gave Natalie such a look at herself that she was helplessly depressed, and almost frightened; Doris, on her right, was the sort of girl who invariably finds her own level in any group of people so loosely interrelated as the student body of a small high school; Doris was fat, and badly dressed, and stupid. She was the center of a little group of girls who did things by themselves, went to movies and had excruciating parties which they referred to as "hen" parties, went swimming in the summer, in a gay chattering body whose animation never quite concealed the fact that they were unattractive and unpopular.

Ginny, on Natalie's other side, was pale, without distinguishable color in eyes or skin or hair; she played sentimental tunes very poorly on the piano, and was given to giggling flirtation with her teachers; she seemed incapable of admiring the pleasanter side of anything or anybody; incapable, indeed of believing that anything or anybody *had* a pleasanter side.

When Natalie sat in the drugstore with Doris and Ginny she knew that she was marked, just as irremediably as though they had all worn distinctive uniforms, as one of the little group around Doris, the aggressively sociable outsiders.

"What *are* you moping about?" Doris said again, insistently. "You thinking or something?" She and Ginny began to laugh the more uproariously because there were other people in the drugstore: women at the next table drinking coffee after an afternoon's shopping; two girls at the counter drinking Cokes and talking to each other in quick, low voices; the clerk.

"*Honestly*," Doris said, and their laughter rose.

Why am I here, Natalie thought miserably, what made me be here, marked out by these girls as their friend, instead of off somewhere by myself, or sitting somewhere with people I like? Why am I here? She smiled defensively at Doris and Ginny. "I don't know," she said ineffectually, and they laughed harder.

"Listen," Doris said to Ginny, suddenly serious, "listen, you've got to be ready at eight, remember. None of this waiting around."

"I'm always ready," Ginny said, loudly for the benefit of anyone who might be listening. "Never-late Ginny, that's what they call me."

"You be ready, too," Doris said, turning her heavy eyes on Natalie. "We'll come and get you, Ginny and me, about five after."

"What for?" said Natalie blankly. She looked at Doris and then at Ginny; they were grinning at her.

"Doesn't hear a word," Doris told Ginny.

"Deaf as a post," Ginny told Doris.

Doris pushed Natalie's hand on the table. "The dance, stupid. Didn't you know we were all going to the dance?"

Natalie frowned, uncomprehending, and Doris said easily, "I guess in the high school you come from they don't have dances like this. This is a kind of a dance they have a lot here. You don't need a date to go."

"It's not as though they had a real *band*," Ginny put in quickly. "We go all the time."

"Sure," Doris said. "We all go and we have fun."

"Fun" was one of the things that Doris and her friends kept having. Natalie smiled, to seem polite, and said, "I couldn't possibly go. Really, I can't."

"Don't be silly," Doris said, and Ginny said, "We're all going. Don't be scared."

"You mean just anybody goes?" Natalie said.

"I guess in your old high school—" Doris began, and Natalie said hastily, "I went to a girls' high school. A sort of private school. We only had a couple of special dances each year."

"Well, that's why, then," Doris said, greatly relieved. "This is a different kind."

"I was hoping—" Natalie began; she was about to say that she had been hoping that someone—anyone—would ask her to the dance, but she stopped herself suddenly; Doris and Ginny would only answer that they had just asked her; perhaps, after all, if it really was an occasion to meet people, and people did do it all the time, and it certainly wasn't possible to ask the soda clerk if he . . .

She smiled to herself, and Doris said loudly, "Well, that's settled, then. You coming?" She referred, this time, to their leaving the drugstore, which was done with so much noise and laughter and dropping of pennies and exclamations over the counter display of compacts and lipsticks that Natalie held back, reluctant, until Doris' bold shout across the store brought her hurrying. "Hey, Nat, you coming?" Doris shouted, and Ginny added piercingly, "Got to rush home and get ready for the dance."

They don't care about anything, Natalie thought, feeling the contemptuous eyes of the shopping women, the two girls at the counter and the clerk; they don't care what they sound like, and they think I don't care either. . . .

She wanted to leave them quickly, outside on the sidewalk, but there it would be worse; the three of them standing in a hesitating little group in the middle of the people moving past, talking loudly, laughing, pushing one another. Doris always talked back to people who pushed against her in a crowd and Ginny seconded her. Better, Natalie told herself grimly, as she had fifty times before, better to walk along with them and say good-by on some neutral street corner, better to have the neighbors see me with them than try to get away in public.

"Honestly," Doris said loudly as they pushed their way through the crowds of people on the streets; it was just after five, and everyone was hurrying. "Honestly, I can't *wait*." She nudged Natalie significantly. "Wait till you get there," she said. "Honestly."

"Who do you dance with?" Natalie asked timidly, low-voiced, for fear someone passing might hear her talking to Ginny and Doris about a dance, as though they, of all people, could tell her.

"Well, really," Doris said. She laughed loudly. "Listen," she said to Ginny, and people passing them glanced up quickly and then away, "she wants to know who we dance with."

Ginny laughed too and Natalie, between them and helpless, walked as rapidly as she could.

TEN minutes' walking with their frequent pauses before shop windows, Ginny's turning to look after men and her audible comments, brought them to the corner where Natalie left them; they lived next door to each other not more than two blocks away from Natalie. When Natalie saw her own front door from the corner, she grew more restless and nervous.

"Don't dress up much," Ginny assured Natalie before they parted.

"It's not *that* much of a dance, see?"

"But we'll have fun," Doris promised.

"Just don't get all dressed up as though you expected something special," Ginny said.

"Really," Natalie said, encouraged by being so close to her own home, "I don't think I'd better go."

"Honestly," Doris said. She turned and regarded Natalie coldly.

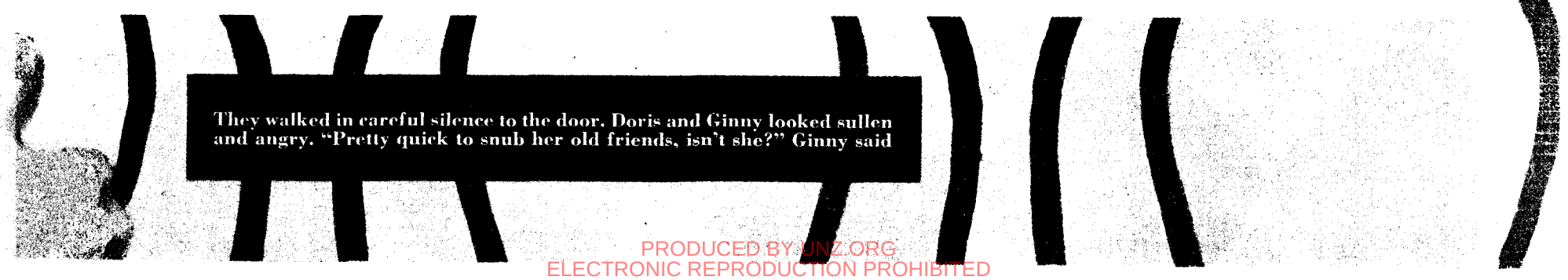
"If you never want to have any *fun*," Ginny said.

"Listen," Doris said to Ginny, "she's just scared. She wants to go, but she's scared. In that high school she came from—"

"It's nothing terribly fancy, this dance," Ginny said.

In order to escape from them at all Natalie had to promise that she would go with them; to herself, she modified her promise into going with them as far as the door; I'll see what it's like, she thought, and then if it looks like—I can always say I've got a headache, or I've got *(Continued on page 66)*

ILLUSTRATED BY DOROTHY MONET



They walked in careful silence to the door. Doris and Ginny looked sullen and angry. "Pretty quick to snub her old friends, isn't she?" Ginny said

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Joe Clunk with daughter Mary in his workshop. Clunk completely wired the shop, designed and built the sander

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Don't Pity the BLIND

By HERBERT YAHRAES

Sightless Joe Clunk, who opens new job opportunities for the blind by proving he can do the work himself, sells an inspiring philosophy to the 300,000 Americans who cannot see

PART ONE OF THREE PARTS

IT WAS a raw March morning, but the young man leaning against the front door was shivering not from cold but from fear. Joe Clunk was newly blind. In four sightless weeks, he had never before left the house by himself. But the baby had come unexpectedly during the night, and there was nobody but Joe to fetch some boric acid and diapers.

Though the store was only a long block down and across the street, to the stocky, black-haired fellow with the dark glasses it seemed half a world away. Then, as he stood there, too terrified to move, a sentence flashed through his head. Firmly he pushed himself away from the door.

"In that first block," he recalls, "I found more telephone poles than I thought there were in all Cleveland—and I bumped into most of them." He did, however, get the supplies his first-born needed.

People who know Joseph F. Clunk today as a great blind leader of the blind will be surprised to learn that this happy warrior was ever scared. They point out other experiences as more typical of the man. Like the time Joe was shaving himself in a Pullman washroom, and the porter came in, flicked on the switch beside the mirror, and asked, "Sir, couldn't you stand a little more light in here?"

"Thanks," Joe told him, "and while you're at it, would you mind wiping off this mirror? It's so dirty I can't see."

Or the time a Canadian schoolboy started to guide Joe across a busy Toronto street. Halfway over, as they paused to let a stream of cars go by, Joe glanced down at his companion and made a typical Clunk joke. "Sonny," he remarked, "that's a mighty pretty tie you're wearing today."

"Gee, mister," the boy said disgustedly, "you ain't blind, after all." Whereupon he darted off and let the old faker get across as best he could—which was very well indeed.

But the wisdom and guts that have made Joe one of the most distinguished blind men in the U.S.A. stem from the words that occurred to him that morning, 31 years ago, when his wife sent him out to the store.

They were the lesson of the Second Commandment: Thou shalt have no false gods.

As he pondered them, Joe reasoned that one false god was fear. And from that day to this, whenever a journey in mind or space has been necessary, Joe has merely asked himself two questions: "Where am I now? Where do I want to go?" He has shrugged off the telephone poles in between.

After he went blind, Joe polished off an old dream and made it his first big goal—to become a lawyer. Achieving that, he set himself the infinitely tougher job of clearing up age-old misconceptions about blindness.

People used to consider a blind person—too many still do—as somebody merely to be pitied. Perhaps he could pick up a few dollars making brooms, or, if he were unusually capable, selling newspapers.

But if he asked for a job, the reply was always the same: "What can a blind person do?" Joe figured out a one-word answer, *plenty*, and hit the road to prove it.

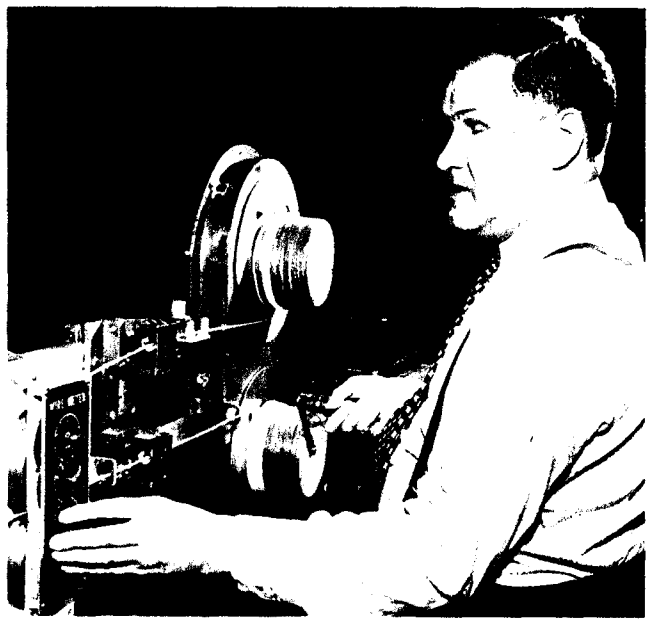
Doing so, this extraordinary salesman has traveled 350,000 miles, mostly alone. He has personally found jobs for approximately 1,000 blind people in regular industry or business, thereby saving taxpayers hundreds of thousands of dollars in relief payments.

Joe has also become the United States' first Chief of Services for the Blind, boss of a federal-state program that last year put 3,166 blind persons to work. No nation except Canada has a better program, and it was Clunk—at a time when his abilities were unrecognized here—whose hefty shoulders gave the Canadian plan the push it needed.

Untrained in mechanics, this blind man has nevertheless mastered scores of factory machines, from mangles in a commercial laundry to drill presses in a munitions plant, and he has taught other sightless persons to operate them. He has also installed $2,000 worth of lathes, saws, sanders and other power tools in his home workshop where, unaided, he turns out beautifully designed and finished lamp stands, coffee tables and name plates. And he has helped his wife raise a family of four.

A husky fellow with flashing teeth and a cherubic but leather-plated countenance, Joe constantly emphasized one fact: *The blind person of tomorrow is the seeing person of today.*

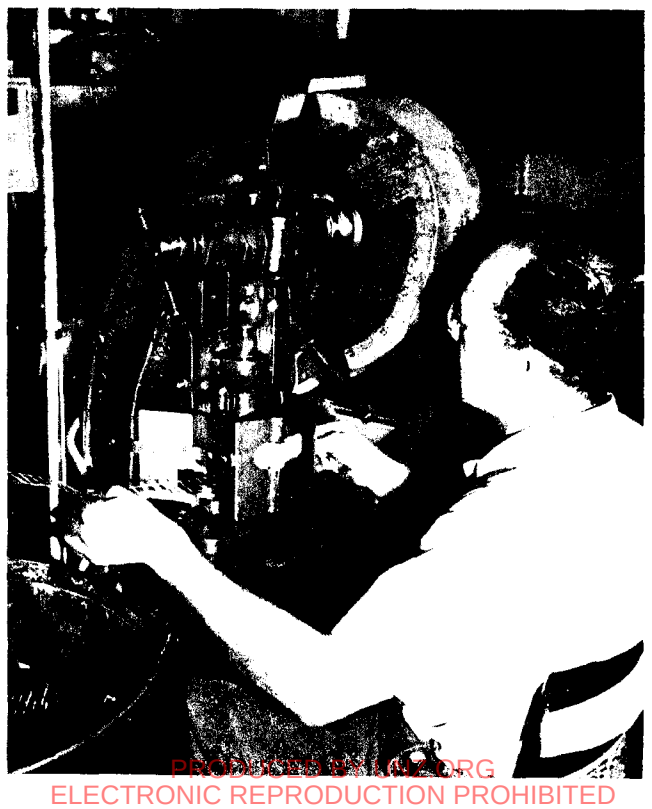
By a year from now, the Office of Vocational Rehabilitation estimates, *(Continued on page 62)*



Totally blind George Olson has held down a job for 29 years at Minneapolis-Honeywell. He winds cables

Lack of sight doesn't bother James Sletton, who runs a newsstand in La Crosse, Wisconsin

William D. Johnson, operating a power press by touch, maintains high production for Brooklyn manufacturer



Skillful blind worker: Orville Jones helps assemble a fuel pump in a Kansas City plant

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH ROYLE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sea Dog

By EDMUND GILLIGAN

Sable Island is the graveyard of many ships and many men. If it hadn't been for the dog, Peter might have been just one more victim of the wild currents that swirled about its foggy shores

A MAN may think he chooses his own dog, and there's no harm in his thinking so. Just the same, it's often the other way round: the dog chooses the man. And a really smart dog—a collie, for instance—why, if the need arises, he'll go right on choosing. He'll choose a horse for his master, and find his master a pretty wife, too, for that matter, if one is wanted.

All this was certainly true in the case of young Philadelphia Keane, captain of the Gloucester schooner Mara, who was named after one of the cities in the Bible. We never knew why the Grand Bankers decided to call him just "the Philadelphia." Maybe it was because they liked him and his easy way of going about the business of catching cod. Yes, sad or merry, they all liked the Philadelphia. He was a merry man at sea, and he was at sea most of the time. When he was ashore, he seemed a little gloomy, and the reason for that was the difficulty he was having with Molly Darmody, who'd let him put his arm around her now and then, but not tight, and maybe would let him kiss her cheek, but not the other kiss, the real one.

"I have my little boy to think of," she'd say.

"Ah, darling, I'll do the thinking for you," he'd say.

The Philadelphia and Jim Darmody had been dorymates when they were kids. One afternoon they were rolling along the main street, rich with cod dollars, and, at one and the same time, they saw Molly and they fell in love with her. It wasn't easy for her to choose one over the other. All the women of Folly Cove did their best to help her, and her choice fell on Jim. Some people said that the best of her advisers had her own cap set for the Philadelphia. A season or two later, after the birth of the boy, Jim Darmody was lost when the Susan B. Snow foundered off Sable Island. It was the Philadelphia they chose to bring her the sad news, for he had a kind heart and a way of soothing hearts that needed it. Ten long and lonely years had passed for them and yet he couldn't bring her to say yes or even no—not that he would have listened to the last one.

Well, the Philadelphia came down to the wharf one Sunday morning just to see how the Mara had passed the night. He had walked home from church with Molly and her son Peter, and he was still dressed in his Sunday best, which was just a little smarter than anybody else's best. He always carried himself well, and he was a pleasant sight in the blue suit, the blue shirt he always favored, his red mustache that was bigger than his bow tie, and his smile that was brighter than anything else about him.

As the Philadelphia stepped lightly from the wharf to the Mara's rail, a collie pup came rushing from under the port dories. The pup was about the size of a steaker cod. He barked and snarled in the most manly way. All this wrath was directed against the Philadelphia, who had as much right as anybody to come aboard.

He explained this to the pup. First, out of respect for his beautiful trousers, he kept his position at the rail. There he spoke to the pup, saying he wasn't to be excited, that he, the Philadelphia, was not only skipper of the Mara, but was also owner of a half of her.

"The better half," said the Philadelphia, who was always ready to make a joke, if only a poor one.

Nevertheless, the pup showed his little teeth and kept on yapping against anybody coming aboard that vessel.

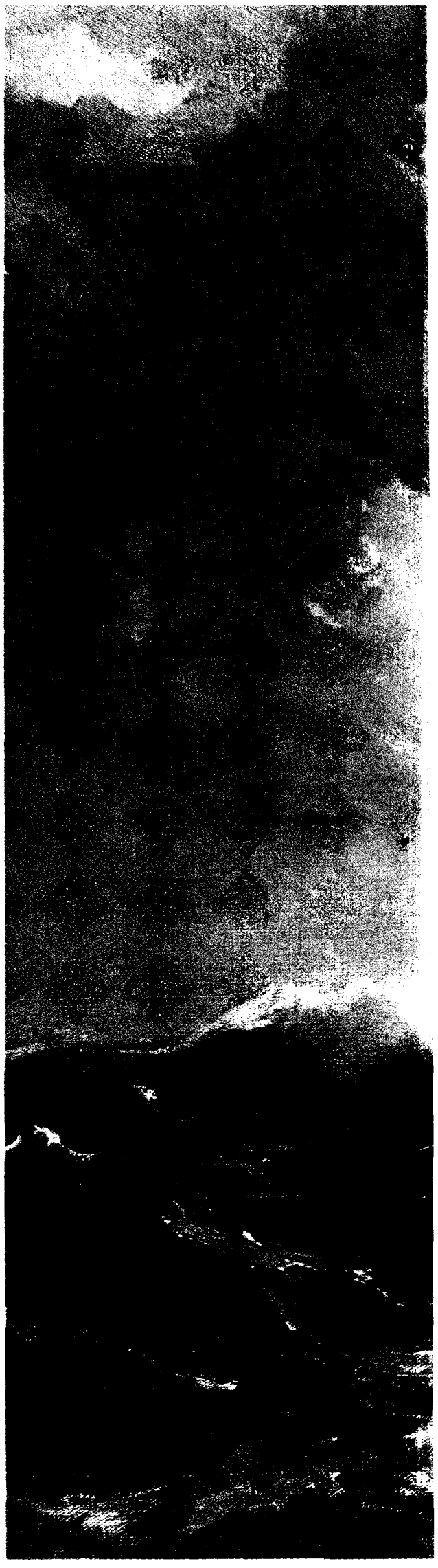
"And one thing more," said the Philadelphia, "something I always tell bad dogs in advance: you bite me and I'll bite you, sure as shooting. Look at these, will you?" And he showed his teeth to the pup. "Go ahead now and bite, but don't say I didn't warn you."

HE PRETENDED to take a step down and he smiled in that winning way of his. This did no good at all. The pup was willing to exchange bites, right then and there, in defense of the Mara. He made that plain.

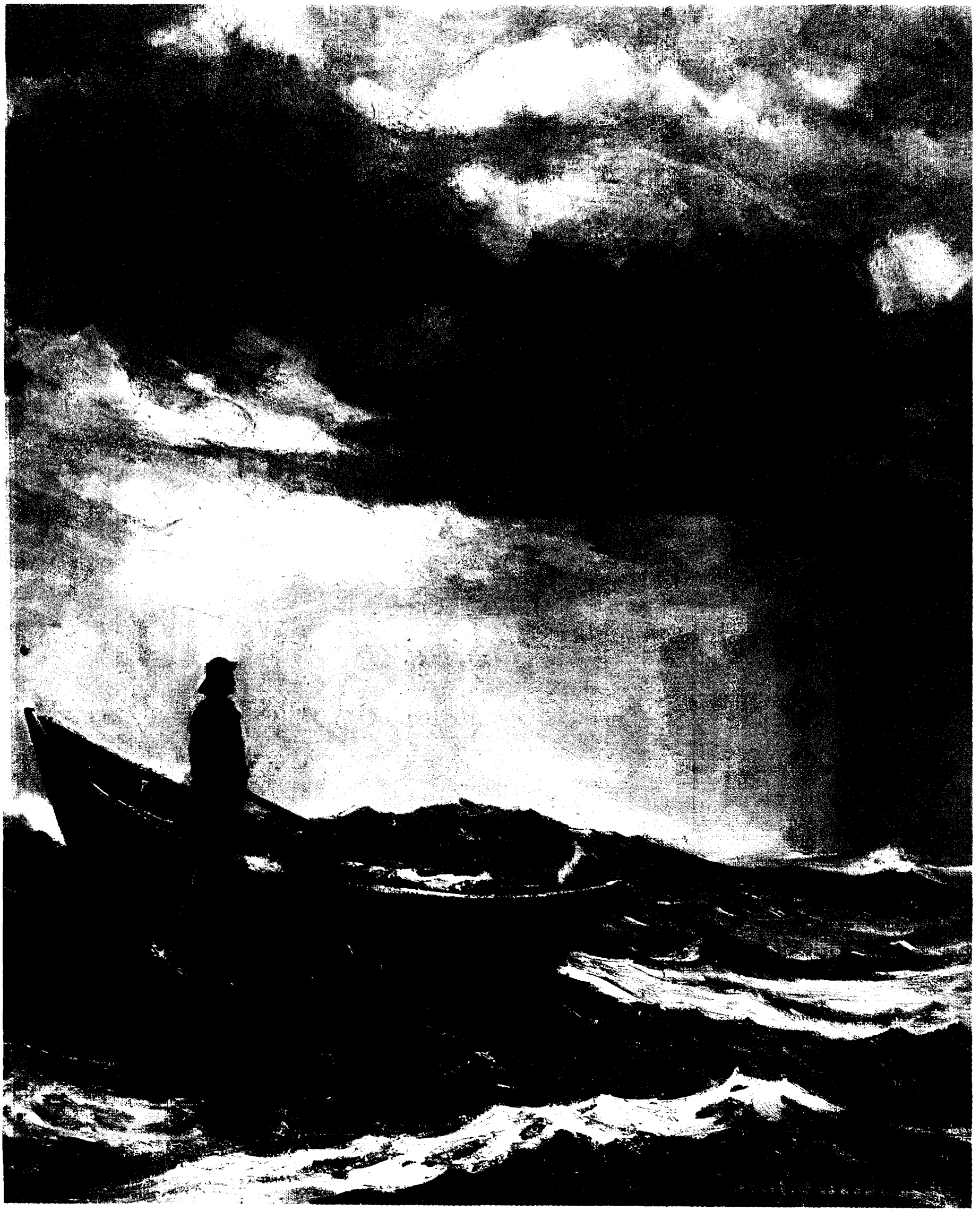
Always a man to take it easy, the Philadelphia went over to the Anchor House and had his dinner, which was the same as his dinner at sea: a plate or two of soup, a dozen muffins or so, and a sirloin steak with a few eggs fried in butter just to fill up any corners that might need filling up.

"Just wrap up the bone for me, John," he said to the waiter. "I've got a dog aboard the Mara who likes *(Continued on page 58)*

ILLUSTRATED BY STANLEY WOODWARD



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Collier's for April 8, 1950

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trucks back up on the sidewalk to unload on Seventh Avenue, in the bumper-to-bumper traffic of the supercongested garment section

fights the WORLD'S

By BILL DAVIDSON

Our Strangled Cities

In the 1890's the newfangled horseless carriage was so feared New York passed a law requiring that each car be preceded by "a person of mature age on foot, carrying a red flag by day, a red lantern by night, to warn the public of its approach." Such legislation has long since been repealed, and the automobile has become an instrument of pleasure and usefulness. The United States, in fact, is living in what has been called the Golden Automobile Age. The most striking symbol of our prosperity in the eyes of the rest of the world is the fact that more than 30,000,000 Americans own cars. But the Golden Automobile Age has brought problems, chief of which is the daily attempt to crowd thousands of cars into a few city streets, many of which were laid out for horse-drawn vehicles. Because traffic congestion has become one of our major postwar problems, Collier's dispatched Associate Editor Bill Davidson and other members of its editorial and photographic staff on an 18-city, 50,000-mile survey. Their report on New York will be followed, at intervals, by articles on how other cities are attempting, with varying degrees of success, to solve the mounting problem.

IN THE evening of December 30, 1949, a New York physician named Dr. Vincent Nardiello had to make a desperate decision. He stood in a dressing room in Madison Square Garden looking down at the unconscious form of a twenty-year-old heavyweight boxer named Carmine Vingo who had just been knocked out in the ring upstairs. Vingo's head had hit the ring floor as he fell, and Dr. Nardiello knew that the boy might die—unless he could rush him to a hospital to administer oxygen. There was no ambulance available at St. Clare's Hospital three blocks away, so the vital question resolved itself in the doctor's mind to this: Could he wait for an ambulance to fight its way across town from Bellevue Hospital through New York's monstrous and continuous traffic jam?

The doctor thought for a moment about the paralysis that has affected nearly all of New York's midtown streets. Then he made up his mind. "Get me some strong men!" he yelled. A few seconds later the unconscious boxer was being *carried* to the hospital on the shoulders of six policemen. Vingo survived—but only as the result of this primitive technique, in the middle of the world's most modern city.

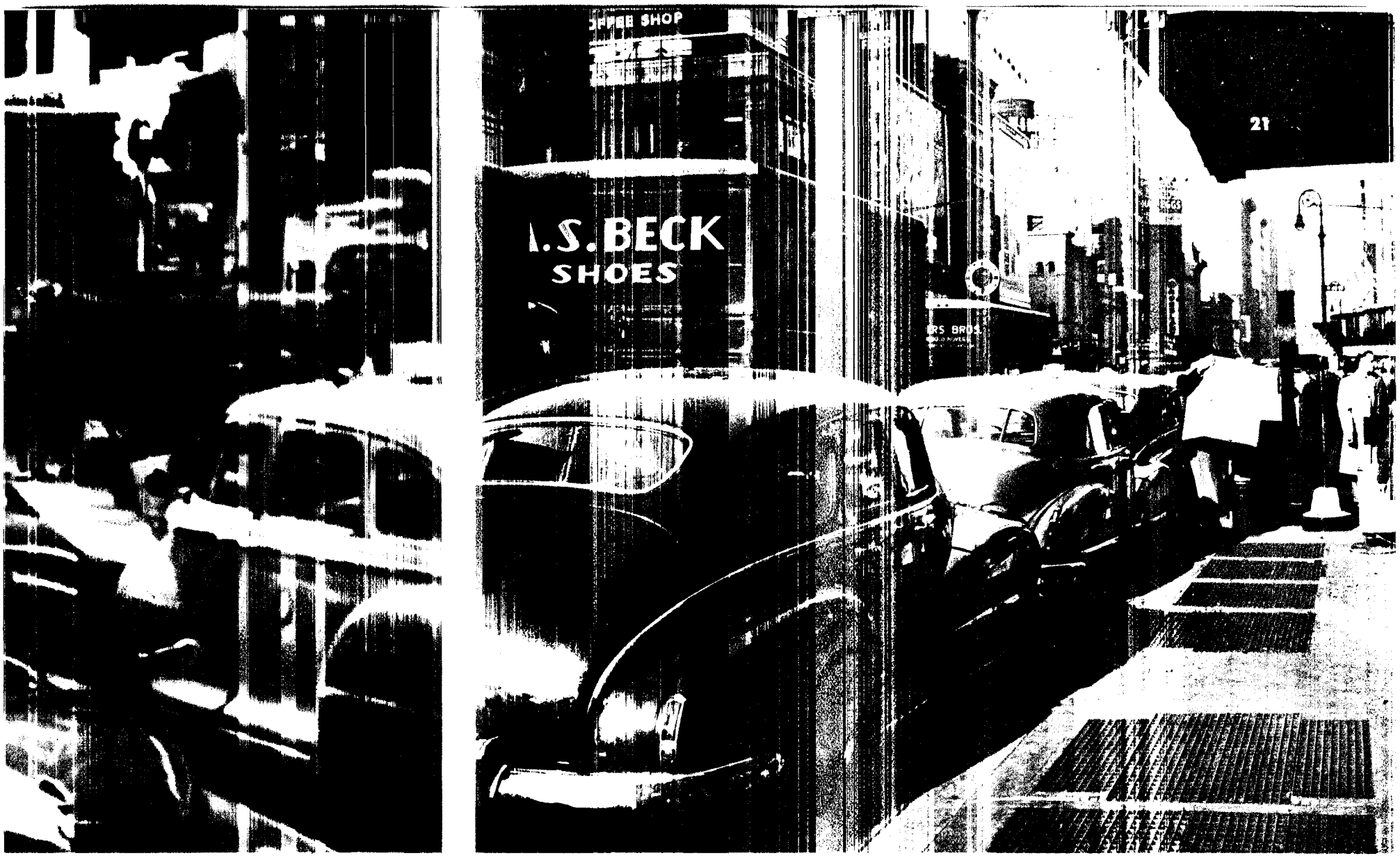
A few days before this, another New Yorker wasn't so lucky. He stepped from the curb at the corner of Ninth Avenue and Forty-ninth Street and was struck by a huge interstate bus. Two minutes later the alarm bell rang in the ready room at Bellevue Hospital, and driver Arthur Scheffler leaped into his ambulance with a doctor. But by the time they had fought their way through the immobile maze of traffic on Thirty-fourth Street, Madison Avenue, Forty-second Street and Eighth Avenue, a precious half hour had been consumed. The man died in the hospital, mostly of shock—and no one can say today whether or not he was killed by the extra 10 minutes exacted by the traffic jam. In discussing the victim's death certificate later, one bitter doctor told me, "They should have added another contributory cause of death—Hardening of the Arteries of New York."

These two cases—and there are dozens like them every month—are indications of how New York's traffic congestion has been allowed to increase to the point where the safety of its citizens is threatened. Their economic existence also is threatened. For the major victim of the city's hardening arteries is, of course, the city itself.

In a 1941 survey, the Regional Plan Association, Incorporated, announced that the losses attributable to the city's constant traffic jam amounted to over $1,000,000 a day. Today, the figure of $1,000,000 probably can be applied to Manhattan Island alone. This includes business that gets disgusted and goes elsewhere, shoppers who do the same, declining real-estate values, wasted man-hours, and wasted machine-hours. (The trucking industry, for instance, once estimated that its drivers use up 20,000,000 extra gallons of gasoline annually while driving around and around the block of destination looking for an unloading place at the curb.) The $1,000,000-a-day figure does not include wear and tear on the nerves, and broken noses and teeth produced by contact with the fists of traffic-jam antagonists.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN ALBERT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Intensifying Seventh Avenue's traffic snarl, truckmen have to double-park so they can unload

WORST TRAFFIC JAM

Of all the major cities covered by Collier's in a national traffic-congestion survey, New York was by far the worst. Every day, Manhattan is attacked in a series of mechanized waves, after which comes a great melee of hand-to-hand and motorized combat that lasts until after midnight. The first wave, in the morning, is a horde of commuting motorists pouring across the bridges and through the tunnels from New Jersey, Westchester County, southern Connecticut and Long Island. They struggle bumper to bumper often at a snail's pace down New York's unexcelled high-speed superhighways, and erupt into the streets near their offices. Since parking lots are few and expensive, these early motorists park illegally along the avenues and the east-west cross streets. Thus they reduce four-lane thoroughfares to two open lanes.

In the second wave come the busses and taxis, carrying people to work from near-by residential areas and from terminals and subway stations. The second wave mixes with the first and crawls along through streets narrowed down by the solid lines of illegally parked cars that consolidated the first beachhead.

In the third wave come the delivery trucks and commercial cars. They join the general fray, and after a half hour or so of looking for an unloading spot near the curb, they double-park in desperation; and the cross streets are narrowed to just one lane for through traffic.

In the fourth wave come the lady shoppers in their cars. Then come the chauffeured cars, double-parking or driving around the battlefield, while their owners shop or *(Continued on page 50)*

A doctor's car in a No Parking area. Many were seen in front of restaurants, theaters, stores

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Risë Stevens in the title role of Carmen

Frank Guarrera as Valentin in Faust

Blanche Thebom as Amneris in Aïda

Jerome Hines as Mephistopheles in Faust

The Met's Accent

Once upon a time a singer had to come from abroad to achieve

HEN Rudolf Bing, the new general manager of the Metropolitan Opera, got off the ship from England last November, the first thing he did was to announce that the future of the Met would be built upon young American singers. "They are," he said, "the best singers in the world. I know, because I've heard them in Europe."

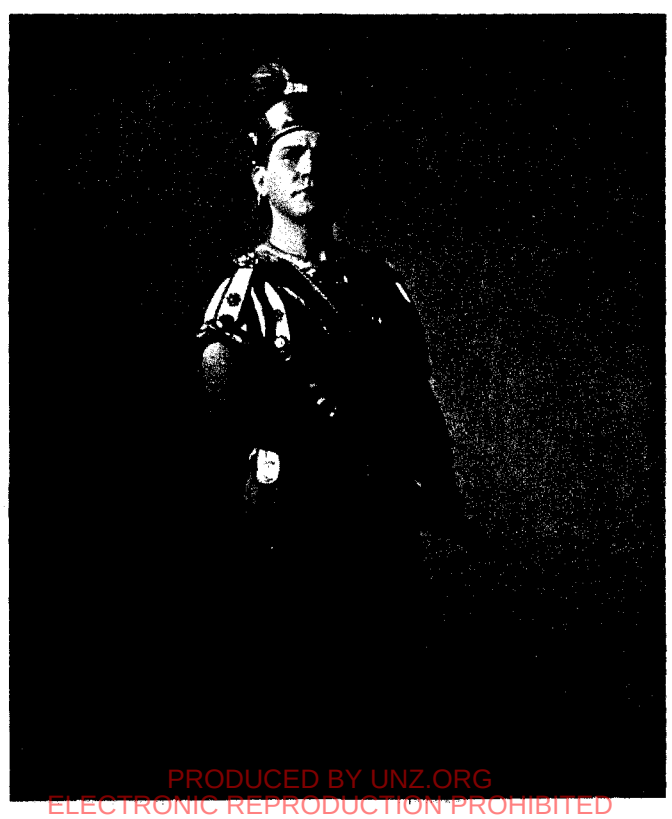
Some of this lavish praise might have been put down to the diplomatic tact of a European who was about to take over America's greatest opera house. But three months later, with his initial vicissitudes behind him, Mr. Bing made his words stick. He issued a list of 15 singers whom he was planning to re-engage as the nucleus of his new company—and nine of them were Americans.

Actually, there was little else the new impresario could have done, even if he had had other ideas. Americans have as firm a hold on the Metropolitan Opera as the Democrats have on Congress—and they are certain of retaining it longer. The war, which cut off the supply of foreign artists just as the American singer was attaining artistic maturity, put the finishing touch on the naturalization process. It gave the Met its second papers, making it an American house for keeps.

Only a quick look at the Met's current roster is enough to show its thorough Americanization. Baker, Bollinger, Conner, Cotlow, Greer, Harshaw, Hawkins, Hayward, Resnik, Stevens, Thompson, Tucker—that is only a sampling. Even some of the "foreign" names have curious points of origin—Florence Quartararo of San Francisco, California; Astrid Varnay of Jersey City, New Jersey; Jean Madeira of Centralia, Illinois; Polyna Stoska of Worcester, Massachusetts; Francesco Valentino of New York, N. Y.

Nadine Conner as Marguerite in Faust

Brian Sullivan as Narraboth in Salome



Anne Bollinger as Emma in Khovanchina

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Jan Peerce as Rodolfo in La [illegible]me

Patrice Munsel in the title role of Lucia

Robert Merrill as Escamillo in Carmen

IS *American*

By HERBERT KUPFERBERG

operatic success in the U.S.A., but it's different these days

Currently, while the Metropolitan is on one of its longest tours in history—ranging from Boston to Dallas, Baltimore to Minneapolis—nearly 60 per cent of its singing troupe, including leading and supporting artists, will be native-born Americans. Most of these singers will be revisiting cities where they have given concerts. Some will be returning to scenes of pre-Metropolitan local glory, where they first made reputations as church singers or radio broadcasters. And not a few will be coming home.

Perhaps the most striking thing about a backstage visit to the Met today is that practically everybody is talking English—which makes it unique among the world's top opera houses. Even the foreigners talk English; the old days when a foreign singer spent 20 years here without picking up anything American except money are gone. In American-style talk and American-style horseplay there is little difference between the Met's backstage and that of any other theater.

The man most responsible for the emergence of the American singer at the Metropolitan is Edward Johnson, retiring June 1st after 15 years as general manager. Johnson, a Canadian, joined the Met as a tenor in 1922, the tail end of the era when you had to have a foreign name to get into the company. Johnson worked up to his Met debut by singing for 10 years in Italy as Edoardo Di Giovanni.

"But by the time I made it," says Johnson, "the foreign name was no longer a necessity. So I retranslated mine back into English."

When Johnson came to the Met, four tenors ranked ahead of him—Martinelli, Gigli and Lauri-Volpi, the Italians, and *(Continued on page 44)*

Eleanor Steber in Der Rosenkavalier

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD BEATTIE

Leonard Warren in the role of Rigoletto

Astrid Varnay as Ortrud in Lohengrin

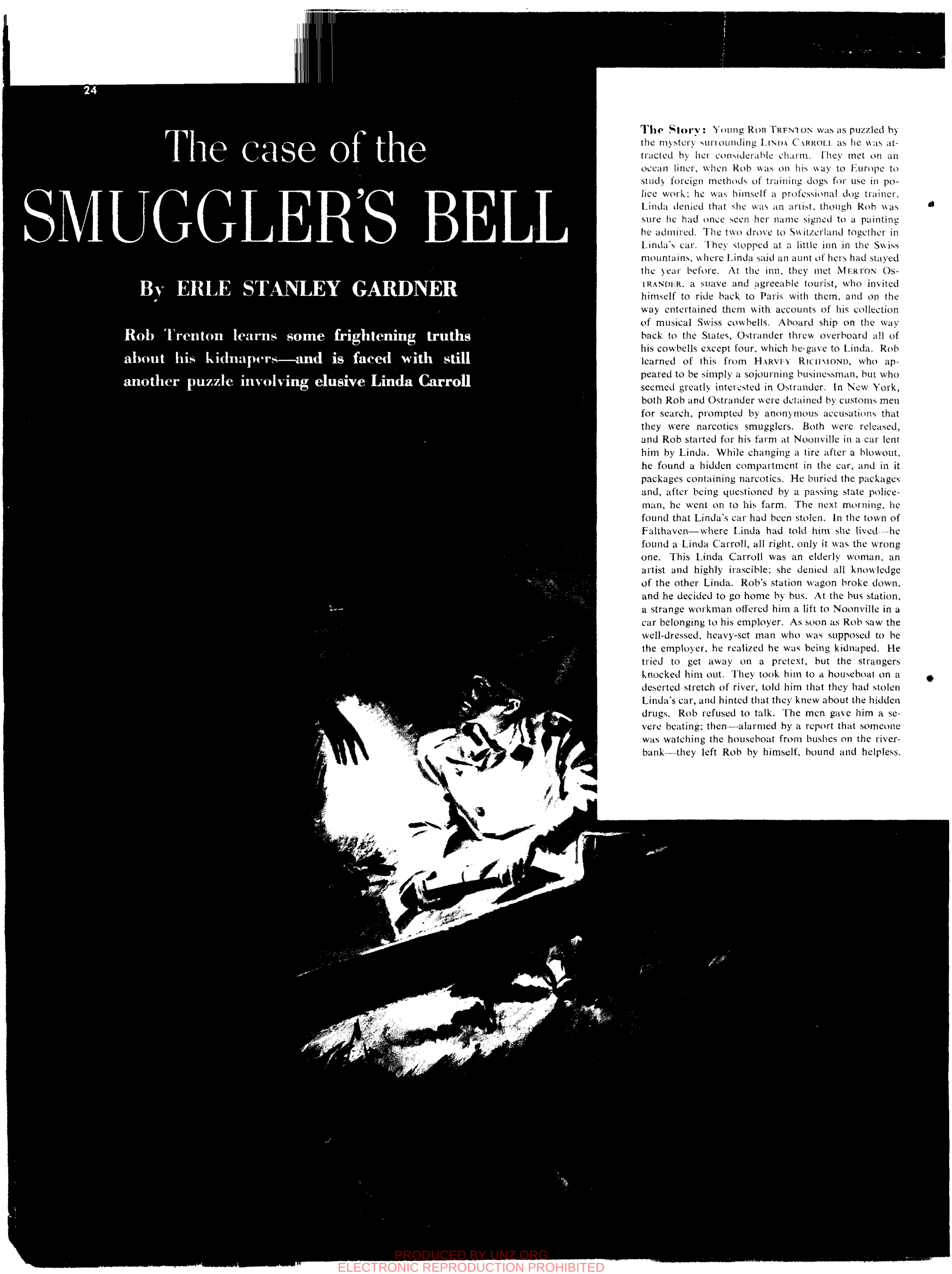
Richard Tucker as the Duke in Rigoletto

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The case of the SMUGGLER'S BELL

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Rob Trenton learns some frightening truths about his kidnapers—and is faced with still another puzzle involving elusive Linda Carroll



The Story: Young ROB TRENTON was as puzzled by the mystery surrounding LINDA CARROLL as he was attracted by her considerable charm. They met on an ocean liner, when Rob was on his way to Europe to study foreign methods of training dogs for use in police work; he was himself a professional dog trainer. Linda denied that she was an artist, though Rob was sure he had once seen her name signed to a painting he admired. The two drove to Switzerland together in Linda's car. They stopped at a little inn in the Swiss mountains, where Linda said an aunt of hers had stayed the year before. At the inn, they met MERTON OSTRANDER, a suave and agreeable tourist, who invited himself to ride back to Paris with them, and on the way entertained them with accounts of his collection of musical Swiss cowbells. Aboard ship on the way back to the States, Ostrander threw overboard all of his cowbells except four, which he gave to Linda. Rob learned of this from HARVEY RICHMOND, who appeared to be simply a sojourning businessman, but who seemed greatly interested in Ostrander. In New York, both Rob and Ostrander were detained by customs men for search, prompted by anonymous accusations that they were narcotics smugglers. Both were released, and Rob started for his farm at Noonville in a car lent him by Linda. While changing a tire after a blowout, he found a hidden compartment in the car, and in it packages containing narcotics. He buried the packages and, after being questioned by a passing state policeman, he went on to his farm. The next morning, he found that Linda's car had been stolen. In the town of Falthaven—where Linda had told him she lived—he found a Linda Carroll, all right, only it was the wrong one. This Linda Carroll was an elderly woman, an artist and highly irascible; she denied all knowledge of the other Linda. Rob's station wagon broke down, and he decided to go home by bus. At the bus station, a strange workman offered him a lift to Noonville in a car belonging to his employer. As soon as Rob saw the well-dressed, heavy-set man who was supposed to be the employer, he realized he was being kidnaped. He tried to get away on a pretext, but the strangers knocked him out. They took him to a houseboat on a deserted stretch of river, told him that they had stolen Linda's car, and hinted that they knew about the hidden drugs. Rob refused to talk. The men gave him a severe beating; then—alarmed by a report that someone was watching the houseboat from bushes on the riverbank—they left Rob by himself, bound and helpless.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

III

ROB now had an opportunity to take stock of the room in which he found himself. It was evidently a species of storeroom, the shelves being well stocked with canned goods. There were a table and two or three chairs in the room by way of furniture, and nothing else.

Rob tried to twist his wrists around inside the ropes but the ropes were knotted with a nautical cunning that made the knots tighter and firmer the more Rob moved.

Lying on his side, he tried to double his knees so that he could reach the knots at his ankles, but found that only the tips of his fingers could work on knots which were far too tightly tied to yield to any such treatment. He explored several different positions and finally found one where he was in a measure comfortable, and settled himself to waiting.

Outside the light lessened until dusk settled and deepened into darkness. Rob heard running steps on the little wharf to which the boat was moored. Then he heard a bustle of activity aboard, an activity which was followed by another period of inactive silence.

Then after it became completely dark, so that Rob could see stars through the porthole, he heard a shuffle of steps on the dock outside. It sounded much as though a compact group of men were carrying something to the boat. The boat swayed slightly as men boarded it, and Rob heard a brisk struggle taking place on the deck directly above his room. There was the pounding of feet, the noise of men straining and cursing, the sound of blows, then suddenly the struggle ceased. Rob heard something being dragged for a few feet, then the shuffle of steps, and then another long period of silence.

Big Ed Wallington, known to fellow troopers in the state police as Moose, hitched his chair around in front of the typewriter at the barracks and held big hamlike hands over the keyboard as he pounded out a condensed report of his activities on the previous day's patrol.

Never particularly adept at punching the keyboard, Moose Wallington paused from time to time to take the cramps out of his fingers. Seated beside him, a fellow trooper who had a flair for conversation but no gift for written reports was finding the going tough.

"Getting so there's so much paper work in this organization," he said, "they'll have to list writer's cramp as an occupational hazard."

"Uh-huh," Moose said, flexing his fingers. "Had a blowout last night. Guess it was soft for a while before it went out. But she let go with a bang. Surprising how hot one of those tires gets when it lets go. Believe me I could hardly handle the thing."

He returned to the keyboard, started writing names under the classification "Routine checks of driving licenses."

He came to the name of Trenton, aged twenty-five, Noonville. Then as he started to type the name in his report he suddenly stopped, his middle finger held poised over the letter he had been about to hit.

"What's the matter?" the other trooper asked. "Suddenly got a cramp, or is it an inspiration?"

"Darned if I don't think it's an inspiration," Wallington said thoughtfully.

"How come?"

"This business of the tire getting hot when there's been a blowout."

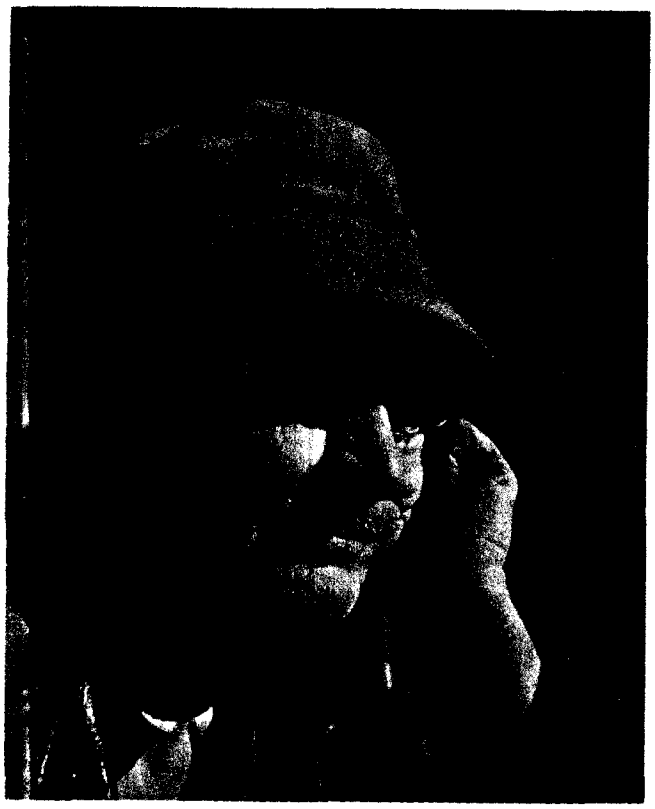
"Well, what about it?"

"I came on this car last night," Wallington said, "pulled off to the side of the road, and the *(Continued on page 38)*

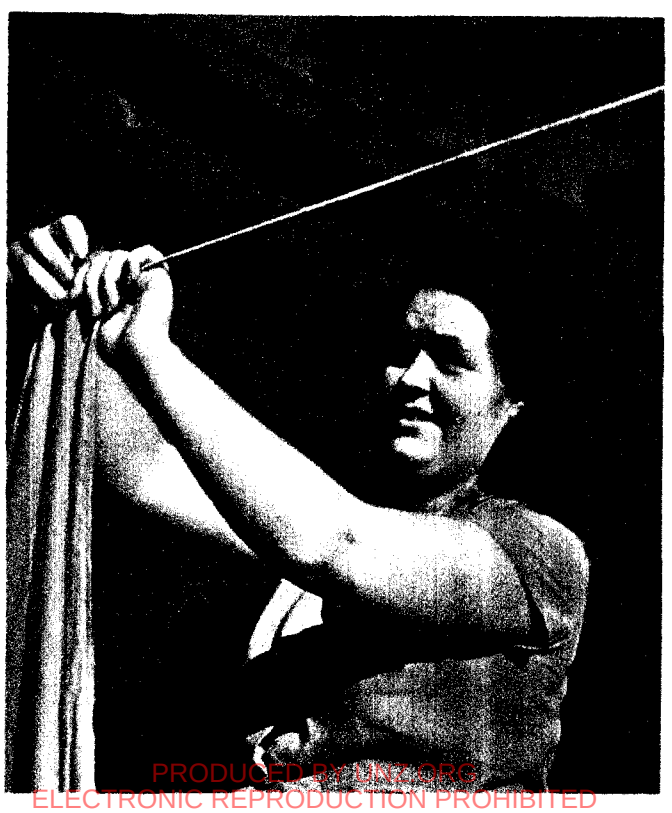
"Get the cars alerted," Larry said. "They're getting close. One's working with the spotlight. Wait a minute: the other one looks like a woman"

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE FACES OF SOME OF THE FARM WORKERS CAUGHT IN THE TRAGEDY OF SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For Us and Our Children —

HOME IS A DREAM

BY JASON VELIE

Concluding THE AMERICANS NOBODY WANTS

In miserable shantytowns dotting California's San Joaquin Valley live 200,000 farm laborers and their families. Thrown out of work when the crops are harvested, they cannot afford adequate food, clothing or medical attention. Their tragic plight highlights what is rapidly becoming a national problem as huge farm units, using seasonal labor, replace the small farmer who lives on the land as a way of life. In this article Mr. Velie tells how California is trying to solve a problem the whole United States must face

EVERY fall, when it's cotton-picking time in California, the schools and the cotton fields fight for the children. On the side of the schools there is the truancy officer who sometimes polices as much as 300 square miles.

On the side of the cotton fields there are the employer and the labor contractor with cash in hand and the farm-worker parents, hard pressed to lay by some of that cash for an idle winter.

The cotton fields often win.

"It's harder than the devil to find the children," said Myron Woolover, truancy officer at Mendota, California. "When they see me coming, they hide out in the cotton."

A state official gave one attitude on this child labor.

"For picking cotton, we regard the family as a working unit," a State Department of Employment aide told this writer at Fresno. "That's why it's so attractive to farm workers."

"Why, I've seen a six-year-old child earn a dollar in one morning," another state official related.

When a Senate investigating committee looked into the matter one October, it found that 31 per cent of the seasonal farm workers' children were not in school. Yet the "family unit" doesn't earn enough to make ends meet, even with the labor of children. Every winter, when cotton-picking time is over, truancy officers become welfare officials and worry about clothing for the farm workers' children's backs, food for their stomachs—even roofs for their heads.

This writer watched farm workers' children at their studies in the Mendota Union Elementary School in the heart of the San Joaquin's west side cotton country late in January.

"I bought shoes for six children last week (with public funds)," Mr. Woolover, the truancy officer, said. "Tomorrow, we'll buy shoes for 10 more."

Farm-worker families keep their children out of school for lack of shoes, it turned out, or when they can no longer pay 25 cents for a hot school lunch. For almost half of the children the school was providing lunches free.

An undersized, twelve-year-old boy with a young-old face, tattered pants and nondescript shoes came up to the truancy officer to tell him about a family of six "camping at Silver Creek Bed."

"We've taken a lot of clothes to that family," said the truancy officer.

"How are they camping?" I asked.

"The six of them—mother, father and four children—are living in a car," the truancy officer said.

Factories no longer employ child labor. But in California's mass-production agriculture, which hires workers at piece and hourly rates as many factories do, children still labor. And the laboring child's father gets little more protection than the factory worker of 200 years ago. For him there is no workmen's compensation when he gets hurt, no unemployment insurance when he's idle, no minimum-wage-and-hour law to set a floor under his earnings, no National Labor Relations Board protection for his right to form a union and bargain with the boss.

Barred from the gains won long ago by other Americans, and forced to compete with a growing surplus of workers, the seasonal farm laborer's plight has sunk so low over the years that it has been described as a "permanent disaster." Last fall, work in the fields (and earnings) gave out three months earlier than usual because of a new, earlier-blooming cotton and more mechanical cotton pickers, and because state officials recruited some 40,000 factory workers to swell the surplus in the fields.

The combination plunged some 200,000 farm workers and their families into a new and explosive crisis of hunger, disease and misery.

From the classrooms of the Mendota elementary school this writer went to the labor camps near by —the "homes" of many of the pupils.

In such labor camps, provided by the large farm operators and by labor contractors, about 25 per cent of the field laborers in the San Joaquin Valley live. The remaining 75 per cent live in shantytowns that ring the cities, or in clusters of tents, lean-tos and jacked-up trailers along ditchbanks or beside the roads. Many, during the harvest, sleep in their cars, or in the open under bridges, or under groves of eucalyptus trees.

Many Workers Stay in the Camps

In theory, the farm worker lives in labor camps only during the harvests and then moves on. But late in January many camps were half full and some were three-quarters full. Stranded without money, without food, without jobs—and with no place to go—the "migrants" had stayed on, the unwanted guests of the employers who provided the free shelter and of the county which provided belated relief or no relief at all.

Near Huron, winter rains had turned one camp into a morass of mud. Since playgrounds are luxuries no labor camp provides, children—from toddlers to teen-agers—had the choice of sloshing through chilling puddles or playing "indoors," i.e., in a one-room cabin or tent house where in the space of 12 by 12 feet a father and mother and children—sometimes up to eight of them—eat, sleep and try to maintain family life.

In one such cabin this writer came upon a Mexican-American family with 10 children. The fetid smell of unwashed human bodies in a narrow space, of butane gas mixed with ancient cooking odors, was like a blow in the face. A child of three rocked an infant of several months in a ragged toy carriage. Only the infant's great brown eyes shone out from the rags in which it was bundled. From cabins such as this in one month last fall, 28 babies were carried dying of malnutrition, diarrhea and similar disorders.

Nurseries are another luxury the camps don't provide. Afraid to leave their children in camps bordered by unfenced ditches and open, scum-topped cesspools, some mothers take their children to the fields, where toddlers follow them down the rows of cotton or are locked for hours in parked cars. "Occasionally," the Fresno Bee reported recently, "a child is found tied to a post or stake out in the open under the hot sun."

Food Prices Soar in Harvest Time

Miles from the large shopping centers, the camp dweller buys his necessaries at the camp store or at the nearest crossroads hamlet where, during harvest time when money is plentiful, he is frequently charged boom-town prices.

"Seems as if those store fellows kind of guess right to the penny what you have in your pockets," one farm worker said. "It can be $8 or $15. That's what your groceries will cost you."

This is, of course, an exaggeration. But I did find in Huron—a one-street hamlet of stores and saloons that serves some 20,000 farm workers in near-by camps—that frankfurters sold at 25 cents. In Fresno, the same size hot dog cost 10 cents. A bowl of chili costs 30 cents in Huron, only 20 cents in Fresno.

I checked further with farm laborers, social workers and storekeepers. The cut of bacon that had cost 70 cents during harvest time had come down to 35 cents in January. But for the loaf of bread that cost the city dweller 21 cents, the "migrant" still paid 23 cents. Eggs, 58 cents a dozen in January, had cost 80 cents when the field hands were in the money.

Lonely and squalid huddles of bare boards and canvas in the midst of vast stretches of flat cotton land, the labor camps lack even such primitive amenities of community life as police and health protection.

The grower or labor contractor who builds a camp usually needs no permit from the county. He doesn't even have to clear with officials the purity of the drinking water or where he puts the privies. County officials say they don't hear of the existence of some camps until conditions become so insufferable that complaints are lodged.

State inspection?

The state has two housing inspectors to police the camps in six San Joaquin counties. When cotton picking is over, and camp tenants are idle, the camps stop being labor camps in the eyes of the state law and the two inspectors no longer have jurisdiction.

Naturally, the camps have been targets for years.

"They . . . lack proper *(Continued on page 54)*

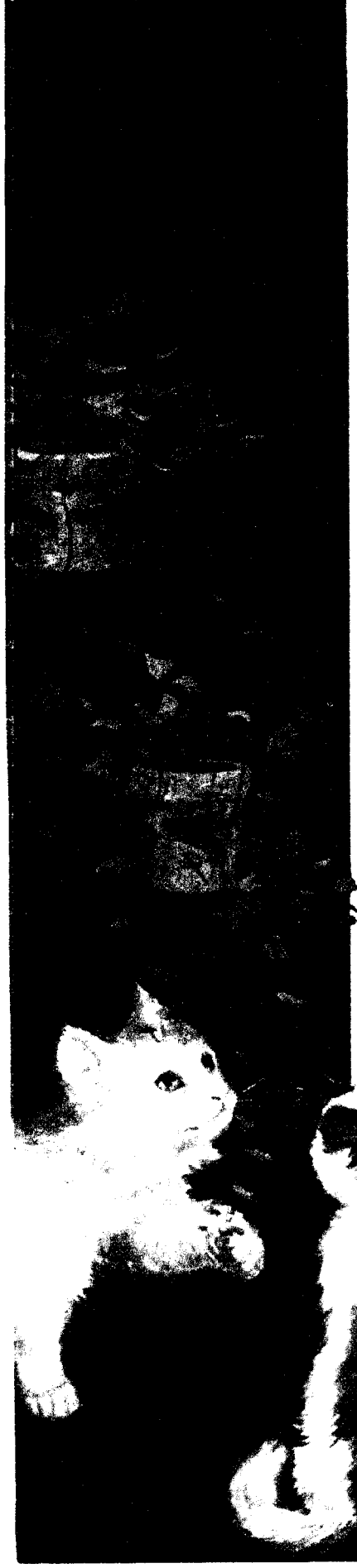
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

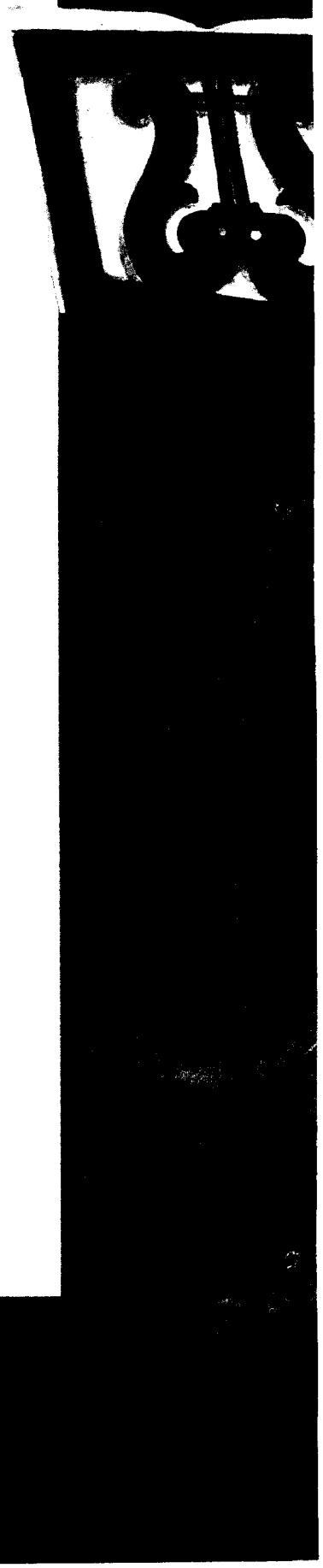
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Uncle Funzy and the Burning

By JOSEPH PETRACCA

Papa thought that marriage would get rid of Uncle Funzy as a free-loader. Mama disagreed. As for Funzy, all he wanted was love and food and music, music, music





PAPA was mad long before he got home that night and found out about Uncle Funzy. He was mad because all that day it had rained, a dreary Brooklyn rain that had seeped through his raincoat and boots and soaked all his clothes underneath. And as if that wasn't bad enough, Tim Linehan had to come down with pneumonia, and Salvatore Zucco, who had trounced Papa in three games of *boccie* the Sunday before, was picked to supervise the longshore crew. Not Papa, but Salvatore Zucco—that's who the big boss had picked! Not Papa who had worked fifteen years without being sick a day in his life, but Salvatore Zucco—only thirteen years on the job and a man who made two trips to carry down two sacks of sugar!

So for ten rainy hours, while Salvatore drank hot coffee and barked out unnecessary instructions from the doorway of the foreman's shack, Papa got madder and madder.

That night, as we heard his boots squishing up the stairs, we knew he would be in a fury. Mama was bent over the macaroni pot, fishing out a limp strand of spaghetti to test if it was ready to eat, when he opened the door. Seeing him there, dripping water all over her clean linoleum floor, Mama dropped her fork into the boiling water and shrieked, "Patsy, no come in here! Take you' clothes off in the hall!"

Papa, his face as raw as chopped meat, didn't say anything. He came in, muddying up the floor Mama had spent all morning scrubbing, and sat down on a chair next to the table. Then he folded his raincoat arms and crossed his booted legs and a stream of water began to drip from the boot that was off the floor.

"*Schifoso!*" Filthy one! Mama screamed into Papa's face. But Papa just sat there like a statue. Mama threw up her hands, and, wheeling around with an anguished moan, she ran and pushed the macaroni pot to the cold side of the stove. "I no cook," she said.

"No cook, see if I care," Papa said. Mama bit her knuckle and charged into the bathroom. She came out with a mop and began to soak up the water around Papa, ramming the mop viciously against his boot.

"Move you' feets, *cretino!*" she shouted. Papa lifted his foot off the floor as though it didn't belong to him and Mama scrubbed under it, mumbling and cursing to herself. She mopped randomly and furiously, and, before she was through, she had run the mop over the whole kitchen floor. When she straightened up, her hair was in her face and she looked as wild as Papa.

"You sit—I sit," she said, and she sat down at the other end of the table, holding a mop out at arm's length. For a while it looked like none of us would get any supper—and then it happened.

From the front room there came a series of flute arpeggios, beginning low like a doleful clarinet and winding up like a shrill piccolo; then some glissandi up and down the scale, and finally a few two-fingered trills in the upper register. Papa cocked his head to the side and his eyes sought Mama's for an explanation. Mama looked away quickly, on the defensive now, her anger gone.

"It's my brother, Alfonso," she said, meaning Uncle Funzy. She got up and went to the stove and pulled the macaroni pot over the hot lid.

Papa jumped up and followed her. "What he's do here? Why he's no stay in New York where he's belong?"

UNCLE FUNZY lived by himself in a furnished room in Greenwich Village and worked mostly in hotels and tearooms uptown. He was a real good musician and could play practically all of the woodwind instruments, but most of the time his job called for saxophone, an instrument he considered about as musical as a kazoo. But the flute —ah, that was an instrument!

To me, Uncle Funzy even looked like a flute player. He was tall and skinny and always wore a black bow tie; and when he talked it jiggled up and down on his Adam's apple, which stuck out like a kangaroo pouch. In addition, he had those half-exposed eyelids dreamy people often have. Uncle Funzy looked like a flutist all right, but he ate like a tuba player. And Papa was remembering his enormous appetite as the flute tones filtered in from the front room. "What he's do," Papa said to Mama's back, "free-load again?"

"No say that," Mama said, swirling the spaghetti around in the water with a wooden spoon.

"I'm say!" Papa yelled, hoping Uncle Funzy could hear him. "Is not bad enough I gotta feed my father-law," he said, glaring at my grandfather Nonno, who was just sitting at the table waiting to eat, "but now I gotta feed my brother-law too!"

"Patsy—" Mama said, biting her lips.

"What?" Papa snapped.

"I tell you after," Mama said. . . .

We had finished the antipasto and Mama was sprinkling the grated cheese through her fingers over the spaghetti when Uncle Funzy said, "You told Patsy?"

"Told me what?" Papa said, tucking his napkin between the two top buttons of his undershirt.

Mama sat down and shook her head, clucking her tongue in great despair. "Patsy," she said to Papa, "poor Alfonso!" Uncle Funzy nodded his head sadly, looking *(Continued on page 71)*

ILLUSTRATED BY
BARBARA SCHWINN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tapers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brother, THAT'S a Steak!

They're seven inches thick at Chicago's small but famous Erie Café

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

THE customers gasped when Nello, the chef, carried in the steak. He was bearing it proudly, and with good reason: It was a little over seven inches thick, as high and handsome as a standing rib roast, smoking and sputtering and trailing long wafts of brown butter-smoke through the warm, cheerful room.

Nello set the steak lovingly on the table, took up a saberlike carving knife and a huge fork, and expertly began to slice the meat away from the T-bone. The steak was done to a hard, charred black on the outside. Beneath the outer crust it was a succulent brown, blending gradually into the tender, apple-red center. It came apart eagerly at the touch of the knife, the juices spurted onto the platter and ran about in happy waves, and the blade was wet with golden, dripping grease.

"Why," one woman breathed in awe, "I've never seen a steak like that in my whole life."

Virtually every customer who ventures into the place utters this standard, or house, reaction to the steaks that Nello serves. The place is a one-story, rust-brick neighborhood bar and grill located on the northwest corner of Erie and Wells Streets, in Chicago. It's called the Erie Café, but most people know it simply as the Erie.

The spectacular seven-inch steak has been featured at the Erie for years. This alone would be enough to give most places a nation-wide reputation, but, curiously enough, the Erie has never become famous or even well known, except to a devout, fanatical little group of Chicago meat lovers. These people, mostly men, eat steak to the exclusion of nearly every other food. One, Emil Weiss, the huge and hearty president of a near-by welding company, has been known to eat a seven-incher—ordinarily enough for three people with good appetites—at one sitting.

Weiss's dedication to the Erie's steak is beautifully unsullied. One day about a year ago, Larry Giometti, one of the owners, noticed him staring in fascination at a man eating a plate of spaghetti.

"What's wrong, Emil?" Larry asked.

Weiss shook his head. "I've been coming in here a good many years," he said, "and blamed if I ever noticed you had spaghetti before."

The Erie was "discovered" about eight years ago by a couple of meat-packing company public relations men. Since they were obliged to do a lot of entertaining for out-of-towners, it was a matter of business necessity for them to do it in a place that provided fine, finished, well-aged meat. ("Finished" is what meat men call beef that's been corn-fed before it's been sent to the market.)

"There've always been a lot of good steak places in Chicago—after all, it's the packing center of the nation," one of the publicists told me recently. "We'd tried them all, had fine meals in all of 'em. But one night in 1942 we happened into the Erie, and we've been coming back ever since."

The steak missionaries, as the meat-company men sometimes call themselves, may have been attracted to the Erie in the first place because it looks like the ideal place in which to eat steaks. A bar runs the length of the front room, the tables are simple and sturdy, the chairs are comfortable, and the floor is covered with an honest red-and-black checked linoleum. The walls of the front room, the small private dining room, and the large party room in the rear are all paneled with well-seasoned wood. Even the house piano is paneled.

At one end of the barroom a glass case, set in the wall, displays 100-odd highball glasses, each one etched with a customer's name. Any patron can have his own glass and a key to the cabinet. A file of wooden beer mugs, also sporting customers' names, is ranged across the back of the bar.

The Erie started off as a neighborhood saloon, modestly, without any elaborate commotion. It was opened in 1929 by "Poncino Charlie" Giometti, who took his name from the Italian drink that is still a specialty of the house. Charlie was known for his ability to drink Poncino in Gargantuan amounts; he sometimes disposed of anywhere from 15 to 30 glasses a day. If this gave him at least one leg on the National Indoor Free-Style Poncino-Drinking trophy, it also gained him some national publicity.

One of Jack Benny's script writers, an Erie habitué when in Chicago, was so impressed by Charlie's capacity that he wrote a character named Poncino Charlie into Benny's weekly broadcast. He never mentioned the location of Poncino Charlie's place, however, so most listeners were under the impression that it was in New York or Hollywood.

For those courageous enough to have a whack at Poncino at home, it should be explained that it is a slightly lethal, slightly therapeutic concoction served in a small (4 or 5 ounce) glass. It consists of a jigger of either brandy, rum or bourbon, a sliver of lemon peel, and very hot coffee.

Meet the Erie's Three Bosses

Poncino Charlie put his glass on the shelf a few years ago and sold out to his brother, Richard Giometti. Richard is a handsome, white-haired gentleman of fifty-six, always smiling, but never servile, who had been a headwaiter in fine Chicago hotels before joining Charlie. A few years ago, Richard took in his son, Larry, a husky, amiable fellow now thirty-one, previously a salesman for a coal company. The third partner, Ernie Fontana, formerly in the cheese business, joined the Giomettis in 1949. "I was spending so much time here, I figured I might as well buy in," Ernie sometimes says.

The three partners conduct their business in a relaxed, informal manner that seems completely unbusinesslike; when the mood strikes them, they strip off their aprons and sit down with customers. The regular patrons, if they can't catch a bartender's eye, don't hesitate to go behind the bar, pour their own drinks, and throw the money in the open cash drawer.

Everybody gets treated royally in the Erie—even royalty. Crown Prince Olav of Norway, visiting his friend the late P. V. Bright, a smoked-fish importer with headquarters next to the Erie, stopped in for a meal some years ago. "Nice fellow," Larry Giometti recalls. "You'd never of known he was a prince or anything like that."

There is sometimes a good deal of hilarious, companionable drinking of Poncino and other beverages in the Erie, since it's primarily a man's place, but that doesn't mean that it's no place to take ladies. The drinking is moderate on the part of most customers, and has always been secondary to the eating, as the meat-packing people discovered when they first began frequenting the spot.

At that time, the steak men instituted a custom that is still followed by old and new customers alike. It's followed so faithfully, in fact, that it has assumed the solemn quality of a rite.

An Epicure Gives Some Advice

Harry Bowman, for years an enthusiastic patron of the Erie, declares that there is only one way to eat steak there, and here is how he does it:

With his attractive dark-haired wife, Helen, whom he describes as a "steak woman," Bowman goes into the bar around 7:00 P.M. and exchanges loud, jovial greetings with Larry and Richard Giometti. Bowman is a strong-looking, robust man of about thirty-eight, with a good store of jokes and a hearty laugh; he looks like a man who would never have need of a psychiatrist.

"Well, Harry," Larry says, winking, "haven't seen you since—let's see, when was it? Last night?"

"Must've been two other people," Bowman says, gravely. "Can a man get a drink in this place?"

"Wouldn't doubt it, wouldn't doubt it ay-tall," Larry says, placing drinks before Bowman and his wife. He raises his own glass for his sixth or seventh drink since morning. "First today, Harry."

"Good luck," Bowman says.

"You know," Larry muses, "somebody ought to open a bar on this corner."

"Good evening, Mr. Bowman," says Yolanda Lief, a small, sprightly girl, who is perhaps the only waitress on this planet who is doggedly reading her way through the collected works of, bless us all, André Gide. "Shall I set a table for two?"

"Do, by all means," says Bowman, and then, after another exchange with Larry, he and Helen get down from their stools and go to the kitchen.

The instant they step through the swinging doors, Nello turns from the stove, recognizes them, and opens his mouth in a wide, welcoming smile. Nello Giometti is a squat, broad-faced, bearish man, an emphatic yet surprisingly gentle Lucano of about fifty, who came here from Italy when he was ten and who, in the course of the past 20 years, has cooked in most of Chicago's best hotel restaurants. Although his last name is the same as that of Larry and Richard, and although he and Richard were born in the same general area, Nello is not related to the owners. Between the owners and the chef, however, there exists a deep mutual respect. Nello left hotel kitchens to go with the Erie because he wanted a chance to exploit his versatility; the Giomettis recognized his talent and gave him a free hand. They now regard him as king of the kitchen, and Nello regards himself that way, too.

The dialogue between the Bowmans and Nello is as rigidly formal as a catechism. First Nello wipes his hands on his apron and *(Continued on page 36)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY AL HOWARD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Ah, there it is!" Left to right: Bill Zola and musician Bud Freeman, partners in a local night club; Harry Reutlinger, Herald-American city editor; Mrs. Irv Kupcinet and her husband, the Sun-Times columnist; Richard and Larry Giometti; chef Nello; Merle Miller and reporter Gehman

Conference at the Erie: (l. to r.) director Bill Hobin, singer Connie Russell, Dave Garroway of radio and television, and writer Charlie Andrews

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mountain Crossing

by TOM W. BLACKBURN

To the Blackfeet, the sight of a Company agent was like the smell of blood to a wild animal. Deerfield knew he would need all his cunning if he and Macgregor were to escape alive

THE air was as cold as a winter bath when Jim Deerfield slid out of his blankets. It chilled and stiffened his buckskins, which had been soft and pliant in the warmth of his bed. He blew a steamy jet of breath and stamped his moccasined feet to stir circulation in them. If a man could keep his feet warm against early-morning chill at these altitudes, the sun would directly get high enough above the peaks to take care of the rest of him.

Deerfield's eyes went first to the hobbled horses. Wasn't any man in Indian country had senses to compare with those of a pony. He studied the animals briefly, two for saddles and one for packs; then he turned back to his companion. still sleeping heavily. Deerfield prodded the blankets with his toe.

Mr. Macgregor came instantly awake, peeling back his blankets and bending to shove his feet into his boots in a single fluid motion, apparently not feeling the shock of morning cold. Mr. Macgregor was a young man; big, supple as a cat, and twice as powerful as he looked. A stranger to the mountains and a mountain man's way of travel through hostile country, he had absorbed the hardships of the crossing up to now without complaint. Physically, at least, the Company had done well in its choice of a new factor for Fort Dessalines. Any Company agent had to be tough.

Deerfield thought of the ache in one knee, which had kept him awake for an hour in the night, and the stiffness in the joint, which would put a painful gimp in his stride until the heat of midmorning sun had thawed it out. It took a young man to stand up to the storms and the peaks, the altitude and the incredible distances a man sometimes had to cross in a day. But by the time he had learned enough mountain tricks to get where he was going, every time he set out determined to keep his hair while he was getting there, he was as gray-headed and stove-up as an old bull buffalo that had been whipped out of the herd.

Mr. Macgregor kicked in the ash of yesterday evening's tiny fire in search of an ember. Finding none he hunkered down, scraped up some twigs, and started to spill a little powder from his horn where he could drop a flint spark from the frizzle of his pistol onto it. Deerfield glanced back at the horses, nervous in their hobbles, and shook his head.

"Figure we'll ride a spell before breakfast," he said.

Mr. Macgregor looked at the natural breastworks of the rocks surrounding the night's camp.

"Couldn't find a better place to hole up," he suggested. "Thought you figured last night that hostiles might have spotted us."

"That was last night," Deerfield answered. "This morning I hanker after fresh meat. Let's get the packs up."

Mr. Macgregor put his horn away and rose and started making up his bedroll. Deerfield's orders had frayed him before, although he had obeyed them all. He was frayed, now—or maybe a mite scared. It showed.

"The Company's orders were to get me through to my new post at any cost, Jim, but there's no point in taking deliberate chances. I'm no good to the Company without my hide."

Deerfield saw that Mr. Macgregor had lost sight of the fact that his own hide had some value, also—at least to Jim Deerfield. One trouble with most Company men was they habitually didn't think beyond themselves and their employer. Deerfield smiled. Mr. Macgregor did not like the smile.

"If there's Indians about, we'd better sit here," he repeated. "You know what the Blackfeet'd give to get their hands on the new factor for Dessalines. They'd rather hunt Company men than eat!"

"Blackfeet claim they got to lift all the Company hair in these hills or there won't be no game left to hunt," Deerfield pointed out mildly. "If we was a dozen, reckon we could hold off a sizable party from these rocks. With only two guns we'd be ridden down the first charge. We'll do better in the open. Get a move on!"

Mr. Macgregor swallowed this unwillingly, like a lump of phlegm in his throat—maybe because he was on the short end of experience and didn't know for sure, maybe because Deerfield had told it kind of scary, for all his mildness. Hefting his saddle and bedroll and his half of the packsaddle load, Mr. Macgregor started for the horses in a hurry.

A Shoshoni arrow in the fall of '21 had played hell with the muscles in the left side of Deerfield's back. He had to get his gear to the horses in two trips, but he was lashed up and cinched ahead of his companion at that. Maybe because he had a better idea of how much of a hurry they were in.

They mounted and rode out of the rocks onto the dew-wet grass of the valley floor, slanting on northward.

Mr. Macgregor rode tensely, eyes sweeping the slopes about them too quickly and too often to be accurate, like he expected a Blackfoot to jump from every bush and cutbank they approached. There was such a hell of a lot a man new to the mountains had to learn. So much he had to unlearn—that there was anything sudden in Indian tactics, for instance. Especially among the Blackfeet, shrewdest of them all. Blackfeet never struck until they were sure of what they were doing. They looked a long time before they jumped.

In spite of Mr. Macgregor's nervous, conscientious study of the country about them, Deerfield had the feathered riders flanking them in occasional sight for ten minutes before his companion saw an Indian. And even then it was not the silent flanking riders Mr. Macgregor saw but the main party, breaking cover a mile away toward the head of the valley—a sign that the intervening ground was to their liking.

The muscles of Deerfield's belly tightened involuntarily as the Indians pounded toward them, scalp lances high and their thin, quick, barking cries reaching out ahead. Mr. Macgregor slapped for the butt of the carbine slung from his saddle. Deerfield leaned across and touched his arm gently, knowing they were both now under close scrutiny.

"Forty of them to two of us," he said. "Our advantage, maybe, if we use it right. Can't fight so we got to palaver. Leave your gun be."

Mr. Macgregor lost considerable color as the flanking riders Deerfield had earlier spotted loped unhurriedly from cover on either side of them, cutting off any possible retreat and timing their advance to match that of the main party. Deerfield clucked to steady his horse as the animal began to side-step nervously.

"Save up spit," he said quietly to Mr. Macgregor. "Better start now or your mouth'll be too dry to do the trick. Keeps your mind off their yelling. Spit's a powerful kind of talk to make to an Indian who thinks he's got you scared. Leave the ragchewin' to me."

The new factor for Fort Dessalines nodded absently, as though at counsel heard from a great distance, but his jaw began to work at coaxing saliva into his dry mouth, and most of his color returned. Jim Deerfield grinned briefly. Wasn't anything wrong with most tenderfeet a good scare wouldn't cure—if they lived through it. Mr. Macgregor had a Company man's bullhead, but he was tolerably steady. If their luck was good and Mr. Macgregor continued to take advice unhesitatingly, they just might have a chance. One thing was sure—if this factor reached his new post, he was going to have some firsthand knowledge of his gravest problem there. Blackfeet were bad medicine and these were Blackfeet, all right.

"If they was Big Bellies, we could bribe 'em—" Deerfield said. Mr. Macgregor's jaws chewed for spit. "—if we had whisky. Or Shoshonis— I got friends in their lodges. Or Crows. But Blackfeet—"

Deerfield shrugged. Mr. Macgregor's jaws continued to work rhythmically.

THE flanking riders arched in to join the main party. The lot of them pulled up in a flurry of dust about thirty yards distant, their yapping halting as suddenly as their charge. Deerfield grunted at Mr. Macgregor and they pulled up also, in unison, like a two-man cavalry company. The chief of the party facing them, a wickedly shrunken man with a cheek badly torn by an old wound, set his horse jumping spectacularly toward them, setting an arrow to his bowstring as he moved. Deerfield saw Mr. Macgregor tense.

"Got that spit ready?" he murmured. "Going to need it directly. Got to show him we don't give a damn, too."

Mr. Macgregor looked doubtful, but he eased in his saddle. Deerfield wet his own lips. Almost upon them the Blackfoot veered a little and raced past their pack horse. His bowstring sang and the arrow sprouted from the pack on the animal's back. Deerfield leaned far out of his saddle and jerked the arrow free. The Indian wheeled around and halted facing them. Deerfield palmed his clasp knife, touched the spring, and let the early sun shine on the bright blade which leaped from the handle. He peeled a long shaving from the shaft of the arrow.

"Broken Jaw," he said to Mr. Macgregor. "Worst of the lot. If you got that spit ready, use it!"

It must have been a tolerable effort but it didn't show, and Deerfield made an upward revision of the new factor's chances of reaching Fort Dessalines. Mr. Macgregor rose in his stirrups and spat handsomely, contemptuously, into the grass as he should have done—with a nice regard for the wind, besides. He was not a chewing man but a cut of Kentucky plug in his cheek would have added nothing to (*Continued on page* 69)

"Got that spit ready?" Jim Deerfield murmured. Macgregor looked doubtful. The bowstring sang, and the Indian wheeled around and halted

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM REUSSWIG

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hollow of Her Hand

By MARJORIE CARTER

IT WAS her first wedding anniversary. She had waited in the lobby of the Biltmore Hotel for one hour. Charles had said, "Meet me under the clock, darling, at six. We'll have dinner and do a show." It was seven o'clock, and she wished she were dead.

I look very nice, she told herself, Charles will be along any minute, nothing has happened to him, what a pleasant hotel this is. She watched with a faint, detached smile while all sorts of people came in and met—with no apparent difficulty or delay—all sorts of other people. ("Under the clock, darling!") She watched while they kissed, murmured, laughed, and went off together two by two, like figures in a dance, meeting and pairing off. After a while it was tiring. She had to keep remembering to drop her shoulders, to relax, to breathe slowly.

The tall young man in the gray topcoat had been waiting almost as long as she had. I know how you feel, she thought, looking at him covertly out of the corner of an eye. You are thinking: This time something happened to her; I should be calling the hospitals; I should be *doing* something. You are thinking: This time it is different.

She watched with understanding while he checked his watch against the big clock, while he sighed, while he went over to the telephone booths and returned, unchanged, uncheered.

At two minutes after seven, the girl came in. She came gaily up behind him and took his arm intimately, with assurance.

"My poor pet!" June heard her say. "I am crushed to a pulp to have kept you waiting again!"

Again? He ought to beat her. He ought to walk away and leave her standing there.

They were going past June, their arms interlocked. "Oh, skip it," the young man was saying, with only love and laughter in his voice. "Just keep on loving me—that's all that matters!"

Spineless, thought June. Hopeless. Why doesn't he take a firm stand? The way you begin is the way you continue. She caught her breath. The way you begin?

The time she was supposed to have tea with Charles's mother, that first time, she had waited half an hour for Charles in front of Trinity Churchyard, of all places. It was a Saturday afternoon.

We hadn't known each other long, she thought now. Really, then, we were only beginning to play at being in love. We could have stopped. If only I had not waited! If only I had hailed a taxi, or gone down into the subway! Anything!

But she had stood there, undecided, and he had come cantering up Wall Street toward her as if he were running for a touchdown, chock-full of the apologies and irrefutable reasons which were new to her then. He had beguiled her; she had forgiven him. The forlornness of standing alone for thirty minutes of a golden Saturday afternoon on downtown Broadway was lost in the excitement of being with Charles. And that was the beginning.

You could add to that all the times they missed trains, the football games when they saw the second half, the meals that dried up in the oven. And always, always, there was a wonderful excuse, a perfectly adequate excuse. The catch was that by now they were all worn out. If all the flimsy, shopworn excuses I have listened to in the past year could be laid end to end, she thought bitterly, they'd make quite a mess.

She thought of the young man in the topcoat. He should have said, calmly and firmly: Now, this must stop; I simply refuse to be put through this—if he were calm and firm, perhaps he would not want to say "agony." But for me it is agony.

She stopped pretending to be the young man in the gray topcoat. It was twenty minutes after seven. It was time to decide what would be the very best thing to do. You could have me paged,

JOHN NORTHCROSS

Charles, she thought sadly, you could certainly, at the very least, have me paged. Waiting like this is humiliating. What I ought to do, she thought, widening her eyes and tightening her lips, is, when he comes, make a perfectly horrible scene. She saw herself, weeping and ranting, while everyone watched, and Charles, in a torment of embarrassment, promised to be punctual forever after.

No, she thought, I could never do it.

He ought to have me paged. She moved her head impatiently, as if to move away from the old familiar arguments. I know, I know, she thought wearily, publicity's a rat race, and you have to be in the right place with the right people at the right moment with precisely the right expression on your eager little face. I know it's not easy. But be a butcher, then, or an accountant. There are other jobs. And there is me. Other men do not subject their wives to this sort of thing! Other men do their business in business hours! Other men, she went on, miserably, probably love their wives!

It was twenty-five minutes after seven. He *would* have me paged, too, unless he were unconscious—or dead. Please, dear God, don't let him be dead! If I go back to the apartment where there is no telephone, and he is lying in a hospital, saying, "Get my wife, she is waiting under the clock at the Biltmore—" But on the other hand, if someone has been sent up to the apartment to get me, and I am not there—! Panic gripped her.

I'll send a Western Union boy to wait at the apartment, she thought, one gloved hand pressed hard against her mouth.

At that instant, she thought she saw him. With a gasp of relief she sprang forward. She saw at once that it was not he, but her unexpected move had landed her in the arms of a passer-by, a burly naval officer. "Oooh!" said June. "I'm sorry!"

"I'm delighted," said the officer, making no move to let her go. "I hope I haven't hurt you. I nearly knocked you off your feet!"

"It wasn't your fault at all. It was very stupid of me . . ." Her voice trailed off. She was always a trifle uncertain about the Navy's high brass. A four-striper, she thought, looking at the immaculate sleeve. Should I call him Commander? Or Commodore? Commodore! She stiffened and stared wildly into the man's concerned face. *Had Charles said the Biltmore—or the Commodore?*

"Bless my soul!" said the thoroughly perplexed captain, watching her lope across the lobby and dart through the door. "Bless my soul!"

Down an endless flight of stairs, through the interminable caverns of the Grand Central underground, she ran. In her impatience, the second flight of steps seemed prodigious, nightmarish, but finally, weak of knee, flushed, panting, she was at the entrance of the Commodore.

CHARLES was standing gravely in the center of the lobby. He looked as if he had been there for a long, long time. His jaw was set, his eyes were haunted. Poor Charles! He looked so lost, so lonely! She took an unsteady step forward.

"June! Thank Heaven! My darling, my darling, are you all right?"

She nodded. He led her to a chair. "Let me get you a drink," he said. She shook her head. "No? Not yet? Can you tell me what happened?" He bent over her, regarding her anxiously. "Are you sure you're all right?"

"Yes," said June.

"I've been nearly crazy, worrying about you. I've been nearly out of my mind. I kept telling myself, June is never late! I called everybody I could think of. Nobody knew anything. I have a messenger waiting outside of our apartment." He broke off and stared at her. "June! you're *smiling!* Look here! *What happened to you?"*

She looked obediently at him from under her lashes. "Nothing," she said. She shook her head, for added emphasis.

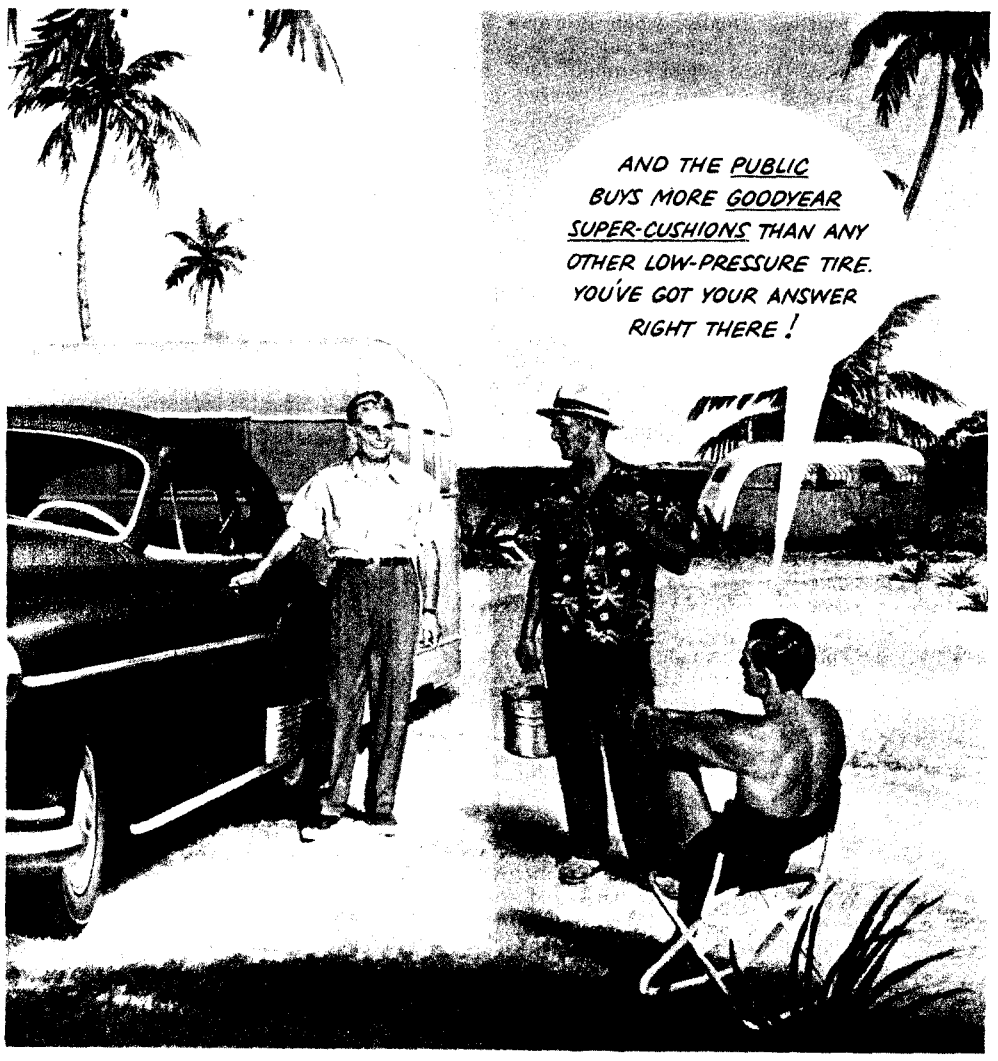
"Nothing?" he repeated blankly. "June, you couldn't have—" Charles swallowed. "June," he said, "you didn't do this on purpose? On our first wedding anniversary?" June looked at him wide-eyed. He was regarding her with incredulity and—yes!—admiration. "You little hellion!" said Charles, slowly, in an awed voice. "You wanted to show me, didn't you? Well, you did. One hour and forty minutes. Touché! From now on, Papa meets Mama on time. He'd better; he's married to the gal who knows the answers!" But Charles did not look depressed about it. He was actually grinning down at her as if he were proud of her.

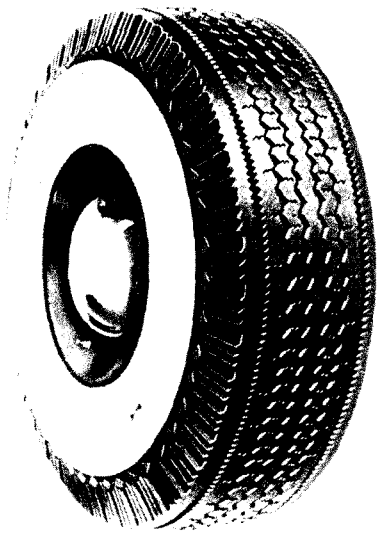
June grinned back, feeling wonderful. Why, she had Charles in the hollow of her hand! She rose, trying to look as cryptic as the very dickens, and took her husband's arm.

"Just keep on loving me, Charles," she said in a warm voice. "That's all that matters!" THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Here's why leading car makers and the public prefer this great tire: It gives . . .

A SOFTER RIDE!
A SAFER RIDE!
FEWER CAR REPAIRS!
MORE MILEAGE!

ushion by

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

SUPER-CUSHION T.M.—THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Brother, That's a Steak!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

shakes hands with Harry, then takes off his chef's cap to Helen. And then:

NELLO. Well, Mr. and Mrs. Bowman! How are you tonight? You going to eat?

BOWMAN. Thought we might, Nello.

NELLO. Good! What would you like to eat?

BOWMAN. *(As though in deep thought)* Let me see—how about steak?

NELLO. *(As though astonished)* Steak? Fine, fine!

BOWMAN. Let's have a look at it, Nello.

NELLO. Fine, fine! Come on.

With the Bowmans close behind, Nello lumbers to the big cooler in the rear of the kitchen. Ceremoniously, he unfastens the bolt and opens the door.

Inside, hanging on hooks, are four or five handsome, stout, 25- or 30-pound short loins, the choice steak cuts from steers. They have been aging, first in the distributor's cooler and later in the Erie's, anywhere from two weeks to a month.

Nello hauls a short loin off the hook and shows it to Bowman, who is an expert judge of choice meat. "This one's aged about three weeks," Nello says. "Look at the marbling."

With his finger, Bowman lightly traces the veins of fat running through the meat, at the same time noting its consistency, or "feel." He frowns again. "Not too bad, Nello. Let's have a look at another."

Dutifully, Nello takes down another short loin—and sometimes a third, and a fourth. Finally, when Bowman has decided on a particular cut, Nello slices off a piece that weighs around four or five pounds. An Erie steak is served in a two-pound portion for each individual. Nello cooks anywhere from two to five portions without slicing the steak individually, so that the cooking meat will have the benefit of the flavor of the whole bone and all the savory juices running through it.

What a T-Bone Dinner Costs

This cut of the short loin is called the T-bone at the Erie; in most steak houses, it's called the porterhouse. A two-pound Erie T-bone, with a green vegetable, a salad, a potato and a beverage, costs $3. The majority of restaurants nowadays ask from $3.50 to $6 for a smaller piece of meat. Erie prices are uniformly low: lunch averages around 75 cents, and dinner—except, of course, the steak—around twice that.

After cutting the steak, Nello takes it back to his worktable in front of the stove and, with Bowman and his wife looking on, sprinkles it with salt and pepper, which he rubs well into the meat, and sloshes the cut quickly in a pan of olive oil. Then, carelessly, he throws it into the big, roaring broiler. Later he bastes it a couple of times with melted butter, and before long the meat begins to give off clouds of heart-swelling odors.

When this happens, Bowman and his wife go back to the bar, sit down at the table Yolanda has prepared for them, and blissfully get ready to surrender to the happiest eating experience they know. Bowman likes to sop up the natural juices on his plate with huge, broken-off hunks of fresh Italian bread, toasted with cloves of garlic inserted between the slices. He may sometimes eat a potato or a green vegetable on the side, and sometimes he will sample a platter of French-fried onion rings, but for the most part he regards these as distractions from the wholesome business at hand.

So many factors enter into Nello's final decision as to how long to cook a steak that it's almost impossible for him to set any rule for proper timing. He judges by the thickness of the meat, by the way it's marbled, by the amount of fat on the outside, and by the customer's preference for rare, medium or well-done. As a general rule, he broils a rare two-pounder about 12 minutes, with the flame two to three inches above the meat.

When the steak is finished to his satisfaction, he pulls it out and cuts first the large side and then the smaller away from the bone. After trimming off the fat, he slices the two cuts laterally into servings for each person.

In the event that a customer should ask for a potato obbligato to the meal's main theme, Nello is ready with a virtuoso performance. With one contemptuous gesture of his tremendous hand he sweeps aside such commonplace potato dishes as French-fried, home-fried or baked; he has his own recipe.

First he begins chipping the potato—and when he does, the onlooking customers shudder. He places the knuckles of his left hand squarely on the potato and, chef's knife in his right, begins slicing downward with vicious automatic motions that threaten to definger him at any second. He never gives the knife so much as a glance, and goes on talking to the customers as he cuts. In this way he can reduce a whole potato to thin slices in less than 10 seconds.

Once he has prepared the potatoes, Nello takes a skillet and places an overlapping ring of slices around the outer edge, then a layer of freshly grated Parmesan cheese,

From time to time in future issues Collier's will offer more articles describing some of the nation's most interesting and satisfying eating places

then another layer of slices, and so on until the ring is nearly level with the top of the pan. He pours in olive oil until the potatoes are nearly covered, and puts the pan on a hot flame. After 20 minutes he carefully pours off the oil, tosses the ring in the air to turn it, and adds new oil. The potatoes sizzle and crackle until they're brown and crisp. At the end, Nello drains away the oil again and fills the middle of the potato ring with chopped parsley. The result is a happy combination that has nuances of French fries, hashed brown and au gratin.

As Nello works, he carries on a running line of conversation with customers who have followed Bowman's custom of selecting their steaks personally.

The clean, orderly kitchen is usually overcrowded with diners, some of whom like it so well that they scorn the set tables in the dining room and eat their steaks at Nello's serving counter, standing up. "I don't know how we're going to handle the customers if they don't stay put at their tables," Richard Giometti sometimes says. "We get any more back here, Nello will have to cook in the dining room." Actually, Nello, the Giomettis and Guido Bastiani, the second cook, are delighted that the customers take such an intense interest in the way the food is prepared. But they are often distressed at the average diner's inability to select good, finished steak.

A Lesson in Judging Meat

Not long ago, Larry Giometti became so upset by this widespread lack of knowledge that he drove out to the Chicago stockyards, to Swift & Company, and had a talk with Paul Goeser, a food technologist. "I'm looking for rules for picking out steak so I can give 'em to our customers," Larry said. "Say a person's going to try to get a top quality short loin—what should he look for?"

Goeser, a quiet, studious-looking man, smiled. "The first thing he ought to look for is something he doesn't want to see—fat. When most people see that outside bark, or fat, on a steak, they visualize how much fat is inside, and since it's a matter of economy with them, they invariably choose a leaner piece.

"In the long run, this is a mistake. A steak ought to have a good heavy bark on the outside, and many little veins of fat running through the middle. The fat makes the meat tender and more juicy when it cooks.

"The second thing to look for is roundness and fullness. The fuller the loin is, the more meat'll be piled on the bone framework.

"Some people object to darkness in color, so they look for bright red meat. We've found that the color actually doesn't make a bit of difference in the taste, provided the steak is properly marbled and has the qualifications I mentioned a moment ago. Some animals are darker than others, but we don't know why. A bright red color is more attractive, but that's the only difference.

"The final thing to look for is the color in the bones. The redder and more porous the bones are, and the more cartilage buttons on the ends of the vertebrae, the younger the animal is—and, naturally, the more tender the meat will be when it's cooked."

Larry said, "How about this business of aging meat?"

"Completely up to the individual," Goeser said, shrugging. "We've found that it takes 10 to 12 days from the time it's dressed for meat to get through the major tenderizing period. Any extra time from then on adds to the aged flavor. Some people prefer meat that's aged three weeks to a month, some don't like it at all—in fact, I think the public is getting away from well-aged meat more and more. But it's a matter of taste."

Goeser paused, then frowned as though he'd just remembered something else. "Oh, yes—*feel*. Good meat has a fine grain, a satiny finish to it," he explained. "That's important, too."

"I'll pass all that along to the customers," Larry said. "But you know, I'll bet a lot of 'em will still pick the leanest meat they can find."

"Sure, they will," Goeser said, smiling in resignation. "It's just human nature to want to get more for your money."

That same night in the Erie, Larry and his father gave a big steak party for a group of friends. There were Dave Garroway, the television star, and Connie Russell, the singer on the Garroway show; Jack Owens, singer and composer; Irv Kupcinet, columnist of the Chicago Sun-Times; Harry Reutlinger, city editor of the Chicago Herald-American; Dale Harrison, a Chicago radio commentator; Bud Freeman, the jazz saxophonist, who had just opened his own night club, and his partner, Bill Zola; Thora Hegstad, a meat-company home economist; S. J. Bachner, a steel-company executive; author Merle Miller, in town for a lecture date; Al Bates, a public relations executive; Mrs. Dorothy Roost Bates, home economics writer; and Dallas Ward, head football coach at the University of Colorado.

With Richard, Larry and Ernie hovering around fondly, Nello brought out a series of six- and seven-inch porterhouses, exhibited them, and sliced them down. Everybody ate steak and fixings until around midnight, and a new group of well-satisfied friends was won over by the Erie.

Words of Wisdom on Cooking

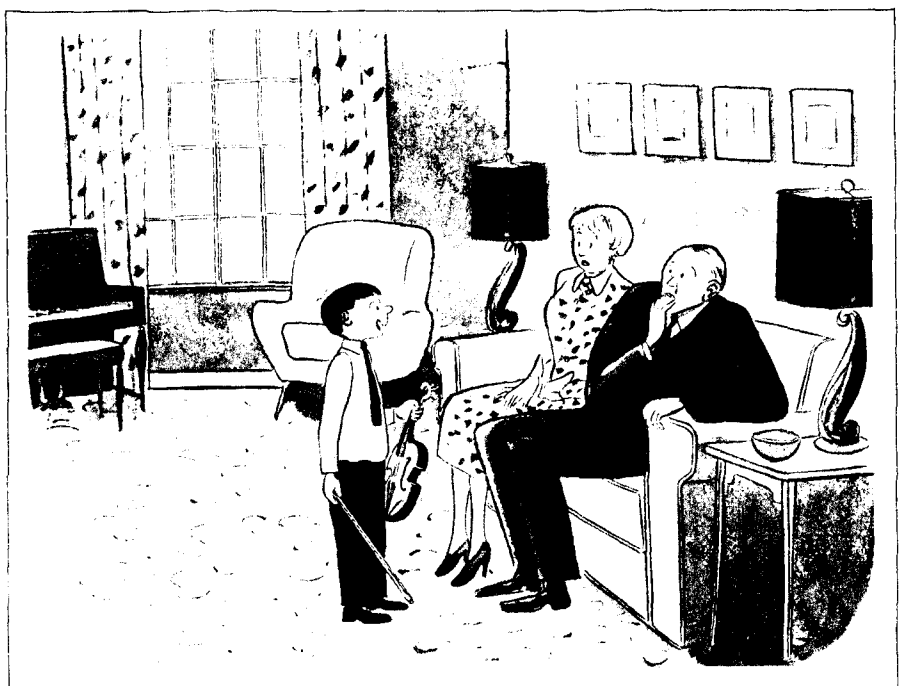
Later, Larry told Harry Bowman what he had learned that afternoon from Goeser. Bowman, the connoisseur, agreed that Goeser had the right idea about selecting steak. But as a man who has learned about steak at the Erie, he had a word to add on the subject of cooking.

"The way some people ruin a steak is a crime," he said. "I'll tell you about a shattering experience a friend of mine had. He was a meat-company executive and loved fine beef. Well, one Christmas he got hold of a piece of particularly well-finished beef and sent it down to Kentucky to some friends he was going to spend the holidays with. He sent along instructions on how to broil it, and for about a week he was looking forward to that meat.

"Finally he got to Kentucky, full of anticipation—and what did he find? Do you know what they'd done? He found they'd cut up that fine piece of short loin into thin slices—imagine slicing steak down before you cook it! And they were braising it in a frying pan with the lid on! I tell you, it broke up the poor guy's whole vacation."

Bowman smiled and voiced a comment that will find wide agreement among the Erie's customers. "No, Larry. No matter how fine a cut of meat you have, it still has to be cooked properly. Broiled. And there's only one way to do it—the way Nello does."

THE END



COLLIER'S

"Now how would you like to hear 'Sweet Misery of Life'?"

CHARLES PEARSON

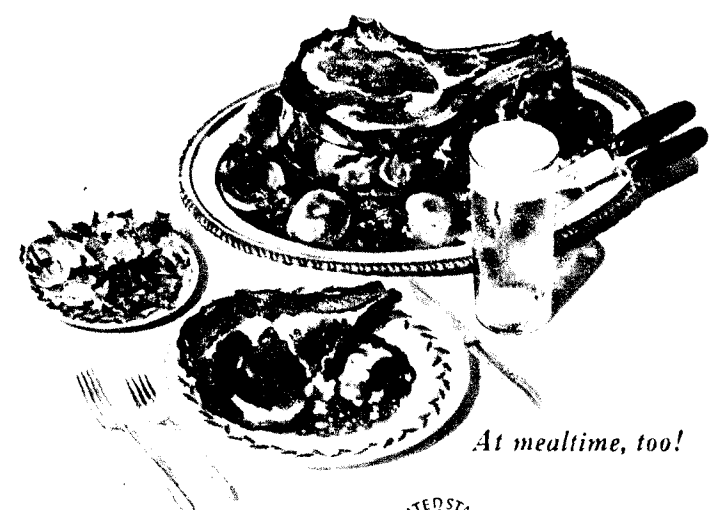
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"**Rehearsing The Community Play,**" by John Gannam. Number 41 in the series "Home Life in America."

Beer belongs...enjoy it

In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

For beer and ale are the kinds of beverages Americans like. They belong—to pleasant living, to good fellowship, to sensible moderation. And our right to enjoy them, this too belongs—to our own American heritage of personal freedom.



At mealtime, too!

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Case of the Smuggler's Bell

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

driver said he was just getting ready to move on after changing a tire. He'd had a blowout all right—and something kept pounding away at the back of my mind about that guy all night. Something seemed to be wrong. I couldn't figure what it was. Now it's just occurred to me."

"What was it?"

"He'd put the blown-out tire on the spare and apparently had just let the car down off the jack. When I drove up he was putting the tools away and was ready to move on. But there was something about him. You know how you get to playing hunches. You just have a copper's hunch that something is wrong and—well, hang it, I kept thinking about this fellow."

"What did he look like?"

"It wasn't that. It was just the whole setup. But do you know, Don, I went over and punched that tire a couple of times, the one that had gone flat with a blowout. Well, it was flat all right, and I looked at the big hole in the side where the tube had blown out, and somehow something kept telling me the setup wasn't right. And it was that blown-out tire. It was cold as a rock."

THE trooper at the adjoining table was regarding him with questioning eyes. "What did you do about it?"

"Not a darned thing," Moose Wallington admitted, crestfallen, "because I never noticed it. That is, I noticed it, but I didn't *think* about it. Just when I touched that tire I thought there was something wrong, but for the life of me there at the time I couldn't think what it was."

"You checked his license?"

"Uh-huh."

"Well, don't let Lieutenant Tyler know about it. Put it in as a routine license check. Shucks, the guy had probably been driving slow and it was night, and—"

"Nope, he was lying to me," Moose Wallington said. "That tire hadn't blown out there. He'd had that blown-out tire on the spare rim for quite a way. Long enough so the cool night air had cooled the carcass of that tire—"

"Or he'd stopped to look at the moon," the other interrupted. "Go ahead, put it in as a routine license checkup and let it go at that."

Ed Wallington shook his head. He ratcheted the sheet of paper down to the place calling for remarks and typed:

"Remarks: On State Highway 72, about two miles past the junction with Highway 40, came on a Rapidex sedan being driven by Robert Trenton of Noonville. Driving license seemed to be in order and there was no pickup order on his car. The party claimed to have been stopped for change of blown-out tire but there was no evidence on the ground that the stop had been for that purpose. Checked files again on return to headquarters to see if there was anything on the car."

Moose Wallington started to type "found nothing had been reported," then with a grin decided he'd done enough faking and had better go check the late bulletins.

Routine procedure required that in case of anything at all suspicious, he should call in on his two-way radio at the scene of the inspection, to find if there had been any late bulletins on the car. He trusted that the fact he had not done so would not seem too apparent to the eagle eye of Lieutenant Tyler, who would scan the report. But having listed Robert Trenton as a subject worthy of "remarks" rather than under the routine license check, Wallington decided it would be highly advisable to make a careful check of the bulletin board.

He found an entry which puzzled him. "Anonymous telephone call from Falthaven reported theft of light, two-door Rapidex sedan, presumably registered in name of Linda Carroll, but with no data available on license number or engine number. Party hung up in middle of conversation."

Moose Wallington walked back to his typewriter and continued pounding out his report:

"In view of bulletin on Rapidex from Falthaven, feel further investigation should be made of Robert Trenton and this occurrence."

Having signed the report, Big Ed Wallington picked it up and walked to the office of Lieutenant Tyler. . . .

Big Ed Wallington pulled the cruiser off toward the side of the road and slowed down. "Now it was right along in here somewhere," he said.

Lieutenant Tyler said, "I'd like to find the exact spot if we can do so."

"Well, I remember I went through a soft patch of earth just before I got out of the car. It should be right along in here."

"Take it easy," Tyler said. "Put it in low gear."

The car crawled along. Suddenly Wallington said, "This is the place. There are my tracks. There's where I went through the soft place and—"

"Okay. This is good," Tyler said. "Leave it here."

They stopped the car. Moose Wallington put on the red blinker which warned traffic coming from both directions that a state police car was parked by the side of the road. The two officers got out and walked slowly along the ground, studying the car tracks.

"This is where I parked. Right here," Wallington said. "When I pulled out you can see that I turned over to the left."

"All right. Now where was this other car?"

"Well, now, I'd say he was about fifteen feet ahead of me. I wanted to have it so my lights would show him up good—and—yes, there are his tracks right there."

"All right," Lieutenant Tyler said. "Let's look around."

They examined the ground carefully.

"Don't see any signs of a jack having been put down here," Wallington said, "and there certainly wasn't any flat tire on the car which pulled in here."

Lieutenant Tyler walked slowly and carefully.

Wallington paused near a fence post. "Say," he said. "Look at this. There's a chip taken out of that fence post and it looks fresh."

The two officers moved over and studied the light-colored surface of the fence post which showed in contrast to the dark, weathered exterior of the other portion.

"There's the chip on the ground," Wallington said. "Somebody cut it off very recently. It's good and fresh—that's a marker."

Lieutenant Tyler examined the chip, took a can of pipe tobacco from his pocket, regretfully dumped out the tobacco and put the chip inside the can.

"Gosh," Wallington said. "I'm sorry I bungled this, sir."

"You haven't bungled it," Lieutenant Tyler said. "I had a man in Noonville give us a report on Rob Trenton. He's pretty well known there. Trains dogs. In fact he's sold us half a dozen dogs that he's given basic training. We've taken them on from there."

"What does Trenton have to say?" Wallington asked.

"He doesn't say anything. He isn't there. But the man who works for him and has charge of the dogs when Trenton is away said Trenton drove this car home and left it in the driveway. In the morning it was gone. Trenton started out in his station wagon and hasn't been heard from since. He's just back from a European trip. I telephoned Customs to see if they knew anything about the car and they told me Trenton had been subjected to quite a search because of association with a man by the name of Ostrander who was thought to have been mixed up in smuggling drugs."

"What happened to Ostrander?"

"Ostrander was given a thorough search and a clean bill of health, but under the circumstances I'm not going to take any chances."

The trooper walked slowly along the ground. Moose Wallington said, "Look here, Lieutenant. There's fresh dirt on top of the grass and here's a place where the sod has been cut, and—"

"Get the shovel out of the car, Ed," Lieutenant Tyler snapped.

The trooper hurried over to the cruiser, raised the turtleback and returned with a short-handled shovel.

Lieutenant Tyler gently lifted the circular segment of sod, then dug cautiously downward. He stopped suddenly as the lip of the shovel rang on metal and a moment later brought out the circular piece of metal and the packages wrapped in oiled silk.

Wallington whistled.

Lieutenant Tyler said, "Tune in on your radio. Give headquarters code signal fourteen. That'll get four more men on the job. What's the co-ordinate here?"

"I'll look it up," Wallington said.

A moment later he picked up the receiver from the hook on the two-way radio, said, "This is car seven calling Headquarters signal fourteen, co-ordinate A.B. north three hundred and seventy-two east."

Wallington could hear the dispatcher's voice snap to quick interest, "Signal fourteen?"

"Right."

"Okay," the dispatcher said, then hung up.

Lieutenant Tyler said, "Now I want to put some of this stuff back in the ground. We'll keep the rest of it and—"

"You mean we're going to leave some of this stuff here?"

"That's right. When the man who dug that hole comes back to pick up the stuff I want to be sure we have a charge against him that'll stick. It's not a crime to dig a hole in the ground, but it *is* a crime to have dope in your possession. I want to see that he has plenty in his possession."

"Yes, sir."

"All right," Tyler said, bulging his pockets with packages from the oiled-silk cache. "We'll bury the rest and leave the ground just like it was. Then we'll get out of here so that these passing motorists won't wonder what we're doing. Of course, we're taking a chance that the man who buried it isn't one of these passing motorists. I think it's a little early. I wish those reinforcements would show up. When they do, I'm going to station a man over in that field with a telephone. We'll plant cruisers down the road on each side. I don't want these boys to get away. I want to catch them red-handed."

They walked back to the police cruiser and sat down to wait, knowing that within a matter of minutes two more cruisers loaded with men prepared for any emergency would be on the ground.

The co-ordinates had located the position of car seven within two hundred feet.

The trap was ready to be set.

ROB'S bones were filled with a deep ache. The parched dryness of his mouth was causing his tongue to swell. He determined to try shouting. At the moment, he felt that he would risk anything in order to get a glass of cool, refreshing water.

He took a deep breath—then held it as he heard steps outside, the sound of a key being turned in the lock. The door opened. A low-candle-power electric light clicked on. The big man, who had sat on the table and smoked in thoughtful silence while amusedly watching Rob and the other man fight, walked across the storeroom to the porthole, pulled a curtain across it and stood looking down at Rob with eyes that were half closed in thoughtful speculation.

"How about water?" Rob asked thickly.

"Sure," the man said. "Sure thing. I'll bet you *are* thirsty."

"I feel as though I'd been put through a mangle," Rob said.

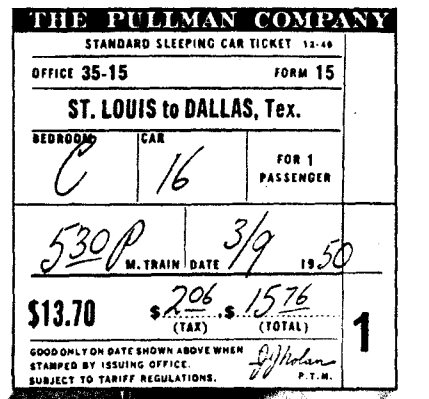
"Sure, you'll feel pretty tough. Okay, I'll get you some water."

He left the little room, taking care to lock the door behind him, was gone for

COLLIER'S "Sorry, I never speak to strangers—especially short ones . . ." SIDNEY HOFF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Look what's attached to your Pullman ticket!


THE PULLMAN COMPANY
STANDARD SLEEPING CAR TICKET 12-48
OFFICE 35-15 FORM 15
ST. LOUIS to DALLAS, Tex.
BEDROOM C CAR 16 FOR 1 PASSENGER
530P M. TRAIN 3/9 DATE 1950
$13.70 $2.06 (TAX) $15.76 (TOTAL) 1
GOOD ONLY ON DATE SHOWN ABOVE WHEN STAMPED BY ISSUING OFFICE. SUBJECT TO TARIFF REGULATIONS.
P.T.M.

PEACE OF MIND
This comes from knowing you're traveling Pullman—the *safest* way there is to get places fast.

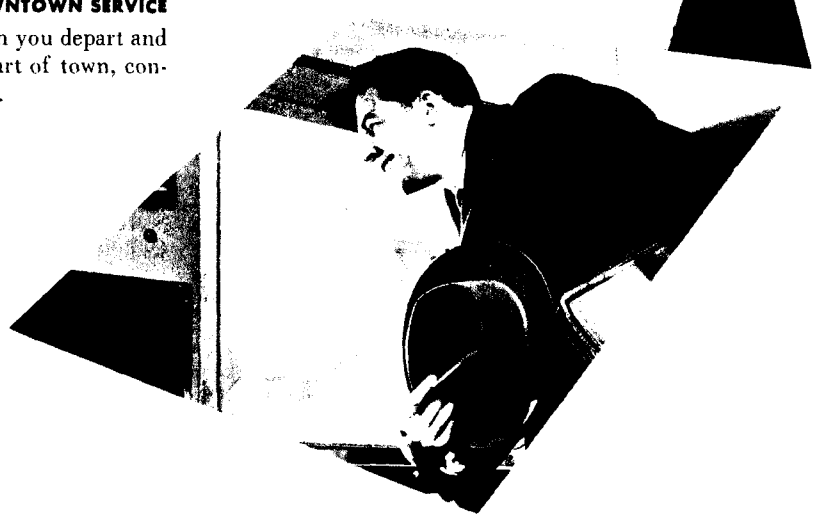
PRIVACY WHEN YOU WANT IT
Want to work, read, relax or just be alone with yourself? You *can* in your *private* Pullman accommodation.

COMPANIONSHIP WHEN YOU WANT IT
It's almost impossible to be lonely when you go Pullman. In the friendly Pullman lounge car you meet people you often keep as friends.

FOOD AS YOU LIKE IT
You eat when you want to, select the meal to suit yourself from a complete menu of freshly-prepared fish, meats and vegetables, in the railroad dining car.

A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP
Big, comfortable beds; clean, crisp linens; plenty of blankets—Pullman furnishes everything but the pleasant dreams.

DOWNTOWN-TO-DOWNTOWN SERVICE
When you go Pullman you depart and arrive right in the heart of town, convenient to everything.



THERE'S NO QUESTION ABOUT IT:
No other form of transportation considers your complete comfort so completely. No other kind of ticket gives you so much for your travel dollar.

Go Pullman

COMFORTABLE, DEPENDABLE, AND—ABOVE ALL—SAFE!

© 1950, THE PULLMAN COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Drape some American history over your chest!

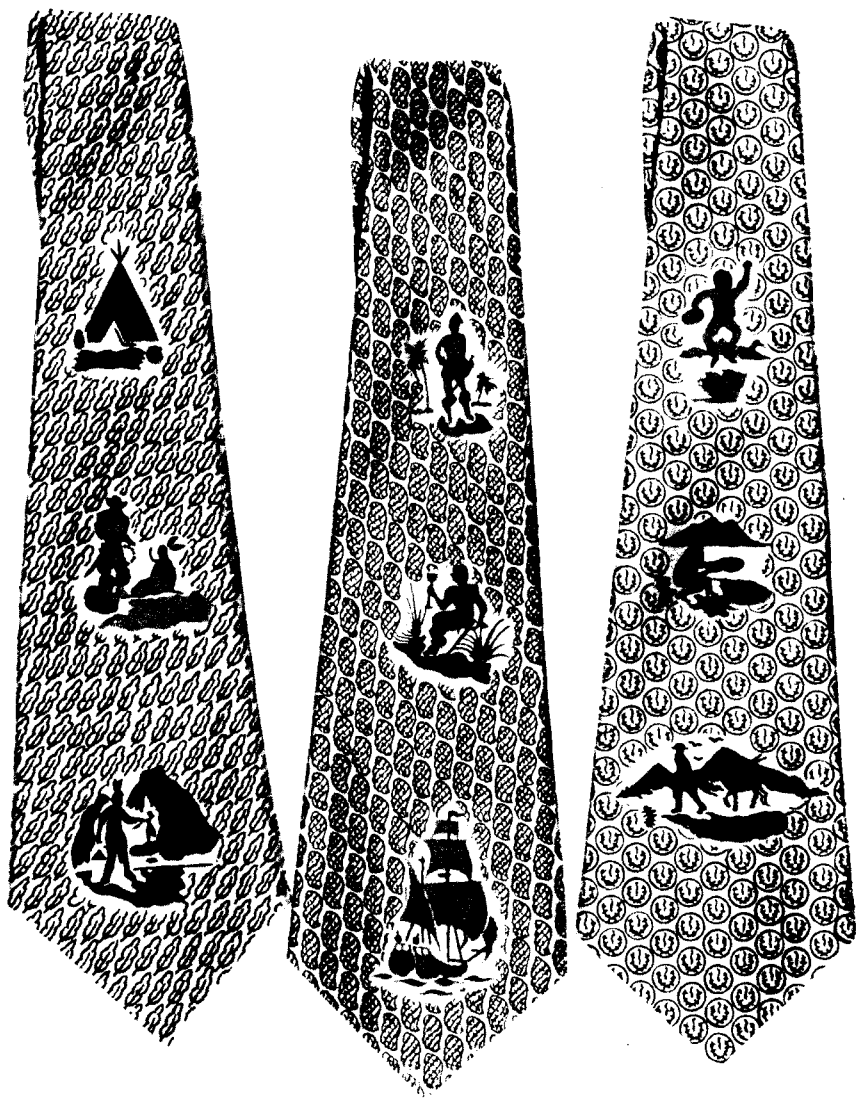
We take you back quite a way with these superbly designed Arrow "Cavalcade" Ties!

Against a rich background, each tells its own "picture story." Indians greet early explorers . . . smoke the ceremonial peace pipe . . . start a cautious trading. Another tie shows a miner panning for gold—and, what's more, *finding* it!

If you have an eye for the out-of-the-ordinary, see these handsome Arrow Ties! Cut in ample length (the way men like them) they knot up easy as pie, with the desired "drape" just south of the knot.

ALL Arrow Ties have a special resilient lining which bucks off wrinkles as casually as a Brahma bull displaces cowboys! $1.50

P.S. ARROW TIES also WEAR well! Look for the ARROW trade-mark.



ARROW "Cavalcade" TIES

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

Also Makers of Shirts • Sports Shirts • Handkerchiefs • Underwear

some twenty or thirty seconds, then returned with a glass of water. "How about sitting up?" he asked.

Rob sat up. The man held the glass to Rob's lips, tilting it so that Rob would gulp down the water.

"How's that?" he asked.

Rob sputtered and choked on the last of the drink, but managed to say, "That's better. I could use more of that."

"Not right now," the man said, perching himself on the table, cupping his hands around one of his knees and studying Rob thoughtfully. "You and I are going to have a little talk."

Rob said nothing.

THE man lighted a rich brown cigar. "You're a tough little rooster," he said admiringly. "Where did you learn to fight?"

"I did some boxing in school."

"I'll tell the world you did. Put up a pretty good fight, considering that you had to give away forty pounds at the start. Now let's talk a little sense."

"What do you want to talk about?"

"Your name's Trenton, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Rob Trenton?"

"That's right."

"Now look, Rob, let's be grown-up and quit this kid stuff. You drove that Rapidex sedan from the dock to your place at Noonville. Now something happened to the car between the time you started and the time you arrived."

"Sure, it did. I had a blowout," Rob said.

"Something else happened to it."

Rob tried to look innocent.

"Now I'm going to tell you frankly," the big man said, "we're a pretty tough lot here. We don't try to be tough but we're playing for big stakes, and when a man gets to playing for big stakes he gets pretty impatient when something gets in his way. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes," Rob said.

The big man said reassuringly, "Now look, Rob, things haven't been going too smooth and we're going to have to clean up and make a getaway. Every minute that we're wasting cuts down our chances. Of course, the boys *think* they can pull this thing and get away with it, but they're worried. We have a deadline of midnight. We've *got* to start scattering by midnight. We've got to be way out of the state on a plane before daylight tomorrow morning, and it has to be done in such a way that we won't be caught. Now just put yourself in the position of one of the boys, Rob, and you'd be pretty impatient, wouldn't you?"

"I guess so."

"Well," the big man said, "you're standing in our way, Rob. You've got information that isn't going to do you a damn' bit of good, but it's information we need. We've got to get it. There are easy ways and there are hard ways. I don't like to think of the hard ways because the boys are too much on edge. I can't tell just where they'd stop once they started. I don't like it myself, but I'm damned if I'm going to get soft in a showdown and let you cheat us out of the profits after we've taken all the risks."

Rob said, "Why blame it on me? Do you know what happened there at the pier?"

"No, what?"

Rob said, "I was detained and searched to the skin. It was a matter of a couple of hours, I guess, and during all of that time the car sat out there in the shed and—"

The man smiled and shook his head with easy good nature. "No, Rob," he said, "that isn't going to do. We weren't dumb enough to let the car just sit there without having someone keep an eye on it. To tell you the truth, we were good and worried when you didn't come down to drive it away."

"How did you know I was going to be driving it away?" Rob asked, trying to keep the eagerness from his voice, yet dreading to hear the answer.

The big man merely smiled and shook his head again. "We're wasting a lot of time and a lot of words, Rob," he said. "Suppose you just break down and tell us. Give us the low-down, and nothing more will happen to you. If you don't co-operate, things are going to be bad, they're going to be plenty bad. After the boys have gone so far, then you can't tell what'll happen. They'll get the information they want, but if they've had to go far enough to get it, they—well, put yourself in their position. You wouldn't want to leave a witness behind you who could testify to kidnaping and torture and then make an identification. Now let's be reasonable about this thing."

Rob said, "From where I sit, my chances don't look too good anyway."

"Why not, Rob?"

"I can still make an identification."

For a moment the big man's eyes were cold and hard, then he said ominously, "You keep crowding your luck and you just *might* never show up in circulation again. This river's about forty feet deep out in the channel and we could put weights on you so that after the bubbles quit coming up nothing else would *ever* come up."

Rob said, "You could do that just as well no matter what I said. How do I know you'd keep your promise?"

"You'd have to take my word for it."

"I don't think your word's very good."

The big man slowly got down off the table, removed the cigar from his mouth, placed it carefully on the edge of the table, took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, said, "All right, young fellow, you're going to get hurt. You're asking for it."

The big man bent over him. His face had undergone a complete transformation. It was a hard, wicked, ruthless face. The man's right hand, with the fingers open, was moving toward Rob's face; it paused for a moment with the thumb over Rob's left eye. Then the man stopped and said, "Say, you got a fountain pen in your pocket!"

"Well?" Rob asked, striving to keep his voice firm.

"What the hell! They haven't even frisked you," the big man said. "That's a hell of a way to run a business. The boys are getting all on edge, and when they get on edge you can't seem to depend on them for anything. Let's take a look and see what you've got in your pockets, son."

HE ROLLED Rob over, placed his right foot on Rob's bound wrists, bore down with so much weight that Rob winced.

His hands started through Rob's pockets. "Handkerchief," he said. "Money. My gosh, here's a knife! Of all the damned fools! You know, Rob, I get tired risking my neck, trying to do the brainwork for a bunch of dumb eggs like that.

"Now you take that business of putting your car out of commission. Sticking something in the ring and pinion gears—that was a dumb thing to do. They could have let the air out of your spare tire and then loosened the valve in one of your rear tires so the air would ooze out. Then they'd have happened along just when you were up against it with two flats. It would have been a cinch then to have picked you up.

"After they'd grabbed you, one of the boys could have screwed the valve back in the tire, pumped it up, driven your car away, and that would have been all there was to it. Then your car would have been out of sight. The way it is now, what's the garage man going to think when he finds that somebody deliberately stuck something in the gears? You'll have disappeared and your car will be there.

"The other way, you'd have disappeared and your car would have disappeared and everyone would have figured you'd taken a powder. You know, these guys get dumb. Of course, they tied you up pretty well, but you could easy have hooked your heels up on the table and jiggled until that knife fell out of your pants pocket. Then you could have twisted around and got your fingers on it and cut the ropes, without anyone knowing anything about it."

Rob felt his face getting red with self-anger as he realized how simple it would have been for him to have done exactly what the man had said.

The big man removed the ball of his foot

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from Rob's wrists. "Okay, Rob," he said, "let's roll over and see what we've got in the other side. Hold it a second, let's take a look in that inside coat pocket. Oh, yes, a wallet, driving license and—hey, wait a minute. What's this? A notebook!"

PICKING up the notebook, the man moved off a short distance and turned so that the light came over his shoulder. He said, "You're one of these meticulous chaps. You probably keep complete, accurate records. Yes, here we are. Expenses—the numbers of your traveler's checks, the number of your passport. Now, Rob, you know, if you'd hidden anything, I've a hunch you'd have made some note about it—particularly if you'd had to hide it along the highway. Now, let's see, Rob, we'll turn through all these pages of expenses and look for the last page in the notebook. The last one where—well, well, well, well! Here's a little sketch map of a road intersection and—well, now, Rob, I think we're beginning to get somewhere.

"If you'll just loosen up and tell me about what these marks mean. No, wait a minute. You don't have to. They're fence posts, and these numbers must be the numbers of the highways, just so far from the intersection. That must be the count of the fence posts, and this diagonal with distances on it—why, bless your heart, Rob, that will be a road sign, right on the highway, and we can locate that road sign mathematically from these distances. Well, now, Rob, that's better, that's a lot better. Just a whole lot better.

"You know, Rob, that's what comes of having the boys get on edge. They just quit using their brains. Well, now, Rob, it's going to take a couple of hours for us to investigate this thing, but I think we're really on the right track now. I think we really and truly are. Of course, it could be a trap, but I don't think so. Now look, Rob, I'll put it up to you. You're a grown man and we may as well be frank. I'm going to send one of the boys to take a look.

"Now we're in this thing pretty deep, and if this is a trap it's going to be pretty bad for you, Rob. You know, I don't want to be melodramatic and make a lot of threats, but if this is a trap, Rob, things are going to happen to you that you won't like."

The big man paused and looked down at Rob, then he pulled back his right foot and calmly and methodically kicked Rob in the ribs, hard.

"Speak when you're spoken to," he said.

"It's not a trap," Rob groaned.

"That's better," the big man said. He walked out and locked the door behind him, leaving the light on. . . .

Covered with a dark blanket so that just his forehead, eyes and nose were exposed, the state trooper who lay crouched in the ditch was cold. The damp chill of the ground seeped through his clothes and the blanket.

Out on the highway, cars went droning by, first making themselves audible by a distant whine caused by tires and motor. The whine would grow to a snarl, then headlights would briefly become visible, flash past, and the car would hurtle on into the night.

The state trooper shifted his position two or three times to avoid cramped muscles. He looked at the luminous dial of his wrist watch, anticipating the hour when he would change places with Moose Wallington.

At the moment, Moose Wallington was sitting on a side road parked in a cruiser, and on another side road two miles below, two men waited quietly, under orders so strict that not even the glowing tip of a cigarette was permitted to betray their presence.

A car coming from the west slowed down perceptibly, then pulled to the side of the road, crawled along in low gear. The beam of a spotlight, dancing out across the irregular shoulder of the grass, caused the state trooper in the ditch to drop down entirely under the blanket.

The military-type field telephone between his feet was connected with another telephone by a black wire which ran along the ditch for a couple of hundred yards, then ambled off aimlessly across a field until it followed the top of a barbed-wire fence.

The trooper turned the crank, raised the receiver to his ear. Almost instantly the voice of a waiting trooper said, "Hello, Larry, what is it?"

"I'm getting a customer," Larry said. "Get the cars alerted."

"Okay. Can you describe the car?"

"Not yet. All I can see is headlights and a spotlight searching around. They're looking for something. Now hold the phone. I'll take a peek."

The trooper gently raised a corner of the blanket for a long look, then said, "They're getting close. They've found the signpost and evidently they're counting fence posts. They're looking along the ground now. It's a black sedan—a big one. Could be bulletproof glass."

"How many of them?"

"There's one working with the spotlight and I can see another one. Wait a minute, the other one looks like a woman."

"Okay. Hang on for just a minute," the man at the other end of the line said. He called Headquarters of the state police fifty miles away and over the radio a signal went out. "Cars sixteen and nineteen, special signal twenty-four."

Instantly the two state patrol cars switched on ignitions and started their motors so they would be warm and ready for the chase. The monitor came back on the telephone, and Larry, crouching as flat as possible, said, "The man's started to dig now. The woman seems to have moved on over to the other side of the road in that orchard. I can't see her at all now."

"Okay, keep me posted. I'll hang on."

Larry could hear the monitor saying into the other telephone, to the radio dispatcher, "Okay, send out special signal twenty-five," and within less than a second after that, the waiting cruisers heard the voice of the dispatcher at Headquarters saying, in that peculiar monotone with which all radio dispatchers send out even the most exciting news, "Cars sixteen and nineteen, special signal twenty-five, confirm back to Headquarters."

Within a matter of seconds both cars had reported, stating that they had special signals twenty-four and twenty-five and were all ready to go.

Crouched on the ground, Larry waited until the shovel had struck the metallic protective covering. Then a moment later, he saw the flashlight snap on and off and a figure started for the car. Larry said into the telephone, "I'd be ready to give the next signal if it weren't for that woman. She's over across the road and hasn't shown."

"Ready for twenty-six with the man?"

"That's right."

"Okay. He can't get away. We'll wait a minute and catch them both when the woman gets back."

"Say, wait a minute—she isn't coming back," the trooper said. "She's gone scouting. You'd better get this man. He's starting the motor. Flash signal twenty-six."

Over the phone the trooper heard Moose Wallington's voice addressing the central dispatcher. "Car seven to Headquarters, special signal twenty-six to cars sixteen and nineteen."

The trooper in the ditch had waited too long for the woman to return. The man in the driver's seat of the big sedan now had the car in gear.

THROWING off his blanket, hitching his gun into a favorable position, the trooper crawled through a hole in the barbed-wire fence. He suddenly impaled the car with a flashlight.

"State police," he called. "What's the trouble?"

"No trouble, officer."

"What have you stopped for?"

"Nothing."

"Hold it. I want to inspect your license."

The car lurched forward.

Larry pulled out his gun, but grinning, held his fire.

The car literally rocketed off into the night, headed eastward. The man in the driver's seat, white-faced and tense, threw the car into second, then into high, keeping the throttle down to the floor boards.

The state trooper stood waiting. His flashlight shot its powerful beam into the orchard on the other side of the road. Once he thought he saw a swirl of swift motion but he couldn't be certain. The orchard was on a slope. Behind it was a brush-covered hill thick with second growth.

The trooper kept swinging the beam of his flashlight in a questing circle. He picked up nothing.

The man in the getaway car exhaled his breath in a deep sigh. His heart was pounding and his mouth was dry. It had been a close call, but he had made it. He was in the clear now.

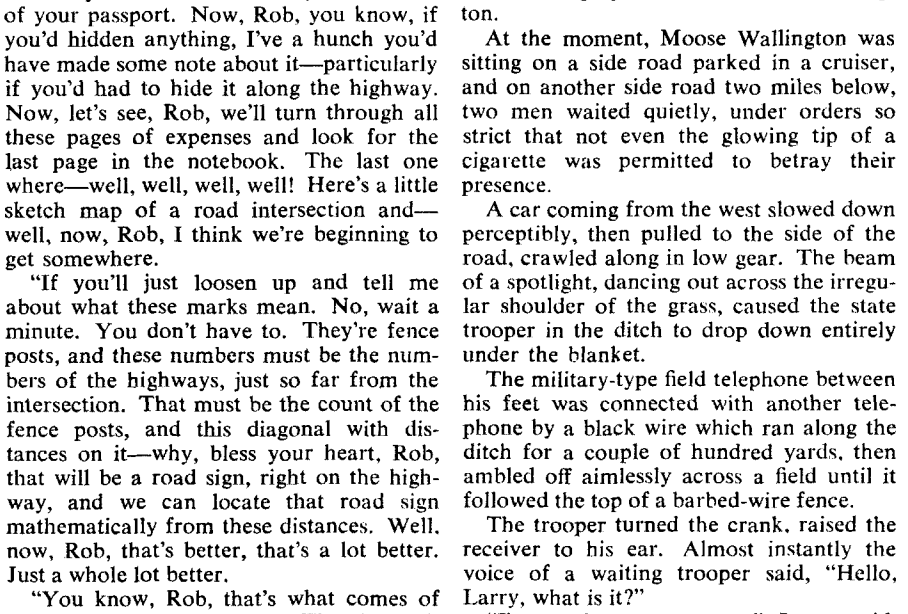
Then the headlights of the fleeing car suddenly disclosed the body of a state police cruiser broadside on the road. A red spotlight blazed into the eyes of the startled driver.

The man jerked a gun out of his hip pocket. His lips tightened. His foot slammed down on the brake pedal. The car screamed to a sliding stop.

Moose Wallington came walking up on the driver's side. The other officer walked up on the other side of the car, coming cautiously.

The driver rolled down the window, said, "What's all the trouble about?"

"That's what we want to know," Moose Wallington said. "Why didn't you stop for that other trooper?"



COLLIER'S **"It's all right, John; we have plenty of antihistamine right here in my purse"** NED HILTON

Superlative

Sueded Leathers

"Tops" for your Trousers

"Paris"* designers, in collaboration with the finest leather craftsmen, have created the most beautiful Suede Belts ever to bear the "Paris" name. You'll enjoy wearing them. Illustrated are:

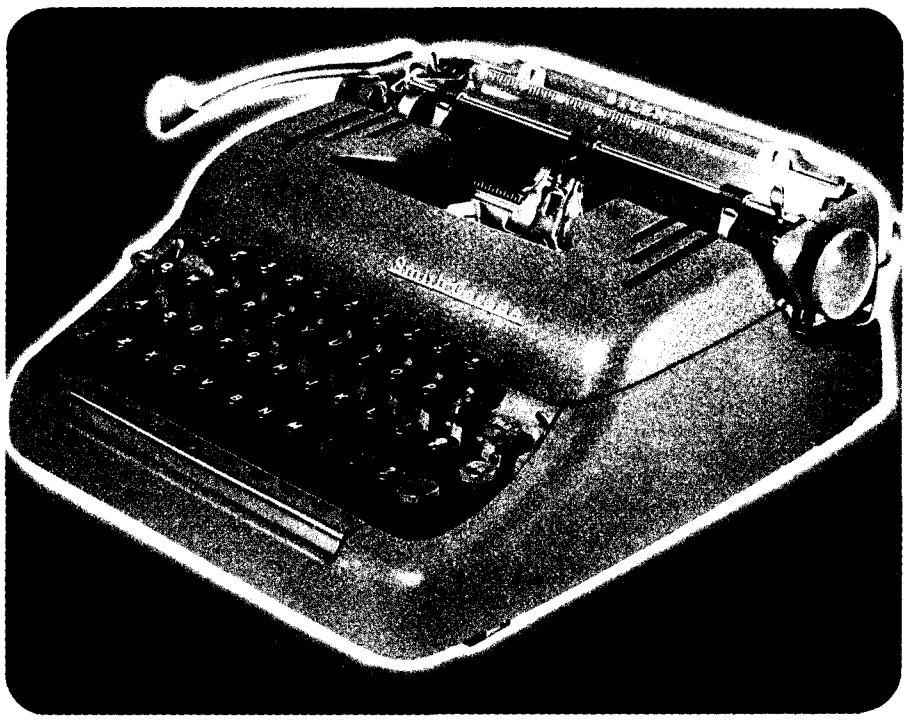
1. Finest quality sueded cowhide with top grain cowhide lining—bench made—offered in newest colors—$2.50
2. Corduroy design—unique new treatment in sueded leathers. Smart color combinations and clever buckle in matching design—$1.50
3. Unusual new style in a sueded belt, designed with beautiful, genuine Alligator trim. Highly polished gilt buckle—$3.50

See these and other "Paris" Belt styles at your favorite men's store today—$1.50 to $10.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. A Product of A. Stein & Company, Chicago—New York—Los Angeles

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WORLD'S FASTEST!

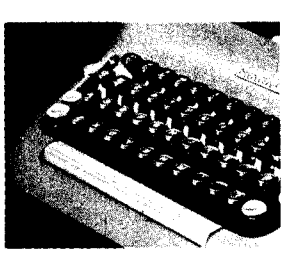


The all-new

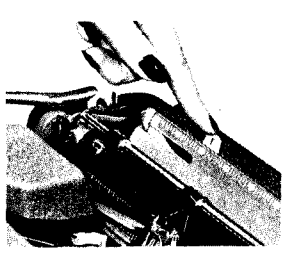
Smith-Corona

America's new favorite in Portables!

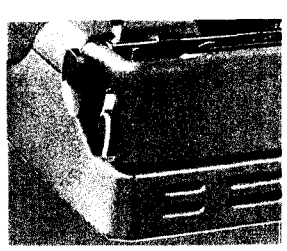
You'll know what "World's Fastest" means, the minute you try it! You'll feel a new, "peppier" touch – a smooth, lightning-fast response . . . and there's less chance of jamming the keys than ever before! Has a total of *nineteen* new features – plus full-size office machine keyboard, of course. See your Smith-Corona Dealer *now* for demonstration, prices and convenient terms!



NEW! COLORSPEED KEYBOARD – Rimless, non-glare keys are "finger-print-shaped" to cup fingertips.



NEW! QUICKSET MARGINS – Simplest, easiest ever! Just slide pointers to desired spot on scale!



NEW! ACOUSTICAL VENTS – Typing noises are vented out rear of carriage for quieter operation!

L C SMITH & CORONA TYPEWRITERS INC SYRACUSE 1 NY *Canadian factory and offices, Toronto, Ontario. Makers also of famous Smith-Corona Office Typewriters, Adding Machines, Vivid Duplicators, Ribbons and Carbons.*

The driver laughed. "That guy wasn't a trooper. That was just a guy playing a joke."

Moose opened the door on the driver's side. "Let's take a look at your driver's license."

"Okay," the man said and shoved the revolver across his lap.

What happened next happened with incredible speed. Moose Wallington's big hand came down over the man's wrist. The gun was twisted, the man's arm doubled into helplessness. He screamed and came tumbling out of the car.

Moose kicked the gun to one side, methodically pulled handcuffs from his belt.

From behind, the other cruiser which had been closing in blazed its red spotlight over the scene.

"Everything's okay," Moose said.

Two minutes later Headquarters received a signal, "Car nineteen, special signal thirty-one, black sedan with one person, license number on sedan 6LB4981."

The dispatcher repeated the number.

Moose said, "We're bringing in the prisoner."

"Okay. Federal Narcotics has been notified and will be here. Any resistance?"

"Not to speak of," Moose said casually. "Let me have fifteen minutes here before we start in. We want to help comb the territory for a woman who seems to have made an escape. Apparently she didn't get back into the car when the driver did."

"You got the evidence?" the dispatcher asked.

"Yes, it's here."

"All right, search for the woman. I'll put out a special broadcast."

Soon a myriad of light shafts from the troopers' flashlights combed the countryside, but without results.

The voice of the dispatcher, however, blanketed the entire district, "Calling all cars. Near the junction of State Highways 40 and 72 at co-ordinate A.B. north three hundred; seventy-two east, a woman escaped a dragnet and may be hitchhiking. Study all cars with women riders, make routine checks."

Thereafter cruisers concentrated on the area. Hundreds of motorists were stopped for "routine checks" on driving licenses.

But the woman made good her escape. Two hitchhikers were held by state police for questioning, but neither was the one the police wanted. Each could prove she had been riding in a car at the exact time the state trooper had had a vague glimpse of a woman who he felt was "young and attractive—judging by her figure and the way she moved," in getting out of the car when the cache of dope was being uncovered.

With what the police already had on Rob Trenton, however, they felt justified in checking on the young woman with whom he had made a recent European trip.

The only hitch was that Harvey Richmond, ace narcotics investigator, who had been working on that angle, couldn't be reached. He was, in the words of the reporting trooper, "not immediately available." He was supposed to be investigating a hot lead, so hot that he expected to make a flock of arrests by midnight, and had asked for two loads of state troopers to be held in readiness at that hour.

COLONEL MILLER C. STEPNEY of the state police paced the floor, studying reports which were pouring in from state troopers all over the country. The man who had been picked up had refused to talk. The driving license showed that his name was Marvus L. Gentry. He had in his possession every one of the oiled-silk packages which had been left on the scene to act as bait for the persons who would return to pick them up. There was at the moment nothing to connect Marvus L. Gentry with any person anywhere in the state. He had an out-of-state driving license, and while the classification of his fingerprints was being rushed in for comparison, it would be a matter of several hours before anything definite could be obtained. His manner, however, was that of the veteran crook, sitting completely tight and keeping his mouth clamped in a firm line of silence.

Colonel Stepney debated the possibility that the passenger list would give him more information about Rob Trenton's companions on the European tour. This matter had been within the exclusive province of Harvey Richmond and it was against the policy of Harvey Richmond to make a report until the case was thoroughly in hand. Richmond was a special narcotics officer and his relationship with the state police was that of co-ordinating the narcotics work of the various law-enforcement agencies. While he might make more detailed reports to his immediate superiors, he certainly adopted an enigmatic policy with the state police.

Under the circumstances, knowing how easy it is to flush game by being too eager, and how disastrous premature questioning may be, Colonel Stepney decided to hold off on everything until he had heard from Harvey Richmond. After all, the state police now had the entire cache of heroin which had been smuggled in and subsequently buried. There was no way of communicating this information to Richmond, but he would doubtless soon put in a call.

So Colonel Stepney paced the floor and waited.

IT HAD been dark for some hours when Rob Trenton heard the car driving up. Judging from the sound of the motor, the machine was being operated at high speed.

A few moments later he heard quick steps on the planks of the mooring pier just outside the porthole of the room where he found himself confined.

There was something hauntingly familiar about those steps. The quick, nervous impact, the light, lithe footfalls. They were the steps of a woman. Could it be that—? Rob struggled to a sitting position and listened hopefully.

He heard the sound of excited voices, then the low hum of a conference. The steps of the woman were heard again as she ran back down the pier. Then Rob heard heavy steps coming toward his room. They were steps made by men who seemed to be walking irregularly and with an effort, as though they were carrying something heavy.

The steps approached his room. Quite evidently they were the steps of men carrying some burden.

The key twisted in the lock. The door was kicked open, and Rob saw only two grim-faced men, carrying a steel shaft which apparently weighed some seventy-five or eighty pounds. They also carried several lengths of baling wire.

The men were ominously silent as they dropped these articles on the floor, turned and started out without a word.

"What's the matter?" Rob asked.

"Matter enough," one of the men said. "You thought you were pretty damn' slick. Okay, buddy, you'll pay for it when you start blowing bubbles."

"Look here," Rob said desperately. "That wasn't a trap—"

"Oh, no," one of the men said sarcastically. "The state police just *happened* to be waiting there, and they *just happened* to grab my buddy! Well, you've taken the first trick. Let's see how you do on the rest of the tricks."

The two men left the room, slamming the door behind them. The key once more turned in the lock.

Rob knew from the expressions on their faces, from what he had already seen of their methods, that he could expect no mercy. These men were clearing out. Within a few hours they would be scattering to the four winds, hunting places of concealment, before the state police and the Federal Narcotics Division could broadcast accurate information.

Rob gloomily contemplated the two steel shafts and the baling wire so mutely eloquent of the fate in store for him. He knew now that these men certainly didn't intend to let him leave the boat alive.

The knowledge gave him a certain desperation. He thought back with self-anger to the opportunity he had missed, to the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knife in his pocket. He had never had to cope with situations such as these, and as a result he felt his mind had not been sufficiently resourceful in connection with matters incident to the escape. From now on he would have to use every bit of concentration and ingenuity he possessed or it would be too late.

His eyes roamed over the room. Then suddenly he thought of the glass in which the heavy-set man had brought him a drink of water. That glass was sitting on a corner of the table where the man had placed it when Rob had finished drinking and just before the smuggler had started to search Rob's pockets. The results of that search had been so important that the man had forgotten all about the glass.

Rob squirmed and twisted, snaking his way like a sidewinder, until he had his feet against the legs of the table. Then he flung himself up and around like a desperate floundering fish. The rope jerked at his wrists with a strain that threatened to part the skin as he kicked; but he struck the water glass and it rolled to the floor, but did not break.

Rob followed the glass, picked it up in the finger tips of his bound hands, then squirmed his way back to the nearest steel shaft and started pounding the glass on it.

The second smash cracked the glass into sharp fragments, and Rob wedged one of these circular, knife-edged fragments in between the shaft and the wall, then lying on his back, started sawing away at the rope which held his wrists.

He found it difficult to move his arms so as to keep the glass cutting in one place, but he kept sawing away until he had cut his wrists in half a dozen places, until he could feel the warm trickle of blood over his fingers, until it seemed his cramped muscles could no longer endure that tiresome pushing and pulling as he rubbed the strands of the rope across the glass.

Then, when it seemed almost impossible to carry on, the rope suddenly parted, and Rob, stretching his cramped arms, was able to untie his ankles, get to his feet and start flexing his muscles. Returning circulation made him feel that his extremities were full of pins and needles.

He realized there was no time for contemplation, no opportunity to sit and consider. He must work, and work fast.

He could hear the sounds made by persons moving around the interior of the big houseboat. Doors were slamming, steps sounding in the corridors, then climbing the stairs. So far, for the moment, Rob had been undisturbed, but he knew that at any moment they would be calling for him. He felt like a condemned man in death row, waiting for the tramp of the solemn death march.

ROB dragged the table over to the locked door, unknotted the rope which had been used to tie him, and then tied the cut pieces together. He found he had a strip of rope some ten feet long. He hastily knotted one end of this rope over one of the heavy steel shafts, stood on the table and managed to elevate the shaft so that it was balanced on a small beam which ran directly over the door, some two feet above the level of the door itself.

Then Rob descended from the table, picked up the other shaft, and, by using great care, was able to get this shaft also in position, balanced on top of the other, both of them directly over the door, both looped with the slender rope.

He dropped the rope to the floor, got down, moved the table back, stepped over, took hold of the rope, and waited.

He didn't have long to wait. He heard steps coming toward the door.

If the manner in which the key on the other side was turned was any indication of the emotions of the man who was entering the room, that man was in a violent and nasty temper. The bolt shot back with a vengeful click.

Rob stepped back so that he would be slightly behind the door as it opened.

The door shot open with a jerk. The heavy-set man standing on the threshold could not immediately see Rob. He took a half step forward into the room and said, "What the hell!"

Rob pulled the slender rope—with a hard, quick movement. The man sensed the menace above him and leaped forward.

(To be continued next week)

COLLIER'S

"We don't have anything in common . . . he's interested in girls and I am interested in boys!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

PARK & TILFORD RESERVE

—the finest-tasting whiskey of its type in America!

The PREMIUM Whiskey at a POPULAR Price!

For those who prefer a light-bodied whiskey, we recommend Park & Tilford RESERVE as the *superlative* example and the *incomparable* value. These are the attributes that have long made it an American favorite.

PARK & TILFORD DISTILLERS, INC., NEW YORK • 62½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • 86 PROOF

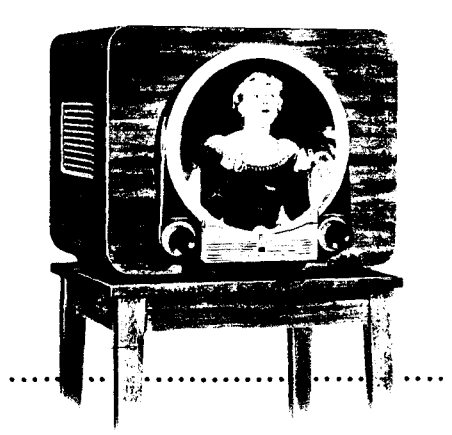
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Only Zenith Television Has It!

Giant Circle "Black" Tube

New "Super-Range" Chassis

Now—even in outlying locations where many sets fail to hold an acceptable picture, these sensational Zenith features bring you the new Black Magic of television: Super-size pictures of startling clarity, free from eyestraining glare even in daylight or fully lighted rooms! This is how doctors recommend viewing. And the flip of a switch gives you choice of circular or rectangular shape pictures!



Giant-Picture Table Television, new Zenith "Buchanan," with big 105 sq. in. screen. Cabinet of genuine Walnut or quarter stripe Mahogany veneer. Only $239.95* *Blonde Afara veneer,* $249.95* Fed. ex. tax extra

Your choice of Zenith "Black Magic" television consoles, table models, combinations—$219.95* to $625.00.* Also wide variety of exciting new Zenith radios and radio-phonographs. $19.95* to $289.95.*

See Your Zenith Dealer

ZENITH "LONG DISTANCE" RADIO and TELEVISION — THE ROYALTY OF RADIO AND TELEVISION

Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois
Also Makers of America's Finest Hearing Aids
*Prices subject to change without notice.
West Coast and far South prices slightly higher.
© 1950

The Met's Accent Is American

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

Fleta, a Spaniard. Today when the Met wants an Italian tenor, it need look no further than two men who happen to be brothers-in-law and who between them have never set a foot in Italy—Jan Peerce and Richard Tucker.

No less an expert than Arturo Toscanini says that Peerce's Italian diction and vocal style are unsurpassed among tenors. When Toscanini chose Peerce to sing on one of his orchestral broadcasts he remarked to him:

"You have, of course, studied in Italy?"

"No, maestro, I haven't," replied Peerce.

"Then you are of Italian descent?"

"No," replied Peerce, who was born on New York's lower East Side. "I can trace my family back a few generations to Russia, but that's all."

"Ah," said Toscanini. "That's it. If you traced it back far enough, you would surely find an Italian."

Richard Tucker is one of three male singers at the Metropolitan who, unless musical experts are completely wrong, are tabbed for greatness. Like his brother-in-law, Peerce, Tucker is an "Italian" tenor. Before he joined the Met in 1945, Tucker was a cantor in a synagogue in Brooklyn, and his recordings of Hebraic chants have found as wide an audience as a complete recording he and other Metropolitan artists made of Puccini's La Bohème. Tucker is stocky and bald, but there is enough silver in his voice to bedazzle the most captious onlooker.

Baritone Leonard Warren is a product of Evander Childs High School in the Bronx. He already has a reputation as one of the finest "Italian" baritones in existence and, just to make it official, he actually has studied in Italy. A bulky six-footer who weighs 200 pounds, Warren might have been a football player if someone hadn't cleated him in the face during a high-school scrimmage. He might have been an advertising man if the depression hadn't forced him to quit his studies at Columbia University. All he could do after that was sing, so in 1935 he got a job at Radio City, singing in the chorus. Three years later Warren asked for a leave of absence, explaining that he wanted to try out in the Metropolitan Opera Auditions of the Air. But instead of getting a leave, he got fired.

Given Seven Operas to Learn

"When I went out for the auditions," Warren says, "I didn't so much as know an opera. I didn't know any foreign languages—I memorized the sounds. I knew five arias. I sang one of them—the prologue to Pagliacci and I won. The president of the Sherwin-Williams Paint Company, which sponsored the auditions, gave me $5,000 to go to Europe and study for three years. That was just before Munich, so I had only seven months in Italy. When I got back Mr. Johnson picked out seven operas for me and said, 'Learn these.' So I learned them."

Today Warren knows 38 roles. He has progressed carefully since his debut in 1938, working up from small roles to big ones, becoming more and more certain of his powerful voice, improving his acting and his diction, until now his Rigoletto and his Simon Boccanegra, to cite two examples, are regarded as unsurpassed.

The youngest of the Met's boy wonders is a twenty-eight-year-old bass named Jerome Hines. He is six feet six inches tall, good-looking, and is that rarity—a native of Hollywood, California.

Hines began taking singing lessons because the girl downstairs was taking them. (He's still a bachelor.) At the University of Southern California, where he was studying science and mathematics, he declined a proposal to go out for the basketball team in favor of singing with the glee club. He has been with the Metropolitan since 1946 and knows 36 roles, of which Mephistopheles in Faust probably shows off his rich bass voice the best. Some people think he is the best Mephisto the Met has had since Ezio Pinza left for South Pacific.

On the side, Jerry Hines still is a mathematician. This year, a mathematical journal will publish two of his papers—Calculus and the Function Theory of Operational Mathematics and The Analytic Theory of Approximations.

Ever since the first opera was written, in 1600 or thereabouts, one of the chief problems it has had to face has been that of combining good voices with good looks. A great many people know the story of how La Traviata was a dismal failure at its *première* because the heroine, who was supposed to be dying of consumption, weighed 200 pounds.

The American girls singing at the Metropolitan today are by no means the first opera stars to be easy on the eye as well as the ear, but they have brought the business of streamlining opera to an all-time high. People go to look at as well as listen to Dorothy Kirsten, Patrice Munsel and Risë Stevens.

"'Come shake hands with Mrs. Vance,' you said! 'Right now,' you said! I tried to tell you I was making taffy!"

COLLIER'S — DAVE GERARD

Anne Bollinger, a statuesque blonde from Lewiston, Idaho, who made her Met debut only two years ago, tells about a concert she gave recently at the University of Idaho, her alma mater. Her music hadn't arrived in time for the program to be printed, so she announced her own numbers. She gave the title of the first selection—a Handel aria—and added, "Can you hear me?"

Replied a campus baritone from the rear of the house, "Baby, we don't have to hear you as long as we can see you!"

It was, says Miss Bollinger, the happiest recital she ever sang.

Patrice Munsel, who with Bing Crosby constitutes Spokane's double gift to the American vocal art, started singing at the Met in 1943, when she was eighteen, her diminutive five-foot-five figure provides the Met with a surprisingly young and accomplished coloratura. Bernard Shaw, who used to be a pretty good music critic before he turned to playwriting for a living, once suggested that the entrance to operatic stages ought to be guarded by small hoops through which all singers must pass before being allowed on, no matter how well they could sing. Patrice Munsel wouldn't have any trouble getting through.

Miss Munsel started her precocious musical life at the age of six, not as a child soprano, but as a female whistler.

"I had a good pucker," she says, "and I used to whistle things until I was attending Lewis and Clark High School, when I decided to go in for singing. The whistling was fun, but it never helped me much in my singing career. I was pretty good at whistling forte, though, and it still comes in handy for getting taxicabs."

Risë Stevens is an artist whom the Metropolitan discovered right in its own back yard—New York City. But Miss Stevens got part of her musical education in Europe, studying at the Mozarteum in Salzburg, Austria, after she had been graduated from the Juilliard School.

A Carmen in a Mother Role

Although Miss Stevens specializes in roles such as Carmen and Delilah, which are not of a particularly matronly nature, she manages to give a good deal of time to the bringing up of her five-year-old son Nicky. Once she was taking Nicky for a hansom ride through Central Park when a couple of girls recognized her and called out, "Look, there's Risë Stevens!"

Her son stood up in the carriage and shouted back, "She is not! She's my mommy!" Pretty high compliment for an opera singer, Miss Stevens thinks.

This business of being recognized on the outside of the house cuts both ways. Regina Resnik, another New York girl who made good at the Met, took a taxi to the opera house this year before a performance of Don Giovanni and told the driver, "Thirty-ninth and Broadway." The following conversation ensued:

"That's the Metropolitan stage door, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"What do you do there, sing in the chorus?"

"I sing, but not in the chorus."

"Go on—what's your name?"

"Regina Resnik."

"Never heard of you. You can't kid me. You don't talk like an opera singer, and you don't look like one, either."

Miss Resnik thinks that's a compliment, too.

"German" sopranos, no less than "Italian," have a way of turning out to be strangely American once they doff the outlandish garb of Wagner's music dramas. Helen Traubel, the chief Wagnerian soprano at the Met for most of the 10 years she has been there, is not only musical adviser to the daughter of the President of the United States, she also happens to be an ardent baseball fan. Miss Traubel's father, a St. Louis druggist, always had two season tickets to the Cardinals' games, and Miss Traubel used one of them regularly. In the springtime she likes to watch sand-lot ball with a knowing eye, and she at present is engaged in negotiations for the purchase of a minor-league team in the Midwest. "One day," she says, "I hope to make the majors in baseball, too."

The paths that lead to the Metropolitan are just as diverse as the people who traverse them. Some, such as a handsome young Irish tenor named Brian Sullivan, make the Met via Broadway. Sullivan, who is thirty years old, comes from Oakland, California, and is built like a football player, which is just what he was at Manual Arts High School in Los Angeles—the same school Lawrence Tibbett went to.

His name then wasn't Brian, it was Joseph. The University of Southern California offered him two scholarships—one football, one vocal. He took the latter. After he got out of college, his broad shoulders, pugnacious chin and curly blond hair caught the eye of a movie scout, and he appeared briefly in two pictures called This Man's Navy and The Courage of Lassie.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Playing a bit part in a picture that starred a dog was not for Joe Sullivan, so he got singing jobs—in a Chicago operatic chorus and with a traveling ice show. Later on he came to New York to sing the tenor lead in a revival of Showboat. That was when he changed his name. Another Joe Sullivan, playing in The Glass Menagerie, objected to the identical names, so Equity told our Sullivan to do something about it.

"My wife had just had a baby boy," says Sullivan, "and we had named him Brian. He was only a few months old at the time, and I didn't think he'd object if I took the name, too. So my son is Brian Sullivan, Sr., and I'm Brian Sullivan, Jr."

Sullivan came to the eyes—and ears—of the Met when he was singing the part of Sammy Kaplan in the musical version of the Elmer Rice-Kurt Weill Broadway show Street Scene. His first Met assignment was to sing the title role in Benjamin Britten's new opera, Peter Grimes. Sullivan enjoyed singing Grimes, who is rather a mean character, but his daughter Patricia, aged eight, wept to see him do it.

"In the opera, I have to beat up my apprentice," Sullivan explains. "You know—cuff him around, kick him, things like that. Pat couldn't stand it. She came crying backstage afterward, and I had to introduce her to Peggy Smithers, who played the apprentice, and have Peggy explain that I hadn't really hurt her. But I'm still not sure Pat is convinced."

Sullivan says his concert audiences would throw rocks at him if he didn't sing Irish songs. At the Met, though, his biggest role aside from Peter Grimes has so far been Samson, the non-Irish hero of Saint-Saëns' opera.

"Samson, Grimes, Narraboth—it doesn't make any difference what I sing," says Sullivan. "My wife still calls me Joe."

He Got There the Hard Way

Another Irish tenor—Scotch-Irish would be more accurate—who made the grade at the Metropolitan is Eugene Conley, of Lynn, Massachusetts. The road up was an arduous one for Conley; his way stations included a WPA project in Boston, a radio station in Detroit, the Salmaggi and San Carlo opera companies, the Opéra Comique in Paris, the Royal Opera in Stockholm and, finally, the New York City Opera Company, which has supplied many fine artists to the Met. Along the line he married Winifred Heidt, a well-known opera singer herself.

Conley, who colors his Italian and French with the broad A's of a New Englander, spent three years in the Army, singing in camp shows and in the Air Force production of Winged Victory. His Army musical career began when a colonel at Camp Upton, Long Island, heard him singing and thought he sounded pretty good. He asked Conley to step into his office. "My wife is the musical expert in our family," he explained, "so I'm going to call her up and have you sing to her over the phone."

Conley says it was the strangest audition he ever had. He sang *Una furtiva lagrima* to the lady and followed it up with I Hear You Calling Me. She liked his voice so well she induced the colonel to let Conley not only sing at camp but also to accept outside engagements, with the proceeds going to the Army Air Force Aid Society. In two years he rang up $12,000 for the society.

When Conley made his Met debut in Faust on January 25th last, the Marguerite was a girl he had sung with in the WPA years before—Eleanor Steber, the pride of Wheeling, West Virginia.

"It was a pretty good reunion," Conley remarked later, "even though Eleanor had beaten me to the Met by 10 years. Nowadays when an American makes his Met debut, he meets his old friends there."

The Mephistopheles that night, incidentally, was Jerry Hines, and the Valentin was a young Philadelphian named Frank Guarrera, so the four principals all were Americans—something which didn't happen much in the old days at the Met.

Conley's case, like many others, shows the importance of hard work in the development of the American singer, who not only must master the vocal art but also two or three foreign languages before he can achieve stardom at the Met. Hugh Thompson, an extremely capable young baritone from Tacoma, Washington, who has some 40 roles in his repertoire, says that his own voice was made, not born. Thompson has worked himself up from parts hardly above the chorus level, until this year he sang his first Jokanaan in Richard Strauss's Salome.

Herbert Kupferberg, author of this article on the Met, is 32 years old and a Cornell grad. He's been with the N.Y. Herald Tribune seven years

Although Thompson is at home in French, Italian and German, he is one of the many American singers at the Met who thinks opera ought to be given in English. "When I give recitals," he says, "I give them in English. If there are no translations available, I make my own. Audiences seem to like it—the only objections I've had are from foreigners and music teachers."

Eagerness to work also is apparent among the American girls at the Met. Nadine Conner, an attractive soprano from Los Angeles, this February performed the unusual feat of singing twice in one day—Micaela in a matinee performance of Carmen and Sophie in *Der Rosenkavalier* at night.

Remembering their own struggles, some of the Met singers have adopted various means of helping along younger artists who aspire to fame. Blanche Thebom, a twenty-seven-year-old mezzo-soprano who sang her first Delilah this year, has so keen a memory of her brief career as a stenographer in Canton, Ohio, that she has set up an annual scholarship of $1,500 to allow two years of musical study for other young American singers. The age limits are twenty to thirty, and this year she had 400 applicants, the prize going to a young girl from Wyoming.

Robert Merrill, the Brooklyn-born baritone who once recorded a "Dodger Baseball Cantata," has a $1,000 prize up for an American opera, in which the baritone will be the hero. The trouble with opera, Merrill contends, is that the tenor always gets the girl and the baritone generally gets killed. He wants the roles reversed.

Foreign Names Had Their Use

Although it is only in recent years that American singers have become the bulwark of the Metropolitan opera, they have always been present in varying numbers and degrees of importance. Such famous early Metropolitan artists as Emma Eames, Lillian Nordica and Louise Homer were as American as Chester A. Arthur, who chanced to be President of the United States when the Met was opened in 1883. But virtually without exception, the few American singers who appeared at the Met before the first World War were European-educated and European-trained. Some of them, like Edward Johnson, took on European names, not to help them get into foreign houses, but to help them get into the Metropolitan when they came back from abroad with their reputations made.

The Metropolitan's barriers against home-grown singers didn't collapse all at once. But they began to buckle badly on a famous night in 1923 when a young American named Lawrence Tibbett opened a path to stardom that later was to be traveled by scores of other American singers. Tibbett had never been to Europe and had never sung a leading part at the Met. On this evening, Tibbett, as befitted his lowly estate, was singing the second-baritone part of Master Ford in Verdi's Falstaff, with the title role being taken by the most famous Italian baritone of the day, Antonio Scotti.

In the part of Ford, Tibbett had one big moment in the opera, and he made the most of it. When the time came for his second-act aria—the one about the infidelity of women—he sang it so brilliantly that the audience set out upon a demonstration that was to last 16 minutes.

To Lawrence Tibbett, now in his twenty-sixth season with the company, that enthusiastic ovation meant, among other things, a raise from $50 to $75 a week. To the Eleanor Stebers, the Jan Peerces, the Hugh Thompsons and the others who followed, it meant that Europe no longer was a prerequisite to a Metropolitan career. Debuts of American-trained singers nowadays are so common at the Met that the critics sometimes forget to mention that they are "American-trained."

Recognition of American vocal achievement is by no means limited to the United States. Many of the Met's artists spend their off seasons singing in Europe and South America. Since the war there has been a complete reversal of the vocal balance of trade between the United States and Europe. We now export more than we import.

Eugene Conley was a sensation at the Opéra Comique in Paris, where he sang the tenor lead in La Traviata in Italian with the rest of the cast singing French. Patrice Munsel says a critic in Copenhagen thanked her for "re-creating the golden age of singing." Astrid Varnay, who was born in Sweden but went to high school in New Jersey, made her London debut at Covent Garden in Tristan und Isolde in 1948.

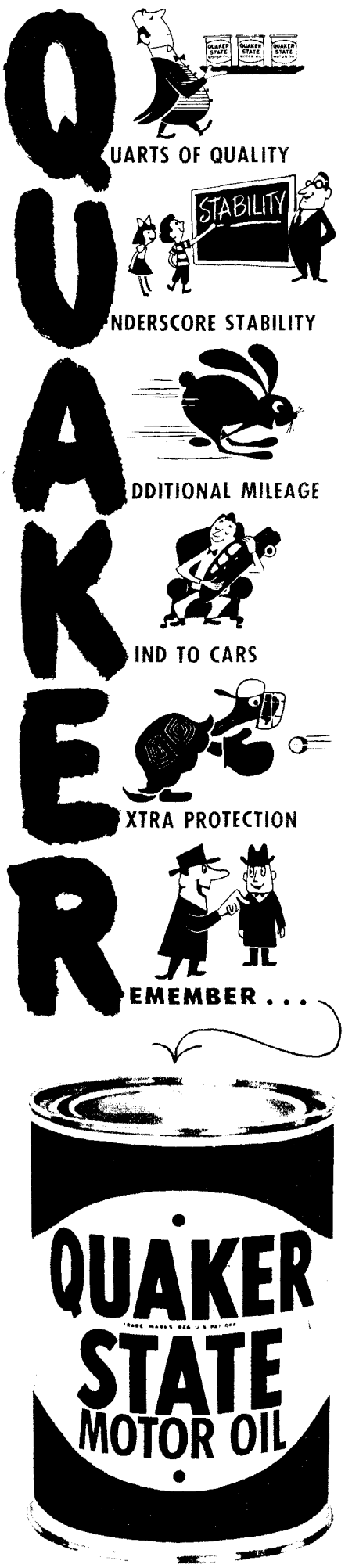
The American singers of today are perfectly confident of their ability to more than hold their own with their foreign rivals. Two years ago, one of the Met's leading American baritones started a movement to put a limit on the number of foreign singers the management could import. His fellow singers in the American Guild of Musical Artists vetoed the plan.

"We opposed the idea," explains another Met singer, "because it wasn't exactly—well, American. The majority of us were in favor of the better sort of opera that comes from an open market. We're ready to stand or fall on our own merits." THE END

The Met Tours the Nation

New York's Metropolitan Opera Association has long held a great reputation in the world of music. And the esteem it has earned has always reflected much credit on the country as a whole, for the Met is a national institution. Millions of Americans have become friends of the Met through the familiar Saturday-afternoon broadcasts sponsored by the Texas Company over the American Broadcasting Company's network. And thousands more have met the Met in person each spring as association officials take the opera on tour.

This year the tour covers 15 cities. After the two performances in Baltimore, March 14-15, the itinerary is as follows: Boston (9), March 27–April 2; Cleveland (8), April 10-15; Bloomington, Indiana (2), April 17-18; Lafayette, Indiana (1), April 19; St. Louis (4), April 20-22; Atlanta (4), April 24-26; Memphis (1), April 27; Dallas (4), April 28-30; Houston (2), May 1-2; Oklahoma City (1), May 3; Des Moines (1), May 4; Minneapolis (4), May 5-7; Chicago (7), May 8-13; and Rochester, New York (1), May 15.



QUAKER STATE MOTOR OIL is made from 100% pure Pennsylvania grade crude oil. It is refined with the most modern oil processing equipment . . . and technical skill unsurpassed in the industry. It is the finest motor oil, we believe, produced anywhere in the world.

40¢ per U. S. Quart including Federal Lubricating Oil Tax.

QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORP., OIL CITY, PA.

Member Pennsylvania Grade Crude Oil Association

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Have you learned the secret of
curing neckwear hangover?
the Facts are in the Fabric
Wrinkles hang out ...they don't "hang over"
Wrinkles hang out overnight because of the miraculous live fabric that springs back to daisy-fresh newness. Neater-knotting... longer-lasting...smarter-looking... this patented fabric (Patent No. 1815027) is available only in "Botany" Brand Wrinkle-Proof Ties. At leading stores everywhere —$1, $1.50 up.
Look for the "Botany" Brand Label on products for Men, Women and Children.
COPYRIGHT 1950, BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSAIC, N. J.
"BOTANY"
brand
wrinkle-proof ties
Make the "squeeze test"
Crumple up a "Botany" Brand Wrinkle-Proof Tie. Feel the "live" fabric. Now...release... and see the tie spring back to fresh newness.
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Is President Truman Taking Us Down the British Road?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

price control limits the freedom of workmen in the end just as much as it limits the freedom of businessmen. It means, in fact, the end of all economic liberty.

In the Spence bill there is also contained the 1949 recommendation of the President that the government be given power to go into business. Similar powers are contained in the bill introduced by Senator James E. Murray, of Montana, called the Economic Expansion act.

In effect these measures provide that the government can go into business whenever it desires to do so, and that it shall do so whenever its economic advisers feel that the industry concerned is not expanding as fast as it should expand to take care of some demand which they estimate will come into existence. This is a mild approach, but it was directed definitely at the steel industry by the President's message of 1949.

The President is also supporting federal regional semibusiness corporations like the Tennessee Valley Authority in all parts of the country, including New England. I don't suppose anyone would dispute the fact that the development of water power in major rivers is properly a function of the government, but Mr. Truman's plans go much further. He wants the government to build transmission lines, to finance generating plants for Rural Electrification Administration co-operatives, and push toward a general government system of power distribution.

If the government goes as far in the power business as Mr. Truman wants it to go, private power companies will be confronted with government competition so persistent that it is doubtful whether they can long survive. The failure of private power would not mean cheaper power to consumers. It might seem to mean that, but as always when the government takes over an activity that should be run by private enterprise, the deficit is hidden, but made up in taxes. Remember, government operation does not have to be efficient in order to survive; therefore it will not be efficient. Generally, men will do their best work only when they must, or when there is the incentive of added reward. In government, men often stay in their jobs no matter how much they may be in a bureaucratic rut, or how indolent they may become.

England's Vast Bureaucracy

In England they have gone much further along this line. The government has taken over most of the utilities not already owned by the municipalities, all of the railroads and all of the coal mines. Their plans were made for taking over the steel industry, cement, sugar and some others. This means a vast government bureaucratic operation likely to lose money as it has in most cases, and thereby add to the taxes which must be levied on a steadily decreasing field of private enterprise.

It isn't hard to see that at some point the scales are tipped over and that the entire operation of industry will ultimately be directed by the government. There isn't any evidence that such operation is in any way more efficient or produces more or in any way increases the productivity of these industries. In fact, every evidence is to the contrary.

Mr. Truman would not admit that his proposals ever contemplate going that far, but once the principle is admitted, it is hard to find where the block will come, particularly if increased regulation and taxation make some of the larger American industries, like railroads, unprofitable.

In the Brannan Plan, the President proposes a system which is bound to give the government complete power to tell the farmer what he shall plant and what he shall not plant. In asking for 100 per cent parity payments, he necessarily asks for production controls which will limit acreage and impose quotas on dairy cattle, beef and hogs as well as all the basic crops. Under the plan it is not easy to see how the government can avoid taking over most of the distribution of food.

England does not have a comparable agricultural industry, but such as she has is almost completely subject to government control. The Socialist government requires elaborate and detailed reports. Farmers can raise only the crops they are directed to raise. The number of chickens they can keep is limited and eggs must be delivered to the government with some relation to the amount of poultry feed which is purchased. All British farmers must follow the Rules of Good Estate Management or Good Husbandry promulgated by the labor government. If they don't comply, they are placed under supervision and must raise crops as directed by the government.

If at the end of a year they still were not running their farms efficiently, the government had the right to dispossess them from their farms. In the treatment of the British farmer by the labor government, there is not much evidence that there would be any equality in a "farmer-labor" control of the United States. Any planned economy, even if it does not go to the extent of the collectivized farms of Russia, is bound to deprive the farmer of his freedom and make him a servant of the state.

Political Growth of Unions

In his effort to repeal the Taft-Hartley law, the President in effect is proposing to establish the labor-union control of government brought about by the Labor party in Great Britain. If he can succeed in repealing the law and in defeating all of the congressmen and senators who voted for it, then there is little doubt that the labor unions would control Congress. Already, the Executive Department follows their lead on every issue in which they are interested. In fact, the whole Fair Deal program was originally the platform of the C.I.O. Political Action Committee, and both the C.I.O. and the American Federation of Labor today are acting like political parties. In Michigan the C.I.O. has taken over control of the Democratic party already and is trying to do so in many other states.

Today, there is no real objection to the Taft-Hartley law, except in a few industries. The real fight against the supporters of the law is based on a determination to fasten on the American people the same control exercised over the British people by the labor government. There can be little doubt that the C.I.O., at least, is just as Socialistic as the British Labor party and willing to go even further than the Fair Deal toward the Socialist British system. Both are inspired by a hostility to a free industry and to the incentive system on which our great increase in production and standard of living has been based.

Mr. Truman has proposed a medical insurance plan designed to levy a federal tax of $6,000,000,000 to be used by a federal bureau to furnish free medical care to all the people in the United States. He has also advocated the extension of the old-age insurance to cover permanent and temporary disability and federal relief for all indigents.

In England, the Beveridge plan contains all of this and more. It has tremendously increased the government expenditures for welfare services of all kinds and has had the effect of telling the British people that they don't need to worry about any contingency of life. If they earn enough to pay for their daily bread, clothing and rent, and these are subsidized, the government will take care of every possible misfortune.

This, in effect, is the handout state. It dis-

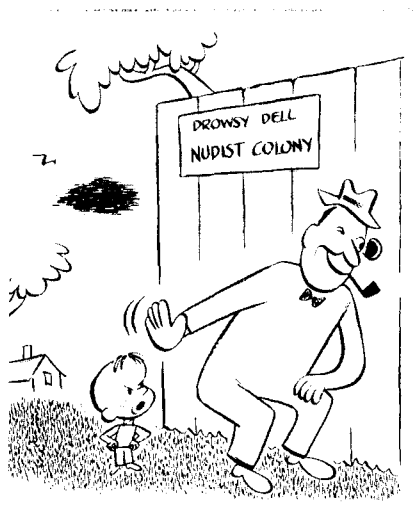
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

courages hard work and destroys incentive.

The British labor government went further by subsidizing food costs for consumers at a rate (calculated before devaluation) which if applied in this country would cost our taxpayers about $6,000,000,000. It is only logical that, if the government is to provide medical care and housing and payments of many kinds for people who are able to pay for them, it also help pay for their food. I cannot see why the general theory in the end will not make all citizens completely dependent on the government and remove the last incentive for working harder, except perhaps to acquire greater power as a government official.

Parallel to the food subsidy in England is one feature of the Brannan plan supported by Mr. Truman. That plan proposes that the government pay the farmer one price and let the product be sold to the consumer at a much lower price, the taxpayer to make up the difference. While this is contained in an agricultural plan, it is in fact a consumer subsidy.

Mr. Truman has proposed a budget, with a deficit of more than $5,000,000,000, which will bring total government expenditures including state and local outgo to more than 25 per cent of the national income. If we enacted the whole Fair Deal



"What d'ya mean, I'm not old enough to watch a ballgame?"

COLLIER'S CHARLES STRAUSS

program including the Brannan plan, socialized medicine, universal military training and various other social measures, he would be spending about 35 per cent of the national income.

Here the British have gone him one better, but he is following rapidly along the same trail. The British are today taxing their people a sum equal to 40 per cent of the national income, with the choking stagnation which must result from any such burden on a private enterprise system.

If the British example be followed in America, even without a few of the more extreme features, there can be little doubt that it would have results similar to those in Britain. The principal effect appears to be a production too small and costly to enable the British to pay for the imports they must have. Undoubtedly this results somewhat from lack of natural resources and the crowding of 49,000,000 people into an island which cannot ordinarily support them. If the British wish to maintain a standard of living as high as others with more resources, then they must be smarter than others and their system must be designed to make their productivity per man greater than in other countries. The effect of the Socialistic thinking appears to have been the opposite.

Figures on productivity are uncertain, but apparently the British coal miner produces only one fifth of the coal which an American miner produces—that is, the American miner when he is working. In the textile industries, which were a British specialty, the American productivity per man seems to be nearly three times that of Britain. In the foundry industry, which is not highly mechanized, a recent British commission reported that American productivity per man was about twice as high as in England.

The American system has resulted in thousands of plants throughout the United States constantly seeking for new methods, new machinery, new products, in order to reduce their costs and enable them to make more profit and increase the wages of their workmen. Each plant has the incentive and the complete freedom to improve its methods; also the necessity to do so.

Under British Socialism there has been little incentive to any industry to spend money on expansion, and none for any man to invest what he has in any new industry or risk enterprise.

Effect on British Workmen

All of these planned economy programs are designed for the benefit of the British workman, yet they have so failed in their purpose that the British industrial workman on the average is getting $19 a week today, after devaluation, compared to $55 a week on the average in the United States. Food and rent are to some extent subsidized, but for most other articles that the British workman or his wife buys, they have to pay a price almost as high as the American workman pays with his much higher wage. The result is real austerity.

Apparently, up to this time the reason the British cannot export goods to this country is because, in spite of wages being 35 per cent of American wages, the British manufacturer cannot make goods cheap enough to ship over to America and compete with the goods manufactured with high-priced labor in the United States.

It is said that this comparative condition in Great Britain has always existed to some extent and is not due to the Socialist program. Certainly it must be admitted that England started to go downhill a good many years ago.

Undoubtedly labor is not entirely to blame, although British labor has always been very antagonistic to labor-saving machinery which is necessary for increased productivity. British management apparently has not been progressive. British laws for a long time failed to prohibit monopoly or encourage competition—in fact, they rather tended to approve the cartel system. They have not understood the meaning of liberty in industry as we have understood it. The war has in this country given a tremendous impulse to new methods. In England whatever improvement there might have been has at least been prevented and choked by the twin burdens of government regulation and government taxation.

The United States was founded to secure liberty for its citizens. That liberty has been the keynote of all of our progress throughout our history. It has developed new lands and new ideas and new plants and new methods. It has been the steppingstone to success in economic progress as much as it has in intellectual progress. It will be brought to an end by letting Mr. Truman take us down the British road. By following the American road, the average family here has become better off than the average family in any other part of the world.

Generally, we have better health, better houses, better house furnishings, better schools than less fortunate people elsewhere. And of course we have vastly more automobiles, home refrigerators, electric cooking stoves and other electrical aids to the housekeeper than anybody else. Also we have more money per family, more opportunity, and I believe we have more fun than other peoples.

All this, and much more, because we have followed the American road, which is the great and spectacular Highway of Freedom.

Is there any sense in turning off this highway, and taking one that doubles back toward the starting point? Our forefathers left the British road long ago because of too much government, and not enough individual opportunity. We are nowhere near the end of the American road. THE END

even in the tightest spot

you can relax in

"BOTANY"* Brand

slacks

Want to be high-man with the ladies?
Take no chances—take it easy instead in "Botany" Brand Shirts and Slacks. Here's wool-made luxury that goes over big with everyone (100% finest virgin wool)...ooh-and-ah styling that wins honest applause...and torso-trim fit that assures comfort-on-the-move. In matchmate masculine colors that rate encores...at your favorite Botany dealer. Shirts from **$11.95**...Slacks from **$13.95**

Also be sure you see "Botany" Brand Slacks and Shirts in lighter-weight, longer-wearing Botanyl—the perfect worsted-nylon combination.

Look for the "Botany" Brand Label on Products for Men, Women and Children.

*"BOTANY" IS A TRADEMARK OF BOTANY MILLS INC., REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. COPYRIGHT 1950, BOTANY MILLS, INC., PASSAIC, N. J. SALES OFFICES: BOTANY BUILDING, 16 WEST 46TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, NEW YORK.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's COLOR *from head to toe*

Headwear and footwear go colorful, according to the men who know fashion trends best

JOHN ENGSTEAD

An example of the colorful lightweight caps now gaining heavy favor

By BERT BACHARACH

IF SOUTHERN and West Coast winter resorts set the pace for the rest of the country when summer comes, we're due to see the end of drabness in men's headwear and footwear.

Let's talk of hats first—or, rather, of headwear. There's a difference. Headwear comprises many styles—caps, bucket hats, berets and tams, for example. Big strides have been made in producing the sort that men like to wear because they're casual, comfortable and practical. In very hot weather or when it's windy, a head covering makes sense. It prevents the scalp from drying, keeps it cleaner and holds the hair in place. Many of the new models, because of their small shape, allow the face to get the sun while still protecting the scalp.

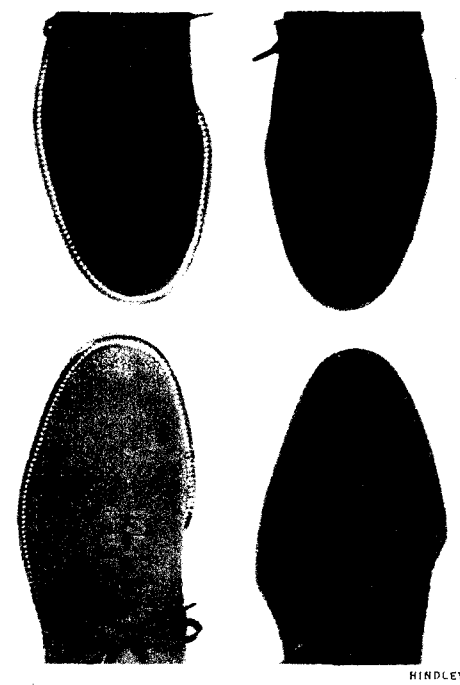
Colors and patterns are available to suit every taste, from solid hues to the wildest of plaids and checks, in cottons, rayons, linens and any number of blends. The way they're constructed makes these head coverings practically indestructible. They can be stuffed into a golf bag. Most of them can be washed. Most important, they're inexpensive!

Of all articles of apparel, shoes have shown the least progress toward color. Men who switched from dull, dark winter apparel to bright, colorful summer clothes usually went right on wearing their same year-round shoes. This season marks the first real trend toward color in footwear.

In the winter-resort "testing grounds," colored suèdes proved to be great favorites with the men who normally set the fashion pace. Brown was seen most often, but was closely followed by the demand for green and blue. Gray was also popular and even maroon was occasionally observed. Brushed leather shoes (suède, reverse calf, buckskin) are thoroughly practical for sportswear and summer apparel. They're light in weight and pliable, which makes them very comfortable. From a fashion standpoint, they go admirably with the brighter clothing that's worn in the summer months. They're economical, too, because they do not require expensive cleanings like white and two-tone sport shoes. A wire brush or rubber sponge will keep brushed leathers in fine shape. THE END

Hats are available in all colors and shapes

Caps come in plain, neat and fancy patterns



HINDLEY-FROMM

Brushed leathers are seen in new colorings

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stories of Famous Values

W. T. Robey Knew a Value When He Found It!

For $24 He Bought a Sheet of Stamps Worth $15,000!

Mr. Robey, in May 1918, at a Washington postoffice, noticed the man ahead of him had just refused a sheet of 24¢ air mail stamps because the airplane was printed upside down. Robey, realizing the value to collectors, bought it for $24. Later, he sold the sheet for $15,000!

If you know value, you'll agree . . .

at today's popular price, **HUNTER**—long famous as America's luxury blend—is an exceptional value in whiskey . . . . with a superior flavor no one has been able to copy in ninety years!

Hunter-Wilson Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. Blended Whiskey 86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You Can Enjoy "Like-New" Performance from Your Present Car!!

Do you dream of freedom from excessive oil and gas bills? Dream of the time when your car was new and never needed to go into the repair shop? When you had an ample power reserve for safety and to zoom up the hills???

If that's your dream, money saving Ramco RE-POWERING can make it come true! This method of engine tune-up covers all four essentials to top-notch engine performance . . . Compression . . . Carburetion . . . Ignition and Cooling. When all four have been adjusted to work like new again . . . you're sure to be driving your "dream car" again.

With Ramco RE-POWERING *you get specialized attention to all four essentials . . . that's why you're sure to get the job done right. And where scientific tests show new rings are needed, your* RE-POWERING *Specialist installs* **Ramco 10-Up Rings . . . the 10,000 Mile (or one year) Guaranteed Rings.**

Ramsey Corporation, St. Louis, Missouri

Copyright 1950 Ramsey Corporation R5005.

New York Fights the World's Worst Traffic Jam

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

lunch in swank midtown restaurants. By late afternoon and evening, some 400,000 vehicles have become engaged in the daily conflict. It is difficult to believe, but if these 400,000 cars were placed bumper to bumper, they would extend from New York to a point just east of Tulsa, Oklahoma.

With this incredible number of vehicles squeezed into an area less than 13 miles long and 2½ miles wide (the concentration is just as bad in downtown sections of Brooklyn, the Bronx and Queens), it is surprising that New York traffic moves at all.

Ten Thousand Cars in Tie-Up

Sometimes it doesn't. Last December 18th, for instance, a procession of out-of-town sight-seeing cars turned off Fifth Avenue and into Rockefeller Plaza to see the giant Christmas tree erected there. As the sight-seers moved past the tree and turned back to Fifth Avenue, the head of the procession got tangled up with its tail. Before a traffic cop could rush to the scene, stalled traffic had piled up 10 blocks north and 10 blocks south of Fifth Avenue, and in the rabbitlike way in which such tie-ups multiply, the traffic "backlashed" into every cross street emptying into Fifth Avenue and swept back across the intersections of the other main avenues. In a matter of minutes, some 10,000 cars were pinned bumper to bumper on Fifth, Madison, Park and Lexington avenues, and thousands more were imprisoned in all the side streets from Forty-first Street to Seventy-second Street.

In the middle of this shambles, a fire broke out at Sixty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue. Engine Company 23 left its fire house in West Fifty-eighth Street at 5:53 P.M. At 5:54 P.M. Engine Company 23 was stuck as firmly as if it had driven into quicksand. Two police cars started for the rescue, under command of Captain William F. Maley, one of the police department's top traffic-control experts. By ordering cars up onto the sidewalk and at times driving on the sidewalk themselves, the police finally reached the scene of the fire. Three hours later, midtown Manhattan still was a solid mass of cars. The police did not have it completely untangled until midnight—eight hours after the knot first was tied.

Incidents like this happen on a lesser scale every day. One fireman told me, "We take our engine on the sidewalk so much these days that I'm getting stoop-shouldered from ducking under signs and theater marquees." I spent one whole afternoon in the garage at Bellevue Hospital listening to the plaints of ambulance drivers as they answered the alarm bells signifying emergency calls. Frank Zachmann, who has been driving an ambulance for eight years, said, "The traffic keeps getting worse all the time. On side streets now, we have to figure on losing two to four minutes per block. If it's four blocks, it's 16 minutes, and that can mean life or death in a coronary thrombosis case."

Another driver, Victor Toma, said, "I never thought I'd see the day when we'd have to pass a stretcher case over the hoods of cars in the street to get him into the ambulance."

In contemplating all these tribulations, the question naturally arises: Why don't the New York police do something about it? The answer, as one high-ranking police official put it, is that the problem has become so monstrous that traffic enforcement has broken down almost completely, at least in so far as the no-parking regulations are concerned. "It's like a jungle," he lamented. "Even the cops flagrantly violate the law. It's like prohibition."

For several days last November and December I walked around New York with a photographer and found this to be completely true. We have hundreds of photographs of cars parked and double-parked directly under No Parking signs; and we have photographs of cars brazenly left in front of fire hydrants and driveways—with cops standing disinterestedly by. On November 9, 1949, in the firehouse block on East Fifty-first Street between Lexington and Third avenues, we found traffic backlashed for two blocks at 11:00 A.M. because of two solid lines of illegally parked cars. In these cars were some interesting exhibits. Stuck in the windshield of one, for instance, was the card of an organization of gendarmery known as the "Police Conference"; on the front seat of another was a policeman's cap devoid of insignia; and displayed prominently in three other automobiles were copies of Spring 3100, a magazine distributed exclusively to New York policemen.

Every day, too, we found midtown no-parking streets choked with the parked cars of doctors. The law clearly states that physicians can park only "on the street in front of hospitals, clinics and premises wherein actually attending a patient." The doctors of New York apparently attend patients in unusual places, since we found their cars parked in front of such premises as their homes, the Stork Club, Toots Shor's Restaurant, Loew's State Theater, Costello's Bar and Grill, the F.A.O. Schwarz toyshop, Saks Fifth Avenue, Lord and Taylor and the New York Athletic Club. It must be, too, that New York physicians treat their patients in packs, since we have photographs of five lady "doctors" emerging from the Bergdorf Goodman store, laden with packages, and stepping into a parked M.D. car.

Day in and day out, the chauffered cars of people like So-and-So and So-and-So are double-parked in front of New York's swank Colony Club restaurant unmolested by policemen; and merchants park their own cars fearlessly all day in front of their shops. One of our night photographs shows a car with an imposing license number parked in Times Square directly alongside a fire plug and directly under a sign reading "No Parking, 10:30 P.M. to 11:30 P.M." The Paramount Building clock in the background clearly shows the time to be 10:50. Another car parked alongside a fire hydrant had an M.D. license plate. The physician owner turned out to be a translator who had not practiced a day of medicine in the United States in his life.

"No Parking" Signs Ignored

As all this indicates, parking lawlessness and chicanery have become so rife that on occasions when the streets *have* to be cleared—as during Presidential visits—the police hang paper signs reading No Parking Today on the fire plugs and on the permanent no-parking signs. Automobile Club of New York Vice-President John R. Crossley observed this display one day and uttered the now-classic remark: "It says No Parking and No Parking Today. Now all they need is another sign reading, *Positively* No Parking Today."

In discussing this lawless New York parking jungle with New York City policemen, I discovered that many cops are honest in their desire to enforce the law—and they often do—but that they are badly demoralized. One patrolman, a New York University graduate, told me: "You start to tag all the parked cars blocking traffic in a no-parking street and you find that half of them have 'special privilege' cards in the windshield or have special-privilege license plates. So you say to yourself, 'Why should I make these other poor slobs suffer if half the street is going to be clogged up anyway?'

"Besides, too many cops accept 'presents'

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from merchants and doormen in exchange for not disturbing the cars in front of their doors—so how can you be tough on one block when everyone is getting away with murder just around the corner? It seems there's just too much selfishness in this parking racket. Everyone is looking out for himself, and the hell with everyone else."

The selfishness apparently ranges from the individual motorist who persists in driving into town instead of taking a train or a bus, all the way up to the largest corporations. Recently, for instance, the city made a great step forward when the Port of New York Authority bludgeoned laws through the New York and New Jersey legislatures permitting the construction on New York's West Side of one large terminal for all interstate busses. The plan was to take the busses off the crowded midtown streets altogether, since the ponderous vehicles would funnel by ramp from the Lincoln Tunnel directly into the new terminal building, without mixing with the city traffic. At the last minute, however, one company tried to block the move.

Self-interest is apparent in the blocking of nearly every proposal that has ever been made to alleviate the traffic snarl in New York. For example, every traffic engineer knows that there are a few simple, proven regulations that could clear up 50 per cent of the traffic congestion immediately. They are:

(A) Strictly enforce the no-parking regulations by towing away illegally parked cars, as is done in San Francisco and other cities. This would remove temptation from the cop on the beat and re-establish the drivers' respect for the law. Because of current lack of off-street parking facilities, parking could be allowed on one side of the street only, with the same rigid enforcement. Even this would double the capacity of the narrow cross-town streets, since at least two lanes would be open at all times.

In order to be fair to the merchants and business people on both sides of the street, most experts recommend parking and light-truck deliveries on one side in the morning and on the other side in the afternoon.

(B) Convert most of Manhattan's great north-south avenues into one-way thoroughfares, as already has been done with good results on Ninth and Tenth avenues. This would provide eight-lane throughways through every part of the congested area, and, in the opinion of the traffic engineers, would speed up traffic more than any other single factor; and

(C) Prohibit large trucks from making deliveries in the midtown areas during the 8:00 A.M. to 6:00 P.M. traffic crush.

On the surface, all this seems simple. But the people who put regulations like these into effect are the members of the city's Traffic Commission; and the city's Traffic Commission is chiefly made up of appointees who are well aware of the meaning of political pressure that might kick them and their party out of office.

So what happens?

On the tow-away proposal, the Automobile Club screams, "Why should the motorist be penalized for owning a car? The city provides terminal facilities for trains and planes. Why can't several hundred thousand voting motorists have terminal facilities when they reach their destination in the city?"

On the parking-on-one-side-of-the-street proposal, the small business people scream, "This would be outright discrimination against the stores on the other side of the street—even with the switch parking arrangement in the morning and the afternoon. Besides, it would be much too difficult for us to get trucks to make deliveries to us only during the time of day when we are on the parking-permitted side. Five thousand merchant-contributors to the party are violently opposed."

Opponents of One-way Plan

On the one-way-avenues proposal, the great organizations of big merchants, like the Fifth Avenue Association, scream, "This would convert our business streets into speedways. No one would ever stop to buy anything in our stores. Several hundred big taxpayers are unalterably opposed." To this, a further howl of protest is added by the bus companies that ply the avenues. "It would be a violation of our franchises," they say, "to make us go up one avenue and down another."

On the truck-deliveries-after-hours proposal, *everyone* screams. The Teamsters' Union says, "Our men don't want to work nights." The truck owners say, "We don't want to pay our men overtime for night work." The merchants say, "We don't want to pay *our* receiving-room people overtime for night work."

To all of which one brave member of the commission recently replied, "It seems to me that you should all be glad to pay a small additional price for the convenience of doing business in one of the world's most concentrated markets."

But so far, none of the proposals has passed.

And this has been the story of New York's fight against traffic congestion since 1907, when the problem first became acute. In that year, public pressure was put on Mayor George B. McClellan to do something about the tangle of horses, wagons and the new horseless carriages. That gentleman thought for a while. Then he came up with the perfect answer. "Let's have a survey," he said. And the heat immediately subsided.

From that day forth, every New York mayor has used the same technique. By

"I don't believe in long engagements. Ties you down to one fellow too long"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

When it's correct to go coatless...

IT'S REASSURING TO WEAR HICKOK'S NEW PROFILE INITIAL SUSPENDERS

Problem:
How can you shed your coat (as busy, active men often *do*)—and stay in style?

Solution:
Take your pick of a fine selection of Hickok Action-BAK Suspenders.
Illustrated: Profile Initial Action-BAK Suspenders, $2.50.

Hickok's exclusive Action-BAK gives you (1) perfect trouser drape *plus* (2) complete freedom of action.

HICKOK

BELTS · BUCKLES · JEWELRY · WALLETS · SUSPENDERS

© 1950, Hickok Mfg. Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oregon's Mt. Jefferson and North Santiam Highway

For Refreshing Holidays

. . . come to Oregon—land of deep evergreen forests and great mountains crowned in snowy white. There's a spectacular scenic playland for every vacation activity—clear lakes and streams for swimming and boating . . . sun and surf fun and deep-sea fishing along the 400-mile Pacific Ocean coast . . . hiking, riding and pack trips in geologic wonderlands and vast gorges. Everyone in your family will enjoy friendly Oregon cities, 171 State Parks, 13 National Forests, convenient travel facilities. Plan *now* for your memorable Oregon vacation.

Send Coupon for FREE Illustrated Booklet

Travel Information Dept.,
Room 220
State Highway Commission,
Salem, Oregon

Please send free booklet to:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ *State* _____

1949 there had been no fewer than 54 surveys, each conducted at an average cost of about $50,000 to the city. New York's traffic surveys have become a great gag among the engineers and automotive experts. John R. Crossley of the Automobile Club of New York tells banquet audiences that the mayors have the survey business worked out to an exact science. He says, "A New York traffic survey printed in black and white is guaranteed to take the heat off a mayor for six months. A traffic survey printed in full color is guaranteed to reduce the temperature for a whole year."

Along with the official surveys inevitably came unofficial surveys and for years the New York citizenry has been bombarded with some rather bizarre proposals. Among the more interesting of these was a 1938 plan by a Mr. Walter C. Fabell and Thomas Ranger, Jr., to construct round, glass structures raised over the street at every intersection, with ramps leading up to parking spaces on the second and third floors.

On the more practical side, it is rather astonishing how nearly all of the surveys—official and unofficial—came up with the same simple solutions. Among these were the combined bus terminal idea, a similar terminal for big interstate trucks, and zoning laws that require off-street loading platforms and parking facilities for new buildings.

But the main answer provided by the surveys and by nearly all other experts is this: Build enough inexpensive city-run parking lots and garages in the congested areas to get the parked cars off the streets.

Once you do this, it seems that all the other pieces fall into the jigsaw puzzle. The motorist becomes happy because he has a place to leave his car, and the merchants become happy because shoppers can legally park close to their stores. So these groups relax their political pressure and the city can rigidly enforce its no-parking regulations in the streets, thus opening up several clogged lanes to traffic.

Objections to Overcome

Once terminal facilities are provided near their stores, the merchants also relax their opposition to making the north-south avenues one-way express thoroughfares. After that, the bus companies can be convinced that they will have a larger volume of riders on the one-way avenues because of the faster service; and the trucking companies and merchants can be convinced that after-hour deliveries can be made in a fraction of the usual time, thus actually saving them money, despite the overtime pay.

The logic of all this finally was recognized in 1946, when the New York state legislature passed the Desmond Act, which allows cities to condemn land, build garages and go into the parking business—in the same way that cities already are in the railroad-terminal and airport business.

After the Desmond Act was passed, New York City made Official Survey Number Fifty-one, which recommended sites for 13 city-run parking garages in the heart of the midtown and financial districts of Manhattan, two garages in downtown Brooklyn, one garage near the Fordham Road business center in the Bronx, and three municipal parking lots in Queens. The Manhattan garages were to be tall, imposing structures (with stores on their ground floors to meet objections that just plain garages depress real-estate values around them), and they were to rise on the sites of slum buildings, only two or three blocks from all the key shopping, theater and business centers. The new garages were to supplement other public parking facilities already in the planning stage, like the Triborough Bridge Authority's 1,050-car garage at the Manhattan end of the new Brooklyn-New York tunnel. Even the proposed financing of the new garages was sensible. It was suggested that the city, instead of drawing on the regular income from taxation—which rightly should be used for more urgent projects like hospitals and schools—pay for the garages by installing parking meters beyond the most congested areas and by floating a bond issue.

But what has happened since 1946?

It took two years to set up the present Traffic Commission. Then it took another year for the Traffic Commission to recommend the establishment of a Parking Authority to build and supervise the garages. Now the proposal merely has to go through the following stages:

First, the Parking Authority must be approved by the state legislature.

Second, it must pass the city council.

Third, its three members must be appointed.

Fourth, the money must be raised by floating the bond issue and by buying and installing parking meters.

Fifth, another survey must be made by the City Planning Commission to determine if the sites selected by the City Planning Commission in Survey Number Fifty-one are correct.

Sixth, the plans for the garages must be drawn.

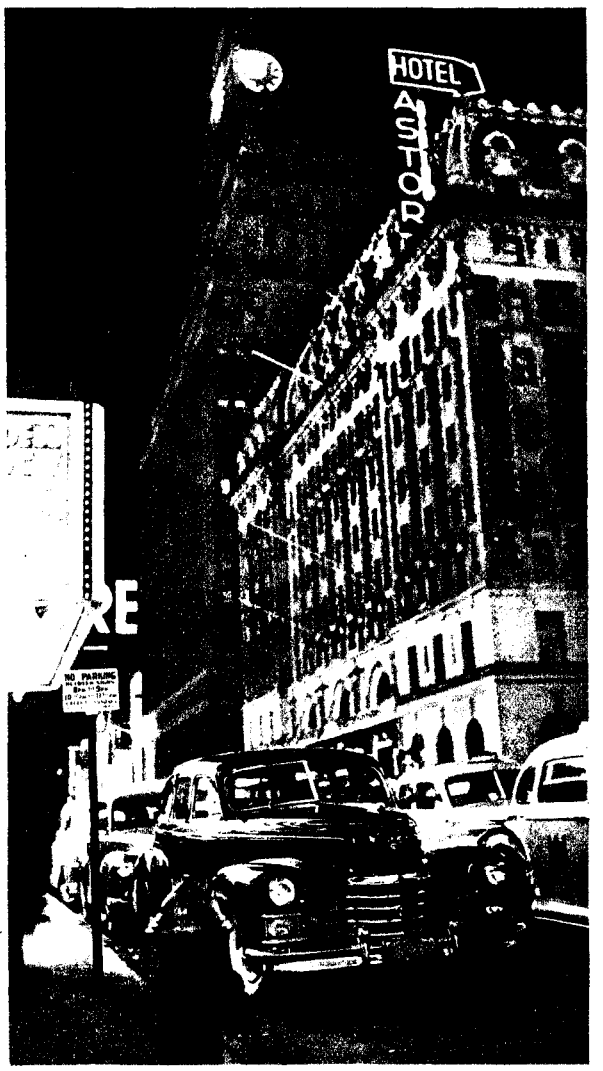
Seventh, the plans must be approved by the mayor.

Eighth, the land must be condemned.

Ninth, the buildings on the condemned land must be torn down and new quarters found for the evicted tenants.

Tenth, the Parking Authority must ask for bids from contractors.

And, finally, the garages must be built and manned.



JOHN ALBERT

Broadway: The Paramount Building clock and the sign tell a story

JOHN ALBERT

A policeman leaves his cap in his car so another cop won't tag him

Politics at Work

All these steps will take at least three years, if no further hitches develop. One hitch has already developed. In Stage Number One someone has applied political pressure, and the measure still is bogged down in the state legislature. Curiously, the same mysterious roadblocks appeared when the Traffic Commission's able engineers made a second concrete proposal—a new traffic-light system designed to speed up traffic some 40 per cent, which finally passed. As Ralph T. Dorsey, Los Angeles' successful traffic engineer, put it, "It looks as if maybe someone doesn't want to clear up traffic congestion in New York City."

This undoubtedly is true. Many New York businessmen and public officials feel that traffic congestion, like factory smoke, is a symbol of prosperity. It took the air-pollution disaster at Donora, Pennsylvania, to convince them that factory smoke might be harmful. And it is possible that they will not take real action in the traffic-congestion mess until the strangulation of the city is well under way and business is more seriously hurt.

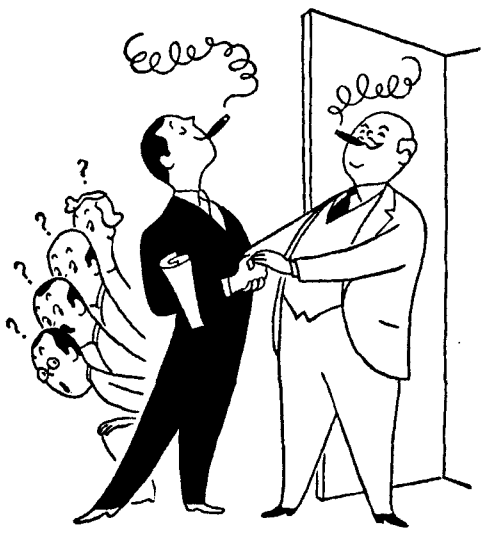
Strangulation has already begun. Many New York department stores have opened branches in the suburbs where they have erected buildings with parking areas. The U.S. Post Office Department is moving two terminals out of the city, to Connecticut and New Jersey, respectively, because, according to Assistant Postmaster General Paul Aiken, "The New York streets are so crowded that it has become too expensive for the government to truck Brooklyn and New Jersey mail through the city."

Thus the attrition continues—and there will be many more business casualties before the problem is licked. The pity of it is that it all can be avoided if the people of New York obey the fundamental law in the matter, which was laid down in 1812 by British Lord Chief Justice Ellenborough. On that occasion, a stagecoach owner was hauled before the Lord Chief Justice for leaving his vehicle parked overnight on a highway. In rendering his decision, the Lord Chief Justice rose up to his full height and roared, "The King's highway is not to be used as a stable yard!" THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

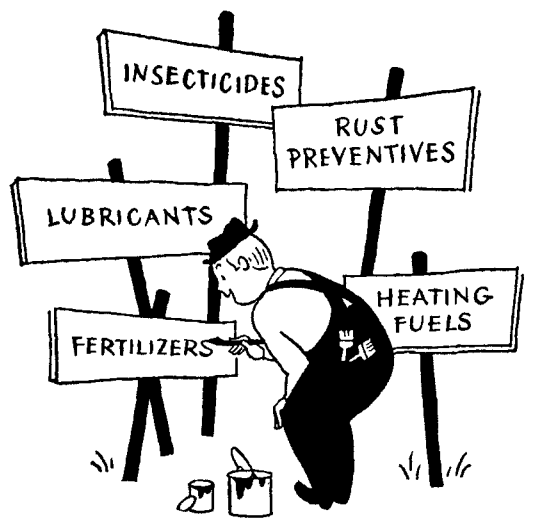
Business competition...

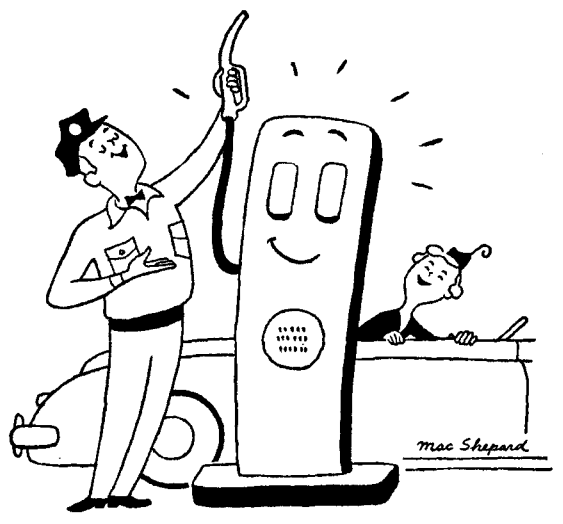
produces ideas...



that get results.

From competition





in oil research...have come 1200 oil products...for your comfort and convenience.

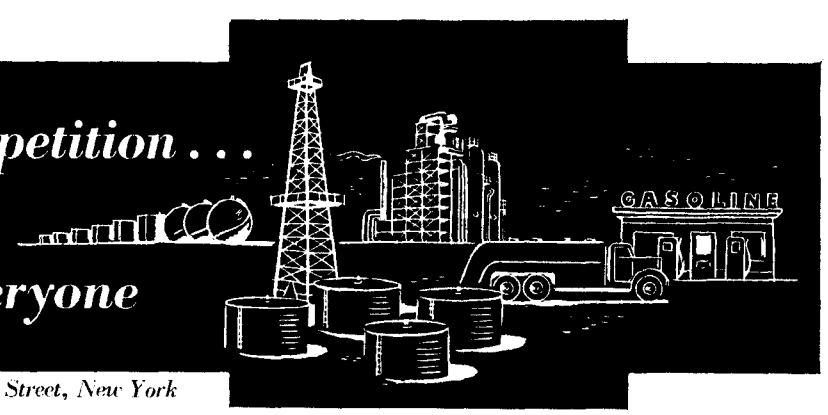
MANY A SUCCESSFUL MAN will tell you—confidentially—that he owes much of his success to his rivals. They keep him on his toes.

Rivalry works the same way in the oil business. From rocket fuels to rust preventives, every one of the 1200 products developed by the oil industry was born out of rivalry and brought up on competition.

Today, you're getting the world's finest fuels, lubricants and gasolines—at the world's lowest prices—because many thousands of individual oil firms of all sizes are competing with rivals to earn *your* approval, win *your* business. Competition spurs each firm on: to discover more oil; deliver it faster, cheaper; develop more and better oil products; improve service—right from the oil wells to your neighborhood service station.

For an individual or an industry, the freedom to compete means freedom to progress. The constant competition in oil is *your guarantee* of progress in this important American industry.

Thousands of oil companies mean competition...
competition means progress...
progress means better living for everyone



Oil Industry Information Committee, 50 West 50th Street, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I've found out

. . . that *character* is the thing to look for in a friend —or in a glass of ale. And Carling's has a character all its own—a clear, bright flavor that makes it America's *great* ale!"

RANDOLPH SCOTT, well-known star of motion pictures.

Have you found out?

There's a brilliance of flavor in Carling's Red Cap Ale that you won't find in any other ale or beer. That's the reason behind the "call for Carling's" today. Seems like everybody's finding out!

DOESN'T YOUR PICTURE BELONG H

CARLING'S Red Cap ALE

Brewing Corporation of America
Cleveland, Ohio

Home Is a Dream

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

sanitation and primary facilities essential to minimum health and decency," said the La Follette Senate Investigating Committee in 1942.

"The migrant worker (lives) in a miserable 12-by-12 shack in a sea of mud," said Pulitzer prize winner Stanton Delaplane in the San Francisco Chronicle in March, 1948.

One farm operator, Russel Giffen, who manages 86,000 acres in Fresno County and owns several labor camps, summed it up. "I'd like to burn them down," he said.

Mr. Giffen, who is no starry-eyed do-gooder, believes that the solution is rural housing built by the state.

Health Services Abandoned

The Roosevelt Administration did build 20 farm-labor communities in the thirties to take the farm workers off the ditchbanks and give them health and medical services other Americans enjoy. But these services have since been killed.

Ranging from permanent tin units to adobe cottages and three-room apartments with inside plumbing, the housing—under government operation—provided clinics and doctors, nurseries for working mothers, delousing and sanitary stations and community-wide recreation. Prodded by farm operators the Eightieth Congress turned the camps over to private operation. Now the clinics, doctors, nurseries and community recreation programs have gone. The farm-worker communities have become camps. But the neat shelters remain. The reason given for taking the government out of farm-labor housing was economy. An American Federation of Labor official commented:

"I didn't see the Eightieth Congress economizing on the millions of dollars paid in price-support subsidies to some of these 1,000-acre farmers."

Some farm operators have improved their labor camps, and in Fresno County some $400,000 of government surplus barracks have been brought in since the war. But improvements are spotty. Most of the labor camps this writer saw are still unfit for family living.

Yet in the disaster of idleness and destitution that has overtaken California farm workers this year, even these meager roofs are being taken from over stranded farm workers' heads.

In late February, throughout Kings County, growers and labor contractors started evicting the penniless families wintering in their camps into the rain and cold.

This forced the farm laborers to take to the road again—and so rid the county of an embarrassing clamor for food and a rising burden of disease.

Kings County is one of the two counties where many babies died of malnutrition and intestinal tract diseases last fall. (Infant diarrhea deaths in the San Joaquin Valley are three times the state average, according to health officials.)

This so disturbed the county coroner, J. Larry Smith, who certifies the causes of all deaths, that he went to the County Board of Supervisors.

"There have been babies brought out to the General Hospital from the Corcoran area dead on arrival," the coroner told the supervisors. "All we can do is have an autopsy, and then we discover malnutrition was the cause. To me, that's another name for starvation. How about doing something about it?"

Chairman of the Board R. E. Troutner replied:

"What do you want to do? The situation is deplorable, but we can't do anything about it."

Left out of many things other Americans take for granted, the farm worker is also left out of medical care. His meager earnings, insufficient even to buy food and shelter, can't buy regular private medical care, and local taxpayers, understandably, are reluctant to foot medical bills for what they regard, often mistakenly, as a floating population.

While health assistance plans incubate, medicine for most farm workers continues on a strictly cash-and-carry basis.

During the harvest when there is cash, mothers take their ailing children to the nearest private doctor, usually some miles away, where they plunk down $5 for penicillin shots just as their regularly employed and better-off city neighbors do. During the winter when cash runs out, medical care is hard to get.

"Some of the doctors can't go to the labor camps or shantytowns because of the great demands," one doctor said. "A few of us do go."

Group medical prepayment plans would help, another doctor said. But local medical societies have shown little enthusiasm for them.

Care for expectant mothers?

Joyce P—, eighteen-year-old wife of a twenty-one-year-old farm worker near Hanford, expects her first baby this month.

A gentle, golden-haired girl, the young expectant mother went to the Kings County General Hospital to ask for the prenatal examination and advice which she could not afford to buy. Hospital aides sent her to the county welfare office.

"The welfare director told me, 'You're not a Californian.'

"Not a Californian!" Joyce exclaimed. "Why, my parents brought me here 12 years ago when I was six."

Even the intercession of a minister who had befriended Joyce and her jobless husband didn't help. The young expectant mother got no medical examination, no prenatal care.

When her time comes, the young wife will be rushed to Kings County Hospital where, as an "emergency case," she will have to be admitted. But if complications have arisen due to lack of prenatal care, that will be Joyce's hard luck.

Contagion May Prove Costly

For the farm worker's inability to buy the health and medical care he needs, other Californians who contract his diseases pay a price which no one has yet been able to reckon up.

Of a Firebaugh school in Fresno County in the spring of 1948, the San Francisco Chronicle reported: ". . . 600 of the 900 pupils are the children of migrant workers, and the rate of lice and skin disease is so appalling that the school nurse holds weekly inspections . . ."

"Seventy-five per cent of the typhoid cases we've had in this county originated in the west side (cotton labor camp area)," Dr. W. F. Stein, Fresno County health director, told me.

The La Follette Committee, after a long and painstaking investigation, reported in 1942 that its own and others' probings "disclosed, with monotonous regularity, a shocking record of human misery for the farm worker and his family."

Others, equally appalled, have called the farm-worker problem a social and economic cancer. This year the cancer had grown to such malignant proportions that influential Californians took the first important steps to do something about it.

A county grand jury at Fresno looked into the way the farm workers live. Local newspapers courageously described the despair in their midst. Governor Earl Warren, alarmed by the deaths of farm workers' babies, sent health officers and nutritionists into the cotton country. And, the Fresno Bee reported "grass-roots pressure from all sections of the valley" to find a solution.

But most significant—the great farm

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

operators themselves, who depend on gangs of seasonal laborers to harvest their crops and so protect millions of dollars of invested capital, took a historic step. At a meeting in Fresno in February, the farm operators admitted that seasonal farm workers live "under substandard conditions of health, sanitation and education." They asked Governor Warren to appoint a commission immediately to investigate and suggest a way out. This move was seconded by the county supervisors of the San Joaquin Valley.

There have been many probings of the farm workers' plight before. But this time, since farm operators have urged an investigating commission, they presumably will go along with its suggestions. This is important, because in California's farming country agricultural interests naturally dominate politics and public opinion.

What could be done?

For years, well-intentioned would-be solvers of the farm-labor problem have limited their solutions chiefly to demands for public assistance of one sort or another. One large farm operator, as has already been noted, wants the state to provide adequate housing.

Another farmer, Lionel Steinberg of Fresno, who is also president of the California Federation of Young Democrats, has urged a program based chiefly on state and federal aid. All over California, I heard this refrain:

"The problem's so big that only the federal government, the state and the counties working together can solve it."

From this type of public-assistance solution or solution-by-government, there has been at least one vigorous dissenter, the La Follette Senate Investigating Committee, whose study of the farm worker is the most complete to date.

"Too often, it has been the tendency to confine suggested measures of solution to raids on the taxpayers' purse," the La Follette Committee reported to the Senate in 1942.

While food, medical and housing assistance will be necessary as long as the farm worker continues in his tragic economic plight, such help is only a palliative, the La Follette Committee said. The ailment requires more thoroughgoing treatment. The real cure lies in making the farm worker self-supporting like other Americans, the Senate probers indicated.

How?

Extend "industrial democracy" to the farm worker, answered the La Follette Committee. The farm worker although hired at hourly wage rates or piecework has no voice to talk up to his boss or to the community or state in which he works.

Ernest Galarza, a Ph.D. from Columbia University who resigned as adviser to the Pan American Union to become educational director of the California Farm Labor Union, A.F. of L., put it this way:

"The steel or automobile worker isn't a charity burden to his county year after year like the farm worker. He has a union and a written understanding with the boss. You don't see the steelworker fighting for his job every morning against a horde of hungry competitors clamoring at the factory gates—or being left out of unemployment compensation, Social Security, workmen's compensation—everything."

Church Groups Favor Union

Important church groups advocate collective bargaining for farm workers, among them the Catholic Rural Life Conference and the Home Missions Council representing twenty-three Protestant denominations which have long worked among farm laborers.

"We feel the seasonal farm worker needs union organization to give him the voice and protection which, as an individual he can't give himself," said Monsignor Luigi G. Liguitti, the executive director of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference.

Yet it was not until recent years that conditions developed that would permit the farm worker to organize effectively.

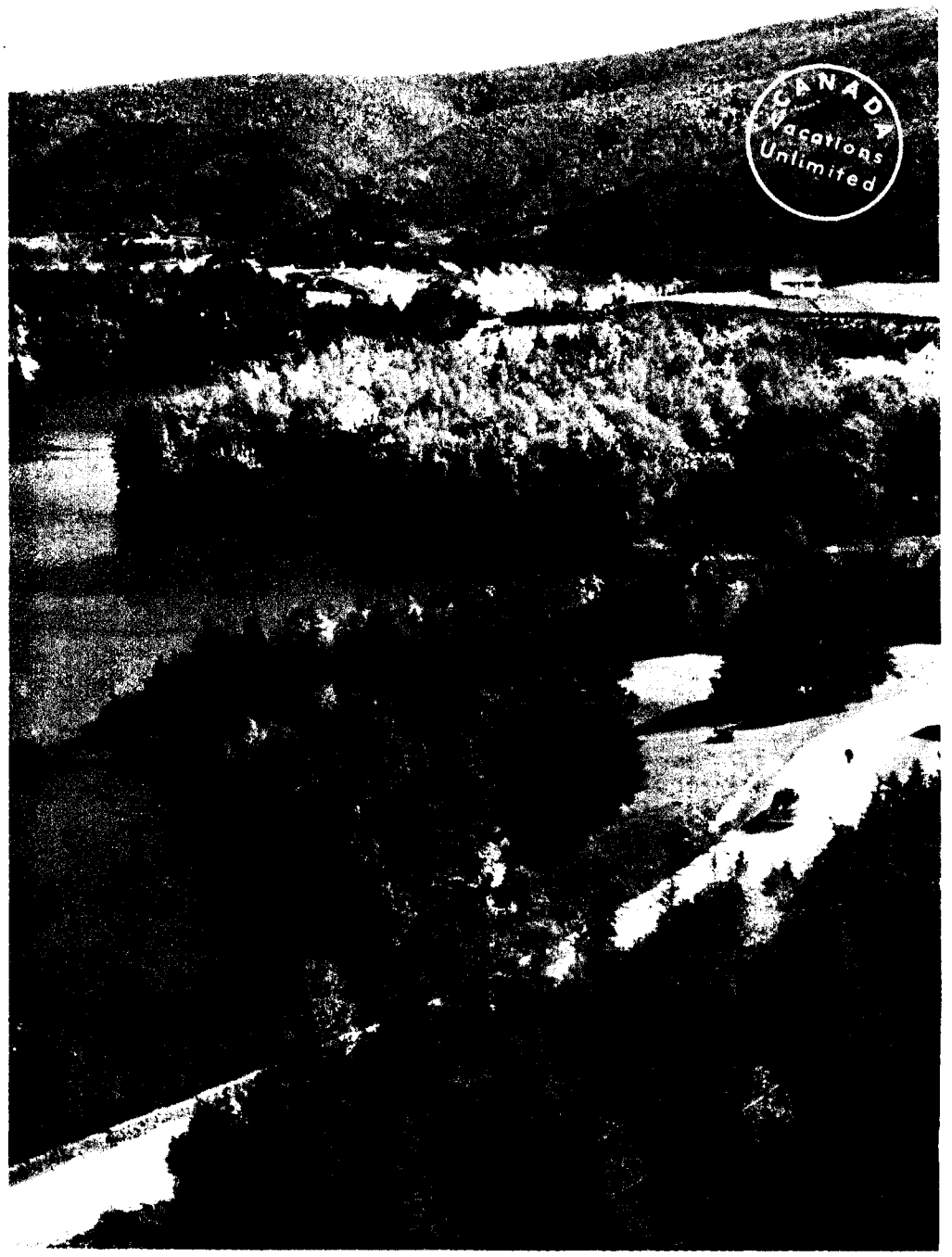
To understand why, it is necessary to take a quick look at the kind of farming in which the farm worker seeks his living.

Half of California's farms are the traditional small farmsteads where a farmer gets by with his own and his family's labor. But the bulk of the $2,000,000,000 of vegetables, fruits and cotton which make California one of the nation's leading agricultural states is produced in assembly-line agriculture, which was born in California but is now spreading all over America.

In the San Joaquin Valley are farms so vast foremen use airplanes to make inspection rounds. One grower operates more than 80,000 acres of cotton, barley, wheat —a big business in which he has invested some $7,000,000 and from which last year he is reported to have netted, before taxes,

"I don't care if it *was* terrible. I thought it was grand"

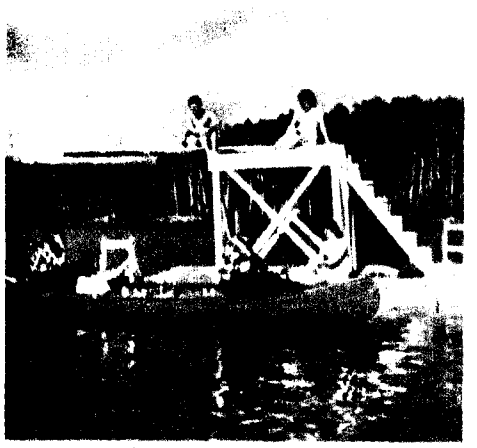
COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN



LEAVE CARE AND CROWDS BEHIND AS YOU TOUR COLOURFUL COUNTRYSIDES, WOODLAND SPACES

...for a next-to-Nature vacation

They come big and full of fight in Canada's famed fishing country. Go after boasting-size salmon, trout, bass, musky . . .



Have fun with gay companions — swim, sail, paddle, golf in an idyllic setting of water and woods and cloudless sky.

See new sights, Nature at her best. You'll rejoice in the wide-open spaces of Canada's holiday country . . . endless miles of smiling lakelands, the vast sweep of her National Parks, mighty coasts and waterways . . . Here's room to roam, natural beauty to add a plus to all your play. Here are interesting new cities to visit, old friends to greet you. Plan to come this year . . . you will find a warm and ready welcome waiting. Write for information or use the coupon below.

7 VACATION POINTERS — ALL POINTING TO CANADA IN 1950

1. New, interesting — "foreign" atmosphere. **2.** A million square miles of scenic playground. **3.** Friendly cities, hospitable people. **4.** Friends and relatives waiting to welcome you. **5.** Lots to do — sports, recreation, sightseeing. **6.** Near — easy to get to—no border "red tape". **7.** Your vacation dollar buys more, goes further.

NO PASSPORT NEEDED.

Canadian Government Travel Bureau
Ottawa, Canada — D. Leo Dolan, Director

Please send me your illustrated book, "CANADA, VACATIONS UNLIMITED"

Name.....

Street and No......

Town..... *State*.....

011055040 (PLEASE PRINT)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it's new!

the LAZY-MAN'S shoe

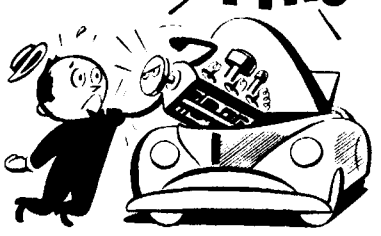
by

Walk-Over

No laces, no buckles to fuss with. Just slip 'em on and *they stay on!* It's all in those finger folds that hug your instep. Neatest trick of the season. Air-cooled casual leather. Beige with Bridle Tan. Ask for the TROPIC at your Walk-Over dealer today.

Walk-Over prices from $12.95 *(Higher West)*. Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

Eliminate Motor PING-



Before You Pay the Price

Add BARDAHL

to Your Crankcase Oil

WHEN your engine hollers, give it help—RIGHT AWAY! Simply add one quart of BARDAHL to regular oil.

Instantly BARDAHL goes to work at the point of friction. Forms tough protective film on moving parts to halt further wear. Relieves dangerous heat that may cause breakdown.

BARDAHL intensifies ordinary good oils. Makes engines sound better, run better, last longer.

Ask the *best* mechanic in town about BARDAHL. He's been using it for years!

BARDAHL OIL

Reduces Friction to a Fraction

BARDAHL OIL COMPANY

Seattle • St. Louis

Feels Years Younger

Are sleepless nights and nervousness acting as a drag on your career?... making you feel old and worn out? Then, read this encouraging statement by a man who feared his advancing age—***until he made an important discovery:***

"Nights of sleepless tossing and turning made me feel old and tired—unable to meet the business competition of younger men. But my doctor put the blame on 'coffee nerves' and suggested I switch to POSTUM. Now, with nervousness gone, I get 8 hours sleep every night and I literally feel *years younger!*"

SCIENTIFIC FACTS: Both coffee and tea contain caffein. And caffein is a drug—a stimulant which acts upon the brain and central nervous system. Also—in susceptible persons—caffein tends to produce harmful stomach acidity. So, while many people can drink coffee or tea without ill-effect, others suffer nervousness, indigestion, sleeplessness. But POSTUM contains no caffein or other drug—*nothing that can possibly keep you awake or upset your nerves!*

MAKE THIS TEST: Give up coffee—give up tea—drink POSTUM exclusively for 30 days—and *judge by results!* Ask your grocer today for INSTANTPOSTUM—A Vigorous Drink made from Healthful Wheat and Bran. A Product of General Foods.

nearly $3,000,000. This sort of bigness is not unique. On the west side of the dry San Joaquin Valley, where wells must be sunk as much as 800 feet and cost $30,000 apiece, farms must be at least 3,000 acres to be profitable.

On farms like these—and in the great vegetable- and fruit-growing operations throughout the state—the traditional hired hand who was once maintained the year around on a small farm is replaced by gangs of laborers. They are called in as needed at hourly wages or piece rates to do specialized jobs: chop cotton or pick it, prune grapes, pick peaches, lettuce, and harvest potatoes. When the job is done—it may take several days or weeks—the laborers are laid off. The farm hand, once rooted in the land as a way of life, has become a labor cost as in a factory, a casual laborer who goes from employer to employer, from potatoes, to cotton, to fruit, from county to county, from valley to valley.

No Security for Farm Hands

The farm hand has become a factory hand, but with an important difference. He has no job security. And to make matters worse, the labor pool is always overflowing.

First, there are the job-hungry and land-hungry Americans who have been pouring into California for years. Since 1940, California's population has increased 53 per cent. Then there are the recruiting efforts of the farm operators and labor contractors who have chronically feared a shortage of field labor to harvest perishable crops.

At Porterville there is a colony of some 800 refugees from eastern Europe, brought to America to work in the fields. Elsewhere in the San Joaquin Valley there are colonies of Filipinos and Mexicans and smaller clusters of Hindus and even of Navajo Indians.

Mexican nationals no longer are imported into the San Joaquin Valley. But under a State Department agreement with Mexico, they are still brought into the Imperial Valley where, so Americans charge, they undercut and displace American citizens. The latter are forced to move north into the San Joaquin where they intensify the scrabble for jobs there. An American Federation of Labor official showed this writer a contract between a group of Imperial Valley growers and a Mexican laborer. It called for 50 cents less per 100 pounds of cotton picked than was being paid in the San Joaquin.

Lately, state employment officials have tried to discourage farm operators and labor contractors from recruiting workers from out of state. Yet as late as last spring, some large farm operators tried to bring in additional labor from Puerto Rico, a move that was blocked when Governor Warren objected. But the state's Employment Department officials went to San Francisco, Oakland and Los Angeles and brought some 40,000 idle factory workers into the fields and so heightened this winter's crisis.

It is this endless flooding of California's farm-labor markets that prevents the solution of the farm-labor problem, the La Follette Committee and labor leaders agreed, because it threatens the existence of the stable resident farm worker who already provides the nucleus of a permanent and self-supporting labor force.

Phil Tarrezas, a war veteran who lives with his wife and three young children in a neat stucco cottage at Delano, is such a resident farm worker. He is proud of the house he built with his own hands and of the taxes he pays. But a cloud hangs over ex-G.I. Tarrezas. Since December, when cotton picking gave out, he has been able to get only infrequent odd jobs. The week before I saw him, he had harvested potatoes for one day. But because there were so many others fighting for the work, the labor contractor limited Tarrezas to only one "stub," a sack of 53 pounds. His wage for the day was 12 cents.

By late January, Tarrezas had not paid his children's milk bill for two months. Credit at the grocery store had been cut out when the bill topped $300. But the thing that most worried him was that he might lose his home. To buy building materials, he had borrowed $1,400 from a finance company. The interest rate was 12 per cent. (Tarrezas couldn't get a G.I. loan, because he lives in an unimproved section.) If Tarrezas loses his home, it's back to the road for him.

With resident workers like Tarrezas, labor organizers hope to build the farm workers' union which they and the La Follette Committee say will stabilize farm employment.

Labor leader Galarza explained it this way:

"The migrant had to evolve into a resident worker, sink roots and stay put before he could organize himself into a union with staying power. More than half of the seasonal farm workers have pulled themselves into a precarious resident class. Now, they can organize like other wage earners."

The Farm Labor Union, a national union affiliated with the A.F. of L., can show fewer than 2,000 dues-paying members in California as yet—a mere handful of the 500,000 who work in the fields in the peak month of the year, September. But the union halls that now are springing up in the San Joaquin Valley, the revival-pitch organizing drive now going on and the growing respect with which local officials treat union spokesmen show that times have changed since the thirties when vigilantes fought union organizers.

Farm operators are not happy about the coming of the union. They no longer form associations for the sole purpose of blocking unions—as the La Follette Committee said they once did.

Most operators, however, are still convinced that farming and unionism don't mix.

Fears Risk of Strikes

Here is the farm operator's point of view:

"I hock my shirt at the bank every year and gamble everything I've got that the weather will be good, that there won't be a drought, that prices will hold up. When my fruits, vegetables or cotton is ready, it's got to be harvested. Immediately. A strike at such a time would be a disaster. A union shouldn't have that sort of power over me."

All farmers don't feel this way. One, Mrs. Bertha Rankin, has turned over land near Arvin to the union for a meeting hall site.

Union men say:

"A railroad union theoretically can stop the trains which carry perishable crops and so ruin them. But the Railway Labor Act prevents strikes by enforced arbitration. We could work something out with the

KATE OSANN

Easter Bonnet

A sprig of this,
A swatch of that,
Plus artifice,
Complete a hat
Milady dons
With coos and clucks
And some poor John's
Out forty bucks.

—RICHARD F. ARMKNECHT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

farming corporations, too. And anyway, why should the farm operator hold all the cards and decide all by himself what wages he'll give or what hours he'll ask?"

When a manufacturer refuses to deal with a union, the union can ask the National Labor Relations Board to cite him for unfair labor practices under the Taft-Hartley Act. But the farm worker is specifically barred from this legislation. He can't bring legal pressure on nonunion employers and must go it alone the way the unions did before the coming of the National Labor Relations (Wagner) Act in 1935.

The farm worker has other organization problems. When he strikes he must contend, in some California counties, with local antipicketing ordinances, a hang-over from the thirties.

Yet the Farm Labor Union has made some progress. The radicals and Communists who used to infiltrate earlier organizing efforts have been kept out, union men say. To prove it, they point to their union's affiliation with the anti-Communist and conservative A.F. of L. This has helped the farm workers' union to throw some weight around.

Last fall, when farm operators tried to reduce the cotton-picking rate from $3 per 100 pounds to $2.50, the fledgling Farm Labor Union spearheaded a strike which it claims kept some 20,000 laborers out of the fields until the $3 rate was restored. (Farm operators deny union efforts influenced the rate.)

This winter, union spokesmen banged on county supervisors' desks, demanding help for farm workers. One county, heeding union demands, instituted a work-relief program and ordered more relief food.

The union's main objective, labor leaders said, is to stop the flooding of California's valleys with surplus job seekers. This the union hopes to do, when and if it achieves sufficient strength, by negotiating preferential working rights for resident workers. Some union men even talk of supplying farm workers through hiring halls patterned after those of the longshoremen.

They say this will stabilize working conditions and help make the farm worker self-supporting.

The union, if it gets sufficient political muscle, could be expected to fight, too, for compulsory unemployment compensation and other social protection. But these may come even without union agitation. Many farm operators, long opposed to compulsory unemployment insurance, are now coming out for it or at least are not opposing it. Governor Warren, who has tried for years to win compulsory unemployment compensation for farm laborers, may succeed when he next tries again.

Effective large-scale union organization, labor leaders said, may take two or three years. Some in California, remembering earlier futile organizing efforts, say that it may never be achieved.

Hope Lies in New Industries

In the meanwhile, it is clear from rising public opinion that relief needs, housing inspection, care of farm-worker mothers and their babies will get better attention in the future. In addition, more lasting help may come from new industries brought into the valley towns to provide work during the idle winter season. Ray Provost, field manager of the Cotton Producers Oil Company of Fresno, which has large farm holdings, told me farm operators are beginning to work with local chambers of commerce toward this end.

A solution that will make the farm worker self-supporting cannot be long deferred.

Cotton acreage is going to be cut one third in California this fall, and there will be more mechanical cotton pickers to compete with the human hands for the smaller pickings. The story is the same elsewhere. Because cotton production is going to be cut in the South, and because more machines will be used, thousands of sharecroppers and dayworkers were told in February there'd be no work for them this year.

The farm laborer, it turns out, isn't only a California problem. As machines grow on the land and America's farms grow bigger, the little 40-acre farmer, the tenant farmer, the sharecropper, the hired hand—men who had lived on the land as a way of life—become displaced everywhere. They must live, not as farmers, but as laborers employed by the hour as in a factory.

The next few years will show whether these men and their families will continue to be displaced persons—with all the misery this means—or whether they can be fitted into the American scene with all the privileges and standards that other Americans enjoy.

THE END

COLLIER'S

"Sure, I know he's just a normal, healthy child: but what can we *do* about it?"

LARRY HARRIS

B.W.H. MFG. CO.
ZERO KING SPORTSWEAR

ZERO KING guarantees:
5 freedoms for Sportsmen,
with the FREEDOM JACKET*
in NYLON and cotton**

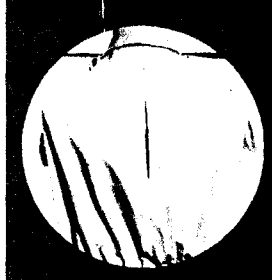
1 FREEDOM OF ACTION New construction gusset back, roomy sleeves, unlimited underarm fullness, and shirt cuffs...eliminate binding, pulling and restraint no matter how violent the action.

2 FREEDOM FROM THE ELEMENTS Zelan processed for wind and water resistance.

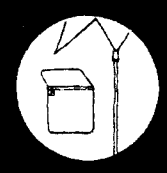
3 FREEDOM FROM BULK Feather-light, folds to tuck away into small space like golf bag pocket.

4 FREEDOM FROM SOILING Dry cleans beautifully or can be hand washed.

5 FREEDOM FROM EXPENSE Perfectly blended, hardy, long life NYLON assures many seasons of wear. In grey, tan, leaf-green, walnut, midnight blue, natural. Sizes 36 to 46. About $12.95.


Inverted back pleat

As light as a shirt


Zipper under pocket flap

JOHN DAVID, New York
J. L. HUDSON CO., Detroit
THE DAYTON CO., Minneapolis
McFARLIN'S, Rochester
DREYFUSS & SON, Dallas

At stores listed, and other fine stores everywhere, or write:
B. W. HARRIS MFG. CO., Park Square, St. Paul 1, Minn.

Write Dept. C-1, for FREE Booklet of Zero King Sportswear for men, women and boys.

*Trade Mark
**A Stevens Fabric

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sea Dog

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

a bone for Sunday if there's a good bit of meat left on it."

So he went back to the schooner and gave the bone to the pup, who accepted it and the Philadelphia at the same time. After that, the Philadelphia gave the pup a drink from the galley.

"Well, you're my dog," said the Philadelphia. "I always wanted one, but I didn't know it till now. And now I have you."

It was a mistake for the Philadelphia to think he had chosen the dog. But it was a good mistake and turned out well because the pup went to sea on Monday and soon learned a lot about killing cod. By the time the collie got his growth, he was a top-notch doryman. So that's what they named him: Doryman.

He could ride a doryload of fish back to the Mara, and Johnny Maio, the Portuguese, had even taught the dog to hold the sheet in his teeth for sailing up to the schooner when the wind was fair. The dog could stand a watch as well as any man aboard—better, for he could see through fog and smell through it. Everybody knows how he snuffed out the stink of a destroyer that time she bore down on the Mara in a fog and would have destroyed her, if Doryman hadn't roared like a foghorn.

ANOTHER season passed and then the Philadelphia made another good mistake. He was strolling home with Molly from a dance at Odd Fellows Hall and he was wheedling her again, holding her hand and getting ready to slip an arm around her, when she came out with the story that her boy was again wishing to go to sea and had no mind for the life 'longshore she wanted him to follow. Well, she had struck on a clever way to knock the notion out of him. She meant he should go to sea while he was still a schoolboy and maybe have it knocked out of him in a manner not too injurious.

"You're making a mistake, Molly," said the Philadelphia, "and I don't think it will work, but send the boy down to the vessel before the tide serves tomorrow and I'll do what I can, but I won't answer for it."

"I'll answer for it myself, Captain," said she. "But bring him back to me, Phil, or don't dare to come back yourself. And if it's the sea he wants after he lives upon it, then he may have it in good time, and I'll never say no to you again."

And that is how Peter Darmody, at the age of twelve, which is a tender age, came to be standing watch one morning on Sable Island Bank with Doryman, the collie. The Mara had gone to that bank in rather a daring mood, it being a risky place for a vessel. However, the Sable Island haddock are sweet and fat and the price of haddock at Boston Fish Pier was enough to drive a lesser man to the risk. To the Philadelphia it was no risk, he being a master of the gales and never surprised by one. He had no more fear of that dreadful island than he had of icebergs in the spring.

The Mara was on fish, and lying between the two lights of Sable, when the day came up, all green and gold, and showed the island to Peter Darmody. You could tell he was a chip off the old Cape Ann block because no tale of her grasping shoals could make him take his eyes off her beauty; for she is beautiful, that island, with her green-topped dunes and the wrecks scattered along her curving shores. He had listened to the old dorymen spin their yarns of Sable and the way she sucked vessels into her sands. He'd heard tales of treasures found there—gold pieces and diamonds and cutlasses dropped by dying adventurers four hundred years ago and more.

"What I would like to do when I'm a grown man," said Peter, "is to set foot on that island."

"The Lord forbid!" said the Philadelphia.

Up from a hollow, between two dunes, there came a band of the wild horses of Sable Island. Puzzling horses these are, for no man knows whence they came. Some say the Portuguese adventurers put the horses on Sable an age ago when it was a hundred miles long and ten times wider than it is today. It was good pasture land and there was none on the distant mainland of Nova Scotia. So they put the horses ashore in order to have something to eat if ever they were wrecked on that island or ran short of food when they were sailing near it.

Many years later, the tale goes, the Boston men did the same thing when they were working the walrus fishery of Sable. And there are other yarns of horse transports wrecked on those shores, especially one called L'Africaine, sent by the French on some business or other. Whoever did it, there the horses are and there they flourish, if forage is good. When it isn't good, they wane and the wild mares have no milk and won't own their foals.

It was this glimpse of the wild band that made young Peter reveal something more of himself. "Ah," he said, "there's nothing I'd like better than a colt of my own." He sighed in a boyish way and went on: "I love horses, Captain, most as much as I love a dory."

Thinking this was as good a time as any, the Philadelphia said brightly, "Wouldn't you like to be in the horse business, Peter, my boy? They say it's very lively. Some people get a great kick out of it. I'll be glad to set you up in the business, happen you have a fancy to it. And it would please your dear mother. Of that I'm sure."

"Thank you, sir," replied Peter. "The horse business would be very nice, but it's not for seamen, is it?" At that, he gave a sweep of his eye to the eastward and hunched his shoulders a little.

He was turning on his heel, and Doryman after him, when the Philadelphia asked, "And where are you going, my boy?"

"To take a look at the glass," said the greenhorn gravely. "I don't doubt it's falling again. I can feel it in my bones."

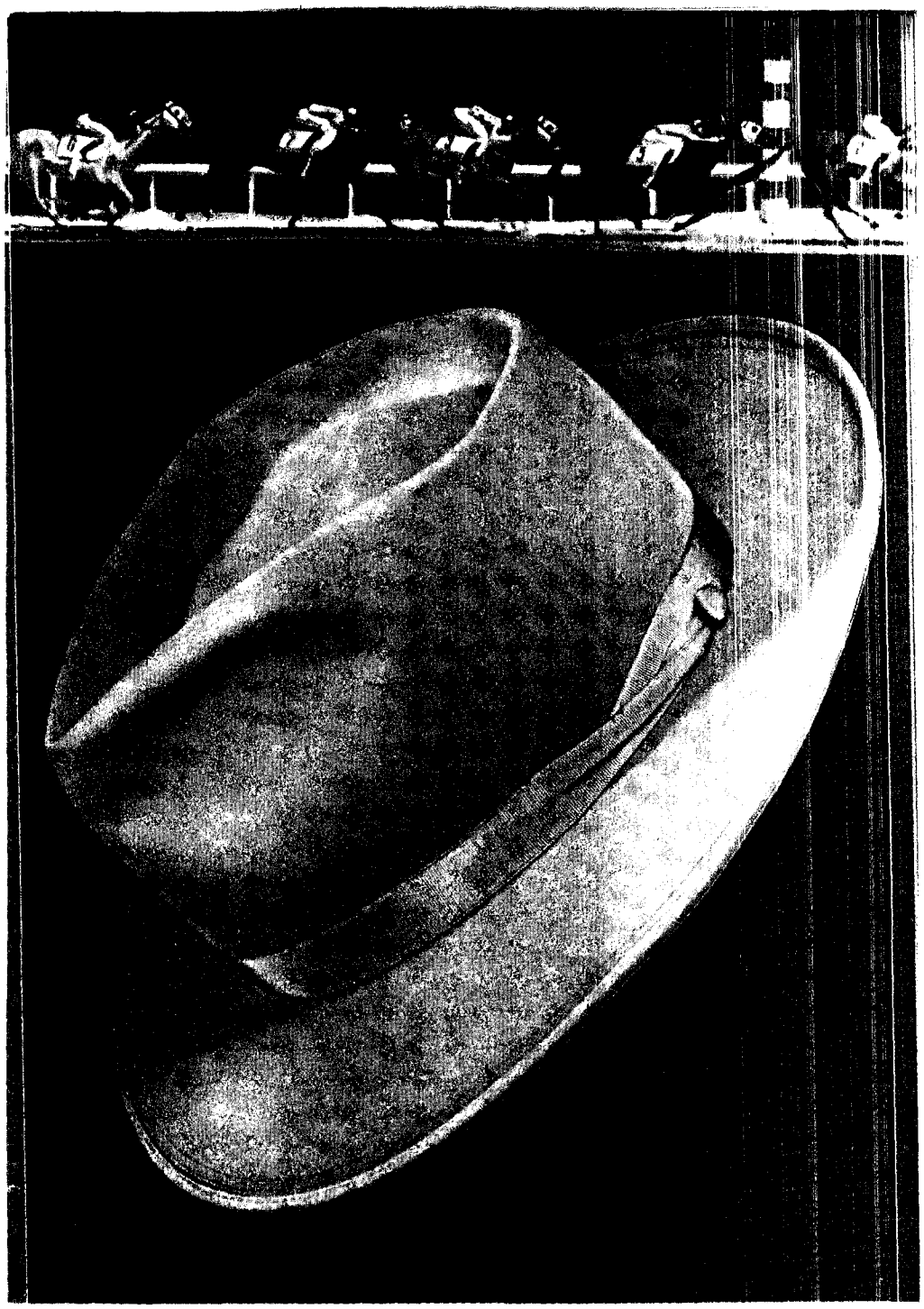
THE Philadelphia kept the smile off his face until Peter had gone below. He had nothing more to say about Peter's future. He knew for sure that he had made a mistake in taking this boy to sea. The Mara was only a week out. Yet that was enough. The remark about the barometer was just the clincher. The Mara had taken a fierce rubbing on her way to Nova Scotia for bait, but Peter had gone about his business unconcerned, lending a hand here and another there. When the Mara reached the bank and the word passed "Bait up! Bait up!", the Philadelphia, meaning to discourage him, had handed him a knife and had shown him the one stroke down and the two across the herring. Before the Mara had sailed another mile, Peter was cutting away like a good one. He baited a tub of trawl hooks all by himself. He hadn't missed a trick in all the complicated business of getting the dories over and setting the trawls. In fact, he carried himself so well that the Philadelphia began to watch him with a calculating eye.

"And is the glass off, Peter?"

"Why, yes, it is, Captain. Off two points since noon, but nothing to worry about." He thought this over and, for caution's sake, added, "Not yet, anyway."

The Philadelphia resolved that such a born captain should never waste a season on dry land. He revealed this by a remark that made Peter flush with pride: "Always give this island a good berth, Peter. Keep away from her."

There was a step more: the dory. Peter could handle a dory as well as any smart lad could—that is, a dory without fish in it. Once or twice, while the men were making the set and the baited hooks were drifting down to the fish, the Philadelphia had dropped a dory over and Peter and Doryman had fooled around a little, Peter at



The MALLORY *Pacer*, with "Cravenette" process, **$7.50.**

Feel the difference

in a MALLORY

An unusual combination of softness and liveliness, that's what you'll feel in the fine fur felt of a Mallory Hat. This superior quality plus distinctive styling, sets a Mallory apart from an ordinary hat. Put *yourself* under the smart good looks of a Mallory! Mallory Hats **$7.50** to **$20.**

MALLORY hats DANBURY, CONN. • ALSO MADE IN CANADA • FINE HATS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the oars or at the sail, whichever was best. It wasn't until there were eighty thousand pounds of fish in the Mara's pens that the Philadelphia nodded his head and said Johnny Maio could take Peter as dorymate to haul the last set before the run home to a Wednesday market.

This was a mistake. Not that Johnny Maio wasn't a good doryman. He was as good as any, but there was something in his character that the Philadelphia hadn't seen, and it was his business to see it. This was it: in the presence of an admiring greenhorn, Johnny was a show-off. He was proud of his skill. He had been cautioned against overloading his dory, especially on Sable Island Bank, where things happen to the weather quickly.

The Philadelphia gave the nod. He sang out, "Dory away!" and down went Number One with Peter in it, watching Johnny Maio shrewdly. Johnny took in the first buoy and its anchor and began to haul the fish. He laughed as he slatted the haddock off the hooks, and he laughed with pleasure in his new dorymate when Peter coiled the empty trawl back into the tub.

If Johnny Maio had hauled one haddock in his long life, he had hauled a million, more or less, and there was no reason why he should get excited. Well, maybe there was, because the Sable haddock are such corkers that a man can feel the dollars dropping into his pocket. So up the fish came, and deeper the dory rode. At last, out of his natural wisdom, Peter said, "If this keeps up, Mister, we'll have enough and more than enough."

All the answer he got was another laugh and the toss of another fish and another until they came up to the windward buoy, which was a finish to the day's work and to the voyage, too. There being only a score of hooks down, Johnny Maio called Peter forward to the turning gurdy and said, "Now you haul, boy, and take the buoy in."

This was man's estate. Peter put his young back into the haul and up he drew a fine fish, then an empty hook or two, and another fish. He shook the fish off and when he reached the buoy he took it in handily and hauled up its anchor.

All of a sudden, he raised his eyes to the sky and said the sentence that lies eternal in all Gloucester hearts: "I don't like this!" The evening sky had gone dark.

All the other dories had taken the warning as quickly. The conch horns bawled and cried. The Mara answered, her horn assuring them she was on the way.

Fast and white as a gull, the first squall sped across the sea. The sky went from gray to black and the fog washed over the black like a flurry of March snow. Before Johnny Maio could lift his horn to his lips, the dory was alone in a white wilderness. The horn of the Mara blew faint and far.

"Don't be afraid, boy. Johnny knows how."

Peter replied, "I'm not afraid. What's there to be afraid of?"

For an answer, a big sea hit the dory broadside on with a whack that shook Johnny Maio where he stood too deep in fish. He staggered. A second sea struck even harder and sent him roaring over the side. This happens to overloaded dories. That it should happen to Peter on his first haul was just in the way of schooling.

Peter didn't cry out. He just waited until Johnny came battling up out of the tide, and down into the splashing arms he flung the buoy. Johnny Maio grasped the buoy and let out a shout of triumph. Away on the clockwise current the buoy and the man rode and vanished.

The only music that Peter could play was the conch music, which is the music of salvation. He took up Johnny's horn and blew the three sharp notes that Johnny had taught him were the shrillest and the best. They were Johnny's notes, known to the Philadelphia, who could always say, "Aye, there's Number One. All's well."

ONE by one, the bawling and pleading horns ceased as the dories were picked up. A harsh fall of rain stopped all such noises for a while. The wind began to pipe up in real earnest. The darkness thickened. The wind hauled around to the west and then began to blow all over the compass.

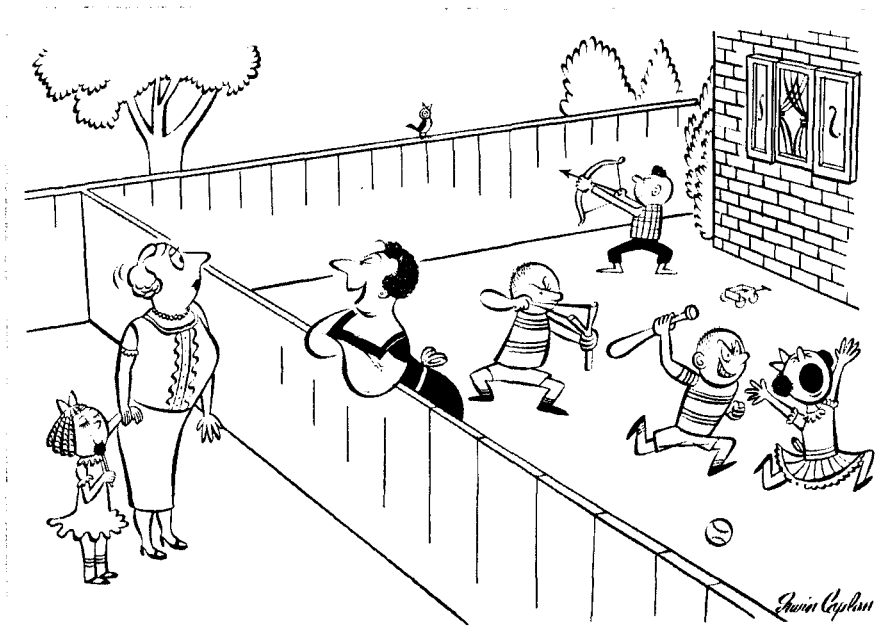
"I'm in for it."

With no more than that in the way of comfort, Peter Darmody became a doryman. It was a quick promotion, no doubt, but he had no choice in the matter.

Well, he was his father's son, as the saying goes. So he did what his father had done more than once: he cleared for action, which is to say that in five minutes there wasn't a fish on the dory's bottom boards. No, nor a bailerful of water. He sat to the oars. In the dusk and the howling, he sat to them, and to the tide and gale he gave the answer that Gloucestermen will always give: the sharp, deep stroke.

Past the dory the Mara shot like a wild goose, and down the tide the Philadelphia drove her under a whole mainsail, knowing well enough what had happened because he could tell Peter's greenhorn notes from the old ones on that horn. Torches blazed on the Mara's deck. Her horn bleated and the sweet tones of the main-boom bell rang like a church bell on a summer's day. Louder still came the bark of Doryman, running between helm and rail and trying to snuff up the smell of Johnny Maio, which he had done to good purpose more than once.

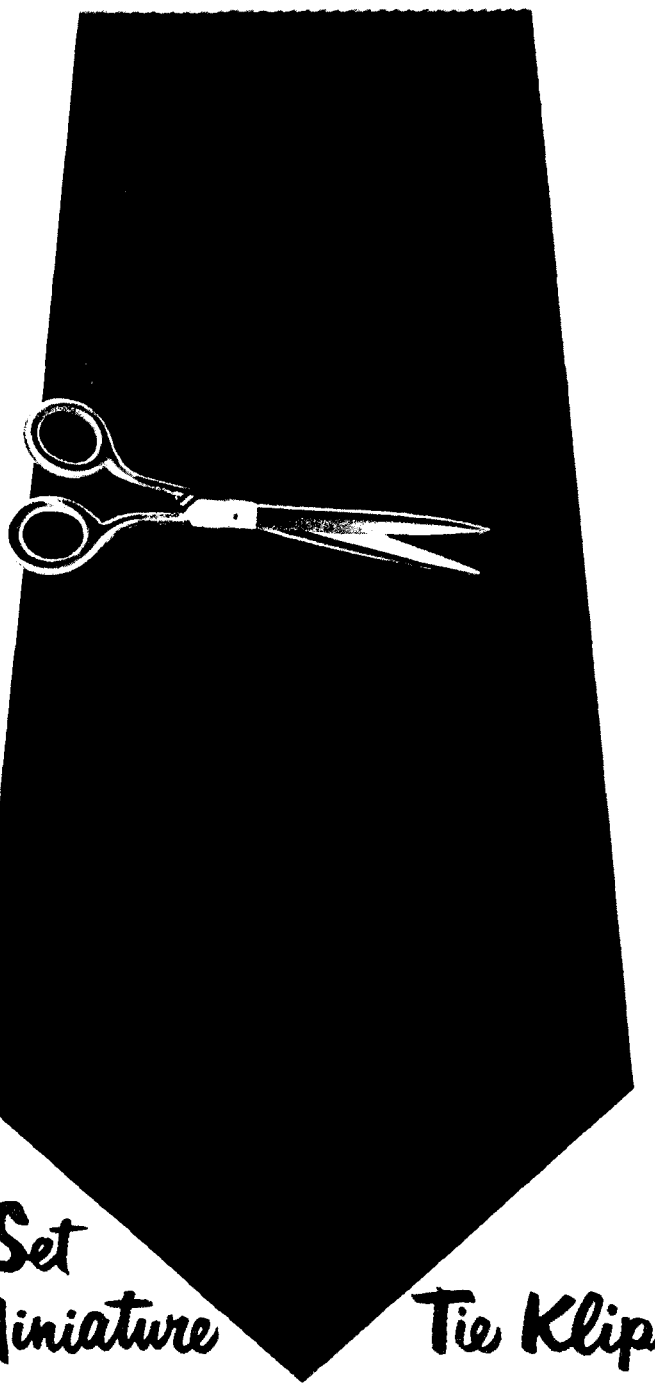
A mile away from the dory, there came



"One thing I pride myself on is being a good neighbor. If you ever want to go shopping or take in a matinee, I'd be glad to watch Karen for you"

COLLIER'S — IRWIN CAPLAN

Shear Magic!



Pearl Set Miniature Tie Klips

These clever SWANK Miniatures are setting a new style for smartly dressed men. They make a perfect gift for any occasion. Now inlaid with pearl *as well as two-tone metal — $2.50 each.*

Always look for the name SWANK *on all our products*

SWANK — ® Swank, Inc., Attleboro, Mass.

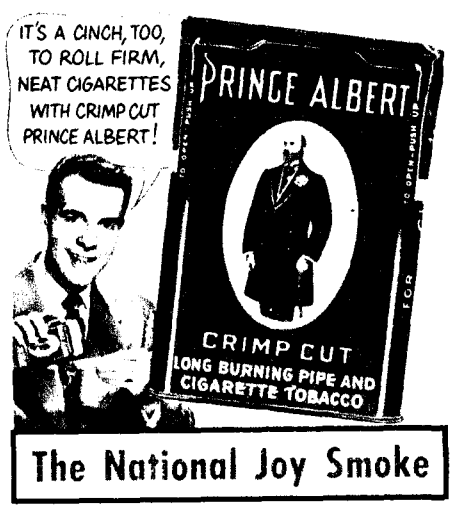
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

means

Pipe Appeal and Prince Albert

● Yes! He's riding high! He has Pipe Appeal which attracts admiring glances. And he has real smoking pleasure with mild, rich-tasting Prince Albert—America's largest-selling smoking tobacco.

Try P.A.! The choice, crimp cut tobacco used in P.A. is specially treated to insure against tongue bite.


IT'S A CINCH, TOO, TO ROLL FIRM, NEAT CIGARETTES WITH CRIMP CUT PRINCE ALBERT!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

The National Joy Smoke

out of the sea a powerful shout. Before Johnny Maio could spew out another mouthful of salt and shout again, the Mara swept up to him and a hook came down for his buoy. He came in over the rail, staggered to his feet, and looked the Philadelphia square in the eye. But not for long. Johnny's guilt made him look away.

"In the dory, is he?" asked the Philadelphia, and in the asking his handsome face went white, not only for the lost boy, but for the wife he had lost after such long striving, such long loneliness.

"Aye!" cried Johnny, and then, to save his own anguish, he pleaded: "Take him up first, Captain."

The Philadelphia took a measure of the tide, another of the wind, and brought the wheel up hard. She came around and sped up the line, two dories yet to be found, and a hard job, too, in all that whirligig. She came around handsomely and flew westward close to the wind, belling and howling, with her torches flaring. Stretched in her shrouds and leaning over her rail, the men peered into the fog.

She ran on half a mile to the westward, and then, clear and loud to leeward, the horn of Number Two dory bawled. In that dory were two grown men, family men and great killers of fish, whose value is always greatest, according to the law of the Grand Banks. They were at hand and the Philadelphia was making a try for them when the collie came away from the windward rail yelping for joy. He trotted to the helm and made his appeal to the Philadelphia, saying as clear as could be: I've snuffed Peter out—this way!—to windward!

"Keep the dog off!" cried the Philadelphia, harsh and strained against the spokes. Never in his life had he spoken harshly to man or dog, but now he spoke so and in terrible anger. The reason was that he faced a bitter choice. He had to choose between another try—perhaps a hopeless one—for Peter's dory, out of sight and out of sound, and the certain rescue of the second dory, which he could hear plainly enough.

And there was another choice he had to make: the choice between the loss of two able dorymen and the loss of Molly Darmody and the kiss he had waited the years to take. The law of the Banks was against the Philadelphia and his love, for it declares that the able-bodied must be saved first, not only for their skilled hands, but for their women and children at home. The Philadelphia obeyed the law. He struck the pleading dog away.

Johnny Maio reached out for Doryman and said a word to soothe him. The dog showed his teeth in a growl and ran again to the rail. He thrust his muzzle into the noisy gloom and barked loud and long.

The horn in Number Two dory shouted: Where are you?—this way!—this way!

The Mara's horn replied as she swept toward the dory.

AT THE wail of the Mara's horn, Doryman set up a howling that was like a wail, too, for it was clear to him that the vessel was drawing away from Number One dory and a boy who had patted his head. So, without a backward look, he threw himself over the rail and went like a tramp seal to Peter and Number One, held in its place by the sharp, deep stroke. On the lift of a sea, Doryman came to her gunwale and scrambled for a hold.

"In with you!" said Peter Darmody. He took in his oars and gave Doryman the haul he needed and a quick hug, and then he blew again on his horn. A cross sea, whipped high by the gale, struck the dory and drowned the horn's notes. The sea threw so much water into the dory that he had to drop the horn and bail. Foam and darkness covered him, and that was the reason the Mara ran past him without a chance of seeing the dory.

The Philadelphia drove the Mara onward a mile. Then he realized he had run past the dory. He threw the Mara over onto the other tack and came back up, every man straining to hear Peter's horn. But by that time Peter had had to make a choice, too. He could either stay silent and bail or blow his horn and drown. He bailed.

Farther away now, the Mara in despair began the traditional search for a lost dory: a circle, round and round, waiting for daylight and the long sweep of glasses from her tall crosstrees.

Peter bailed the dory and rowed. He bailed again and once more sat to the oars. All night long he stayed on the thwart until his head sagged and his hands pained him. The four-knot current that runs eastward there had long since whirled him away from the Mara and all rescue. At daybreak, he was alone on a gray sea. Far to the rim of the world, the whitecaps rose and broke and rose again.

He stood up and took his last look for the schooner.

"We're in for it, Doryman." This was the same remark as before, except for the "we." Then he said, "Eat and drink first."

He took up the water jug and shook it. It was less than half full. He swallowed a mouthful and poured the dog's ration into a dipper. Doryman drank hastily. Peter took the food tin from the sideboards and opened it. There were two round crackers in it. He broke one in half and they ate.

Peter studied the compass. The nearest land was what he was looking for, and that land was Sable Island. How far it was he couldn't tell, but he knew where it lay.

"Due west," he said. On that course he laid the dory, her sail set under the cold rain falling. All day long he held her to it. Twice the gale came back to take a spit at him. At noon, they drank but didn't eat. At nightfall, they ate for the last time and drank for the next to last. And soon, because he had never missed a night's sleep in his life, the need of sleep began to hurt worse than his hunger, though he had never known that, either. He lashed the sheet and shut his eyes awhile. He woke up and drove her on again.

The dark passed into the west, and the day—which was dark, too—rolled over the sea. The tide set against the dory. The wind stayed fair, but little was gained by it until slack water. The tide turned and the dory sped faster into the west. Yet the end of the struggle had come for Peter. He had no more to give. He had no strength for the bailer and none for lashing the sheet again. He laughed at himself a little before he closed his eyes. Remembering the playtime trick taught to Doryman by Johnny Maio, he thrust the sheet into the dog's mouth. He laughed again and whispered, "You sail her, Doryman. I can't."

Peter slept. In a little while, his sleep became more than sleep. It was deeper. He lay senseless, so that when the West Light of Sable flashed and the East Light shone, he knew nothing of it. Nor did Doryman. He clung to the rope, remembering his orders, until, just before daybreak, the wind carried the dory over the bar that forms the lagoon on the eastern shore. The surf caught the dory and drove her onto the beach. There it filled and rolled on its side.

The work now was something Doryman could do. He backed out of the dory, sank his teeth into Peter's oilskin trousers and hauled. A sea came up and ran over them. He braced himself in the shifting sand and hauled hard. He dragged Peter beyond the high-water weeds, licked his face, and barked. The froth ran up and touched Peter's cheek. Doryman took a new grip and dragged him, inch by inch, onto the dry sand. A great log lay there. He dragged him to shelter behind it and lay by his side.

Doryman began to bark. Soon his grief turned the barking into a long howl of anguish.

THERE was a reddish stallion watching on the dune above them. At the sound of Doryman's howls he began to shake with terror and anger. He had never seen or heard a dog. He reared, fought the shadows with his hoofs, and bared his teeth. He trotted down the far side and drove his mares and children out of the hollow. He nipped a lagging mare and then he whistled up the other stallions.

They answered him. Blacks and bays, chestnuts and grays, they answered and joined up for the rush of hoofs that would crush the intruder. Their approach, shoulder to shoulder in the half-light of dawn, seemed a pleasant thing to Doryman. He trotted out to meet them, for he could be sure that one of these would be bearing a man, which was what he wanted just then. He wanted the Philadelphia; lacking that man, any other would do. It didn't take him long to make out that these weren't the saddle mares and farm horses of Cape Ann. He didn't hesitate. He took his stand in front of Peter and then he sprang, choosing the reddish stallion for the first rip along the throat.

The stallion reared and screamed. He struck with his forefeet and missed. Doryman whirled and roared and slashed again. In terror, the band split in two. One band ran into the surf, the other over the dune. Only one stallion, a young black, whirled to show his courage and try again. His hoof

"... and to my sister, Emma Bentley, who often said she would bet a hundred dollars that a bunch of chorus girls would get my money, I leave one hundred dollars"

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

caught Doryman on the shoulder. The dog fell, turned over and over in a flash, and came up again in silent fury. He drove under the uplifted hoofs and slashed at the stallion's belly. The stallion ran.

Quiet returned to the morning. Doryman ran back to Peter's side; and then, quartering about skillfully, he sought among the many horse tracks the scent of a familiar print: the one made by burned hoofs wearing iron. It was there, left by the mounted patrols of Sable Island. But it was too faint for his nose. He ranged farther inland, like a setter making game. He trotted into a hollow that was still gloomy with the night. Something stopped him there: a pair of eyes glowing in a nest of marsh hay under wild cranberry bushes. Doryman spoke kindly to the eyes. They closed, in terror or in weariness.

Doryman ran on. He swung toward the light and there he found a fresher scent of burned hoof and horseshoe metal. He ran after it in silence and came up to it warily. Before him, bolt upright in the saddle, a man rode toward the lighthouse. Doryman stole after him, careful not to frighten the horse. When the rider dismounted and tied up his horse at a rail between the lighthouse and a cottage, Doryman walked up slowly and lay down at the rider's feet.

"Great day in the morning! Where'd you come from?" The man held out a hand and laughed. Doryman wagged his tail and licked the hand.

The Governor of Sable Island, as the Gloucestermen call him, knew very well where Doryman had come from and why. He had seen ships wrecked and sailors strewn along those shores. So he turned and ran into the cottage, with Doryman after him, and he cranked the telephone and shouted into it, "Vessel ashore! Get the patrols out from both lights, boy!"

He patted Doryman on the head, ran out the door, heaved himself into the saddle, and gave the signal to Doryman, who streaked off the way he had come. In five minutes, the Governor was kneeling by Peter's side. In another five, Peter was in the house, blinking over a cup of tea and whispering to the Governor about the Mara.

"Now you take it easy," said the Governor. "I know her and I know Philadelphia Keane. They're all right, and glad he'll be to get the news I'll send him now." He sent a message to both lighthouses and soon the great blinkers were signaling the word over the sea to the Mara, wherever she might be searching.

THE Governor gave Peter a hot bath and another cup of tea and a bit of toast, and then a bowl of broth. He built a fire in the big hearth and carried a couch to it. There Peter fell asleep again. This time it was a good, natural sleep, and his cheeks were red, not white.

It was then that the Governor and the Coast Guardsmen turned to Doryman, and high time, too, because he was weak from hunger and thirst. The Governor made up a dish of stewed meat and put it down for Doryman with a word of praise to season it. Doryman ate part of it, and then began to whine at the door, looking back at the men who sat watching him.

The Governor looked at Peter, who was fast asleep, and said, "What's this? The boy said they were alone in the dory!"

Doryman scratched at the door.

"If he goes, I'll go." And at that the Governor opened the door and hurried out after Doryman, who led him straight to the nest where he had seen the pair of beseeching eyes.

"So that's what you want, is it?" The Governor thrust aside the cranberry boughs over the nest and there, on its spindly legs, a pretty red foal tottered, hardly able to keep his big head up. It was easy to tell what his fate had been: his dam had left him there because she had no milk for him.

"You being a hero," said the Governor to Doryman, "you have anything your heart desires. If his ma won't own him, I will. I've done it before and now I do it for you, doggie." So saying, he heaved the foal right to his shoulder and carried him to the fireplace and fed him warm milk out of a nipple. The milk had cod-liver oil in it, which he had used often in such cases.

It was after nightfall before the Mara, desperate in her search, came up to read the blinkers. Her decks blazed with torches and lanterns. When the message was reeled off to her again, the lights went out one by one until nothing showed of her except her green lamp rising and falling in peace. The Philadelphia signaled he would sail around to the western beach, where there was a little shelter. The Mara made off. But the gale came up again and kept her on the run. She had to heave to and ride it out. It was almost a week before the Philadelphia stepped ashore and took the Governor's hand and thanked him from a heart that was too full for his usual words.

"You may thank your dog, Captain," the Governor said, and he led him to the fireplace, where the three young redheads were snug by the fire and talking away at a great rate about certain plans natural for a boy and a dog and a foal to make.

The Philadelphia said to Peter, "Well done, my boy!" and he put his arms around him. Into the Philadelphia's eyes came the new hope that now this boy would become his son. And the Philadelphia shook Doryman's paw solemnly and said, "Well done, my dog!"

THEY all went out into the sunny day, Peter hand in hand with the Philadelphia, and Doryman and the foal together like old friends. They came up to the dory, and the dorymen stepped out, ready to push off. Peter said good-by to the Governor. Without batting an eye, he put his arms around the foal's neck and said good-by to him.

"Shove off!" said the Philadelphia, when Peter had taken his seat.

Peter turned his back to Sable Island and to the foal, and bent his head a little.

"Come now, Doryman, get aboard!" shouted the Philadelphia.

Nothing of the kind. Doryman stretched himself on the sand, just as if he meant to enjoy the sun. The foal took a step toward the dory and then walked over and lay down by Doryman.

"Will you come along, good dog?" cried the Philadelphia. "We've missed the Wednesday market as it is. Come now!" Doryman yawned and sat where he was, close to the foal.

The Governor looked at his men and the men winked at him. Then the Governor said quite loudly to nobody in particular, "Evaporated milk, hot water, a touch of cod-liver oil. Yes, sir, that's what I always use in such cases."

It can't be denied: Here, for the first time among the Mara men, there was mutiny.

"Well," said the Philadelphia. "Well—"

All hands were listening intently, except Doryman, who was pretty confident and just kept looking about in an airy manner.

"Well," said the Philadelphia, as if he were choosing every syllable with care, "I always did want a horse, and that's a fact, though I didn't know it till now." Then he gave a terrible shout: "Get aboard—all of you!"

At once, Doryman jumped into the dory, and after him came the foal, ably assisted by the Governor, who was bursting with laughter.

"Shove off!" cried the Philadelphia, taking his place next to Peter and putting his arm around him.

And there's the proof, if any is needed, that a smart dog will not only choose his own master, but he will choose a horse for him, too, in case master can't make up his mind. There's no need of saying that when these four came gaily down the lane of Folly Cove, a few days later, Molly Darmody couldn't refuse the kiss, the kiss at last, to the Philadelphia.

She welcomed them all home—Peter and Doryman and the Philadelphia—and made room in the barn behind the house for the new member of the family, the red foal from Sable Island. THE END

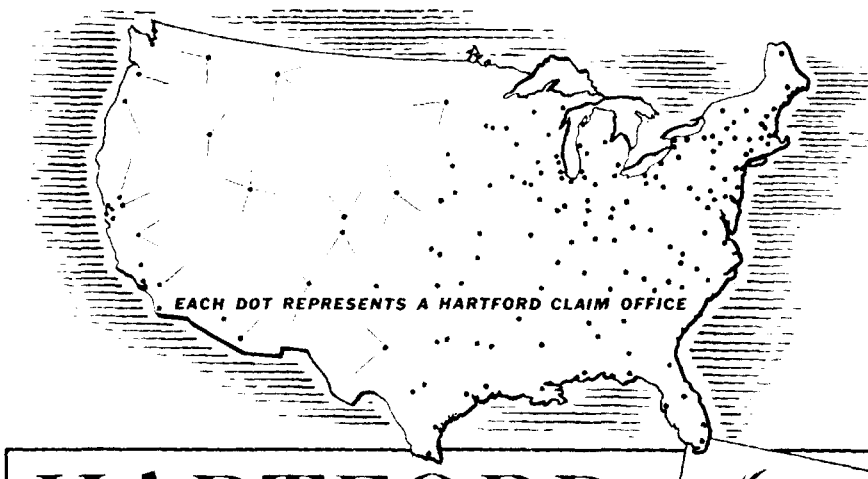
Who'd be out in weather like this?

Your Hartford claim service man would! When you are Hartford-insured you can count on prompt help from your company in an emergency, at all times and under all circumstances.

The Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company has claim offices at 185 strategically located points throughout the country — in Canada and in Hawaii. Wherever you go the service of these offices is close at hand. They are staffed by trained claim men, equipped with company-owned cars kept in all-weather readiness for instant use. Behind this organization are the great resources of the Hartford and a tradition of friendly, courteous service.

All this is good to know when you're buying protection. It makes Hartford Automobile insurance—and other forms of Hartford coverage—well worth the premium you pay.

To locate the nearest Hartford agent or claim service representative, simply call Western Union by number and ask for "Operator 25." This special service is available in over 5000 communities.



HARTFORD

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY
HARTFORD LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY
Hartford 15, Connecticut

Year in and year out you'll do well with the Hartford

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Your Barman in a Bottle

(HUGH BLINE)

will help you make perfect drinks!

■ Don't do it the hard way. *Do it the Heublein way!*

Serve better cocktails, with less work. Made of the finest liquors by *cocktail specialists*. Ready mixed. No fuss. No waste. Just stir with ice and serve.

EIGHT KINDS
MANHATTAN, *65 proof*
DRY MARTINI, *65 proof*
GIBSON, *very dry Martini, 75 proof*
SIDE CAR, *60 proof*
DAIQUIRI, *60 proof*
OLD-FASHIONED, *70 proof*
WHISKEY SOUR, *60 proof*
STINGER, *65 proof*

HEUBLEIN'S Club COCKTAILS ®

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

Don't Pity the Blind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

30,000 persons will have been added to our blind population, now around 300,000. Some of these 30,000 may now be reading this article. Their chances for a decent life depend largely upon how well the philosophy of people like Clunk can be sold to people like you and me.

Joe was born in Lisbon, Ohio, 54 years ago, a coal miner's son. His eyes were so weak that from fourth grade onward he had to sit in the front row. By the time somebody thought to put glasses on him the youngster was fourteen and almost completely blind in his left eye.

Eight years later, halfway through Western Reserve University, he was told to quit school to save his sight. He had been paying his way by selling books and insurance; now he got a full-time salesman's job with the Victor Tea Company, Cleveland. He made his rounds by horse and wagon.

The change didn't help. One morning in August, 1918, Joe woke up to find that his one good eye had gone bad overnight. He hurried to the mirror. He could barely see his face in it.

Married a few months before to pretty Mildred Norton, whom he had met at a college dance in 1916, Joe kept on working. His sight ended at the wagon dashboard, but he had a smart horse. All Joe had to do was give it the reins, and the animal would stop at the house of every regular customer on the route.

An ophthalmologist soon ended this blindman's bluff by ordering him to a hospital. Discharged in February, 1919, he couldn't see even an electric light. The next month his baby was born.

A Salesman—Not a Peddler

Joe spent two weeks practicing walking around the block and then got himself another selling job: cosmetics and flavorings, door to door. The company staked him to a sample case and a week's credit partly because it knew that a blind salesman in a different firm had done tolerably well. "But that guy was a peddler," Joe says scornfully. "He traded on sympathy. I sold." That policy paid off. The company's best sighted salesmen made $7.50 a day; Joe averaged $9.

Trouble? Lots of it. Once as he was walking he came to a grade crossing. Halfway across, Joe heard the whistle of a train. It came from the left, not far away. Almost immediately he heard another from the right. If he moved forward, he might step into the path of one train; backward, into the path of the other. On the other hand, he might already be standing in the path of one of them. So he wheeled to the right, stepped off the wooden flooring, between the tracks and felt ties underfoot. That meant he was in the middle of one pair of tracks. Hopping over the rail, he squeezed in his stomach and stood stock-still as the two trains roared past, one just in front of him, one just in back.

Afterward the watchman called out: "Hey, how did you get out there? I didn't see you."

Joe replied, "I didn't see you, either."

Gregarious and warmhearted, Joe made a point of calling every Saturday on persons referred to him by the Cleveland Society for the Blind. By the end of his first sightless year, though still hankering for the law, he had taken a full-time job with the society and perfected his guiding philosophy.

He explained it recently to another rehabilitation official.

"My purpose," he said, "has always been to work out a program so that the day will come when a person losing his sight can walk down the street and sell his services the same as anyone else—on the basis not of what he can't do, but what he can do."

"When that day comes," the official countered, "all of us rehabilitation people are going to be out of work."

"Why, then," Joe promised, "we will set up an agency to rehabilitate the rehabilitation workers."

Working for the society, Joe soon faced what looked like an insoluble problem—the case of a machine operator who had been fired on the grounds that no blind man ought to monkey around power tools. Joe had never seen a drill press or a milling machine, and he had only a vague idea about jigs, fixed or otherwise, but he decided to visit the Ferry Cap and Set Screw Company.

"Sure we got drill presses," the foreman told him, "but a blind man can't operate them."

"How do you know?" asked Joe.

In answer, the foreman led him out to the shop. Joe brailled one machine—ran his hands over every part—and asked questions. You put a bolt into the jig, a sort of clamp, and then you pulled the press down and drilled a hole into the end of the bolt.

Joe said he'd like to try it, but first he asked what the production record was. He had learned that no matter how well a blind person does, some companies argue that sighted people do considerably better.

"See that young lady across the room?" the foreman asked.

Joe said, "No, I don't, but what about her?"

"She's our best worker—she handles 120 bolts an hour."

Joe worked an hour and turned out 116 bolts.

"That's pretty good," the foreman allowed.

"What do you mean—pretty good? I thought the record was 120, and here the first time I ever handled a drill press I do 116."

"That's right," the foreman admitted. "That's really damned good."

Joe asked to see the other machine he'd heard about. "Nope," said the foreman, "you've convinced me you can handle a drill press, but no blind man in the world can handle a hand milling machine."

"Look," Joe argued, "I've promised two people I wouldn't leave this plant till I got a look at one of those things, and I can't go back on my promise."

"Who'd you promise?"

"Myself and God," Joe told him.

The foreman introduced him to an operator and walked away. Half an hour later he was back. "Man," the operator told him, "this fellow's doing better than I do, and I been doing it five years."

As a result, the company hired not one but two of Joe's blind clients, who within a few weeks ranked close to the top as producers. More important, Joe was convinced that industry held thousands of machine-operator jobs for the sightless. Within a year he placed 60 blind.

Then the Clunks moved to Youngstown, Ohio, where Joe by day was executive secretary of the local Society for the Blind, and by night a student at Youngstown College Law School. Of 120 students that started with him, only 16 finished.

Advantages in Lack of Sight

Recently an acquaintance of Joe's offered a nice commentary on the value of a handicap. Had Joe not gone blind, he said, he might still be selling groceries. But, having no sight to save from strain, he had actually put himself through law school.

"You got something there," said Joe. "Also, I always see my wife the way she was at twenty-three."

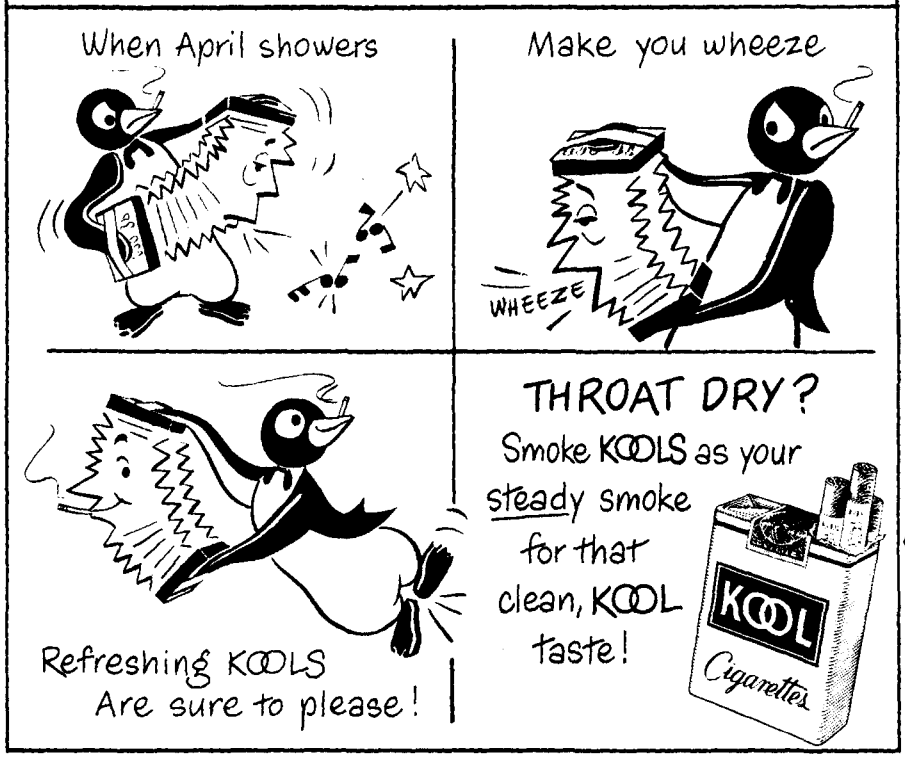
In his Youngstown work for the blind, Joe developed a social service and rehabilitation program; ran parties and picnics; established and managed a workshop for the blind, which, unlike most such enterprises, paid its own way; got sight-saving classes set up in the public schools; and in eight years placed 100 blind persons in jobs in regular industry. At the same time he pursued the profession of lawyer, usually representing people who were able to pay him little or nothing.

In 1927, Joe faced a tough decision. His law work was increasingly heavy, and he was being boomed for a municipal judgeship. But his heart lay in work for the blind, provided he could concentrate on the aspect that most interested him—finding jobs for them.

He wrote a dozen agencies for the blind, outlining his philosophy and offering himself as a full-time placement officer. The answers were pretty discouraging. All except one lauded his ideas and said it was sincerely hoped they could be put into effect—sometime in the future.

The exception was a letter from Colonel E. A. Baker, Order of the British Empire

WILLIE the penguin



Advertisement

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COLLIER'S **"It's the same crank who's been writing in for years. Compare these signatures: 'Mother of Nine,' 'Mother of Ten,' 'Mother of Eleven' . . ."** MARTIN FILCHOCK

and Military Cross, who is managing director and general secretary of that unique organization, the Canadian National Institute for the Blind. Colonel Baker was known as one of the world's most eminent blind leaders of the blind.

Joe's query reached Baker just as he had fired one placement officer who had failed to make a single placement in a year and was about to fire that man's successor. These men had a handicap: they could see.

In Toronto—on Approval

Baker invited Clunk to come up. The American, insisting that his employment be temporary till he had proved himself, arrived in Toronto in February, 1928.

He spent four days familiarizing himself with the institute's headquarters and visiting a few employment agencies. Then he announced he was setting out on his own. Baker said he ought to spend a little more time learning the city. Joe insisted he had already wasted too much time. "Well, I'll get you a guide," said Baker.

"I don't need any," said Joe.

He left the institute, boarded a streetcar a few blocks away, and told the motorman to drop him someplace where there were factories. When he got off, he asked a passer-by the name of the nearest plant, walked in and said he'd like to see the president. Rebuffed there and half a dozen other places, Joe tried a different section the next day. "Any factories around here?" he asked somebody as he waited on a corner.

"Right down the street is Wrigley's Chewing Gum."

The plant superintendent, though friendly, insisted there wasn't a job in the place a blind person could handle.

"But you do have to pack the stuff, don't you?" asked Joe.

"Oh, sure. We have a roomful of girls sticking packs of spearmint into glass jars —105 to a jar."

"Shouldn't think you'd have to have eyes to do that."

"Oh, yes, you do," the superintendent assured him. "All those spearmint arrows have to point in the same direction."

"Let me have a look," said Joe.

The superintendent handed him several packs of gum. Joe noticed that the wrapper edge was at the same place on every one. "Now," said Joe, displaying a pack, "when I hold it this way, how does the arrow run?"

"To the right."

He picked up another pack, his fingers touching the wrapper edge the same way.

"It's running to the right in that one, too."

"Well, now," said Joe, "you see you don't really need eyes in this work—just touch."

When he left the plant, he had a job for a blind girl. During the next three weeks he placed three other blind persons: one threading tags, another assembling burner parts for electric stoves, and a third assembling transformer cores for the Canadian General Electric Company.

"In one month," Colonel Baker recalls, "Joe Clunk made four damned good placements where none had ever been made before."

Appointed national supervisor of employment for Baker's organization, Joe was soon roaming Canada from Halifax to Vancouver, demonstrating to employers, as he had at Wrigley's, that almost every plant had at least one job a blind person could do. In 11 months the breezy American made 46 placements. Today, in the United States, 20 per year per blind placement officer is considered very good.

Tests in a Ford Factory

Once Joe got permission to go through the Ford plant at Windsor, Ontario, with a blind man he had trained in placement work. Within four days they demonstrated 55 jobs and ruled out 20 others as not proper for blind workers. On 43 of the jobs they bettered the production record of inexperienced workers; on the other 12 they either equaled or exceeded the record of experienced workers.

At the end of this amazing tour the company agreed to place four blind men as drill press operators. "I ought to tell you," Joe said, "that one of these men has lost his right hand."

The personnel director looked at Joe as if he were crazy. "Look," he protested. "Hiring a blind man is one thing. Hiring a blind man who is also crippled is quite another. He just can't do the work."

"Hell!" Joe told him. "In operating a drill press, it's your left hand that's important. All you use your right hand for is to pull

Far from humdrum, every day life at home, yet so close at hand, a memorable vacation experience awaits you. Gay *fiestas* add spice and color to the ancient Spanish culture... throbbing tom-toms lend rhythm to the picturesque Indian ceremonials... indescribably glorious sunsets add majesty to scenic grandeur. Ancient missions and eight National Monuments make possible the turning back of the pages of time, and Carlsbad Caverns National Park, awesome and majestic in its beauty, will thrill you. In this great land of vast, sweeping mesas, bounded only by towering mountain ranges covered with virgin forests, linger the color and fascination of three great epics of the early Southwest...the days of the Spanish, the Indian and the adventurous Old West.

NEW MEXICO STATE TOURIST BUREAU
Room 1321, State Capitol • Santa Fe, New Mexico
Please send free: ☐ New booklet "Land of Enchantment,"
☐ Official Highway Map, ☐ New Mexico "Recreation Map."
NAME . . . . . .
STREET . . . . . .
CITY . . . . . ZONE . . STATE . . . .

Mail This COUPON AND WE'LL SEND YOU OUR FREE BOOKLET AND MAPS – PRONTO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

down the handle of the drill." His man got the job, and still holds it.

Several years later, Joe visited Ford again. The personnel director was enthusiastic; he wanted to take on several more blind men in the drill press department. But Joe held back. He didn't like the idea of a number of blind men working together—it set them off from their seeing companions. He had another objection, which he didn't voice: If all the blind employees of a company worked in the same department, and that department were closed down for any reason, Joe Clunk would have a problem.

The depression cut down job opportunities for the blind as well as the seeing. So Clunk established the C.N.I.B.'s cafeteria and vending stand department on the theory that if he couldn't find a job in a certain company for a capable man, he could make one by setting up a business in the company's building.

Companies were quick to see the advantage of having on their own property eating places and refreshment stands which they didn't have to operate themselves. Today the institute runs 350 cafeterias and stands doing an annual business of more than $6,000,000 and employing 400 blind persons.

Among the blind persons for whom this idea created a new job was Joe Clunk himself. When, in 1936, Congress was considering the Randolph-Sheppard bill, to permit the blind to operate stands in post offices and other federal buildings, certain legislators objected that blind people couldn't do such work. Canada's experience proved them wrong, the act was passed, and Joe was asked to come home and administer it.

Joe hated to leave Canada, and Canada hated to see him go. Not long ago I approached the big tobacco, candy and ice-cream stand in one of Ontario's Parliament buildings and asked the blind operator, a spruce, middle-aged fellow named Hugh Day, if he had ever heard of Clunk.

"*Heard* of him?" he said. "Why, when I first met Joe I was taking care of the kids and doing all the housework so my wife could go to business. Joe used to tell people I was the only washwoman he'd ever seen hanging up clothes with a pipe in her mouth. I'd probably still be doing it if it hadn't been for Joe."

Colonel Baker puts it this way: "Up here we had the philosophy—we knew what we wanted. But it took an American named Clunk to prove we were right."

Proper Training Is Essential

When Joe went to Washington in 1937, he found 11 blind persons operating stands in federal buildings in the District of Columbia. Some were offering such slipshod service that building superintendents were threatening to kick them out. Joe traced the trouble to the notion that blindness conferred such powers that a blind man could run a business without either training or supervision.

Drawing on his Canadian experience, he thereupon organized the Washington Society for the Blind, a nonprofit organization. The society wangled a bank loan, bought equipment and instituted a model training and supervisory program financed by a 6 per cent levy on gross sales. Today the society has 60 stands, which net their operators an average of $55 a week, and assets valued at close to $300,000.

In the country as a whole, Clunk estimates there are now 1,500 blind men operating retail businesses as against only 100 in 1937. He figures that the vending stand program should eventually provide jobs for 15,000, while a good system of industrial placement would care for an additional 20,000.

Joe kept sending blind men to Canada to be thoroughly trained and then helped them find work as placement officers. Their activities, and determined lobbying on the part of Clunk, pointed up the need for a U.S. program. Congress recognized this in July, 1943, by passing the Barden–La Follette amendments to the Federal Vocational Rehabilitation Act.

COLLIER'S

"I believe marriage should be founded on trust, so I'm going to make my husband set one up for me"

KATE OSANN

Under the original act, the blind had been lumped with other handicapped persons. If a state vocational rehabilitation office for the blind could train them and find jobs, fine. But, mainly because of employer prejudice, it took considerably more effort and money to place blind people than other handicapped. So, from the vocational standpoint, the blind were largely neglected.

The 1943 legislation, known as Public Law 113, made specific provisions for the blind. The law provided that once a state had set up an approved program, Washington would stand all the costs of administration, vocational guidance and placement; half the costs of medical examination and treatment, training and living expenses during rehabilitation; and tools and other equipment.

For the blind, this act was even more of a landmark than Louis Braille's development of a system of writing they could read by touch. It meant that any blind person could apply for any help he needed to get a job. This help might be glass eyes to improve his appearance and thus make him more employable; training in Braille and the use of a cane; a course in woodworking; capital to set him up as a poultryman; or even four years in college.

Joe began scurrying around the country to help states establish their programs and to set up federal training institutes for placement counselors so they would no longer have to go to Canada. To organize an institute, Clunk or an assistant would visit a city and line up 20 businesses—laundries, bakeries, food-processing plants, electric industries, and shops specializing in metal or woodworking. Then a dozen men, working in teams of three, would spend a month sampling every suitable job. Each trainee would tackle at least five operations a day.

All of them were blind, of course, because Joe operates on the theory that the fellow who sells blind labor has to be an animated sample of his wares.

During Joe's 12 years in Washington, the state governments have counted 13,050 rehabilitations among the blind—"rehabilitation" being defined as the preparing and placing of a handicapped person in a job to the satisfaction of both himself and his employer.

The 1949 figures have not yet been broken down by the types of work, but the roll for 1948 included 11 clergymen, 55 teachers, 18 masseurs, 42 typists, 279 vending-stand operators, 19 kitchen workers, 8 watchmen, 28 janitors, 107 farmers, 9 gardeners, 79 textile weavers, 12 carpenters, 16 auto workers and 7 filling-station attendants.

Before the 1948 group was placed, only 535 were earning wages, $580,000 in all, or less than $1,100 a year apiece. At the end of the year, for the 2,251 whose earnings could be determined accurately, the total was $3,370,000, an average wage per person of $1,500.

For every person rehabilitated last year by state agencies for the blind the program cost $924. However, this sum is paid only once, whereas public money spent on unrehabilitated blind persons averages $540 a year for an unlimited number of years.

All this looks like a good record, but the man at the head is dissatisfied. Joe Clunk points out that while all the states now have some sort of vocational-rehabilitation program for the blind some of them employ not one blind industrial placement agent. He feels there should be at least 150 such agents. Now there are only 50.

"I can't relax," Clunk said recently, reaching out and pounding his visitor on the knee, "until we save 10,000 blind people a year. That's more than three times what we saved last year."

The solution? Partly it's money. The federal government now gives the states about $2,000,000 a year, and the states chip in $500,000. Joe would like to see Washington's share raised to $4,500,000—which would then raise the total share from the states to $1,500,000. Then he would like $400,000 so he could have 40 experts on his staff instead of the present seven, and keep them on the road 40 weeks a year instead of four. They would be a sales and training force for state workers.

A greater problem, though, is what Clunk describes as the rehabilitation of the seeing. Not long ago a young blind man from West Virginia walked into Joe's office. When he got out of college he had wanted to teach in a high school. The authorities told him to go back and get a master's degree. Now that he had a master's degree, they were insisting that he get a Ph.D.

"The old run-around," says Joe. "Why didn't those people tell him: 'Look, we think there are certain things about this job it takes a seeing person to do. Maybe we're wrong. But if we aren't, is there anything we can do to help you do them?' "

One night recently I called on Clunk at his home, in a wooded section of College Park, Maryland, half an hour's streetcar ride from the White House. I found him in the cellar with an electrician. Working alone, Joe had completely wired a new basement workshop—including half a dozen outlets for power machinery—but he hadn't quite trusted himself to connect the system with the house current.

Without Benefit of Vision

When the electrician had finished, Joe and I moved some of the machines into the new room. Since he knew exactly where he wanted them—the hack saw over here in the corner, the drill press halfway down along the end—Joe led the way.

I saw only one evidence that he was blind: when he tried to connect the sanding machine, he missed the electrical outlet by an inch and groped a second before he found it.

That sanding machine, by the way, a waist-high contraption of riveted steel with a power-driven sanding belt 107 inches long, is a Clunk-designed and Clunk-made job.

He picked up a length of pine, walked over to his circular saw, flicked on the switch and sawed off a piece. Then he pulled open the fourth drawer of his home-made 20-drawer tool cabinet, took out a metal rule and measured the piece.

"Two and five-eighths inches long," he announced. "Right?" He was right. The rule had been notched at the inches, halves and quarters by a sighted friend with a hack saw. The eighths Joe estimates with his thumb.

As we went upstairs, Joe flicked out the basement lights, and I asked if he turned them on when he was working.

He chuckled. "Why waste electricity?"

Later, in the living room, whose furniture included two beautifully turned mahogany lampstands and a coffee table that looked as if it had come from one of our finest showrooms, all three Clunk-made, somebody told Joe he was wonderful.

He frowned, and drummed his stubby fingers on the arms of his chair. "If you haven't much brains, people say, 'Oh, well, poor fellow, he's blind'—as if blindness itself ever made a man a dim-wit. Or if you get along pretty well, they say, 'Gosh, isn't he wonderful!' Chances are he's just a guy who's happy doing as many things as his neighbor, even if he can't always do the *same* things.

"Wonderful!" he repeated. "That's the worst part of being physically blind."

Joe always makes a point of this distinction. Years ago an associate heard him tell a distinguished Canadian audience that the world was divided into two kinds of people—the physically blind and the mentally blind. Lately this associate, who had been rather shocked at the time, asked Clunk if he still felt the same way.

"No," said Joe Clunk, "I've grown mellower. All I would say nowadays is 'Thank God I am only physically blind.' "

Joe Clunk considers Canada's program for the blind years ahead of our own. Next week's installment tells what we can learn from it

Next Week

CHAMPIONS FOR SALE
The Mike Jacobs Story By Budd Schulberg

Illinois Shakedown:
THE LITTLE GUYS LOSE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Taxes sure are hitting close to home"

"My name is Eugene Young. I live at 111 Muir Avenue, Bardstown, Kentucky.

"I'm mighty proud of my family. In the picture you see only part of it — my wife and me; my sons, Paul, attending college, and John, attending business school; and my married daughter, Eugenia. Then there's another son, Bruce, another daughter, Martha Ann, and Billy Boone, the finest grandson a man ever had. We lost our oldest son, William, in the war.

"Back in the thirties I was a highway worker. Times were tough and jobs were scarce. Remember? Maybe you were out of work for months, as I was.

★ ★ ★

"Then came repeal and I had the good luck to get a distillery job. I've been there ever since — and today I'm warehouse superintendent.

"Looking back, every cent I've earned to take good care of my wife and children for the last 15 years, I've made in the liquor business.

"Today, the thing that's bothering me—and the same's true of my neighbors—is that liquor taxes are getting too high for everybody.

★ ★ ★

"Here's what I mean:

"When you buy a bottle of blended whiskey costing say $3.75 you have to pay $1.56 in Federal Excise Tax. On top of that you have to pay about 50¢ more for other Federal, state and local taxes. That means the total tax bill on every bottle is over $2.00.

"Think of it! . . . *over half of every dollar you pay for $3.75 whiskey goes for taxes!*

"As you and I know, a lot of people can't, or won't, pay such tax-inflated prices for legal whiskey. So what do they do? They buy moonshine whiskey which pays no taxes to anybody —with the result that our Government loses millions in taxes every year.

★ ★ ★

"As I see it, if sky-high taxes cause a drastic shrinkage in the sale of legal alcoholic beverages, you and I—*whether we drink or not*—will have to dig a lot deeper to make up the tax loss.

"What's more, I'd be out of a job—along with a million other men and women who now make a legal and respectable living in the alcoholic beverage business.

"That's why I say, 'Taxes sure are hitting close to home!' . . . *your* home, right along with mine!"

Eugene Young's message is sponsored by the producers and distributors of alcoholic beverages. As citizens and businessmen, we stand for the following aims in your community:

- • • *the encouragement of moderation by word and by example.*
- • • *the licensing of only orderly places of business.*
- • • *the strict observance and enforcement of the law.*

LICENSED BEVERAGE INDUSTRIES, INC.

10 East 40th Street,
New York 16, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Right BODIED!

Not too heavy—

Not too light—

Rum as you like it — dark complexioned, mellow, and mature. Highest quality and finest flavor.

MYERS'S

"Planters' Punch" Brand

JAMAICA RUM
97 Proof

R. U. DELAPENHA & CO., INC.
57 Laight Street, New York, N. Y.
Sole U. S. Distributors

PSORIASIS
(ENEMY OF BEAUTY)
·is my own secret now!

"I can face people without having them pitying me because of cruel, ugly psoriasis scales. I'm really living again—thanks to Siroil."
(Letter on file)

Hundreds of thousands of users have learned that Siroil tends to remove crusts and scales of psoriasis lesions external in character and on outer layer of skin. If lesions recur, light applications will help control them. Siroil does not stain clothing or bed linen. It is offered to you on a two-weeks-satisfaction-or-money-refunded basis. Write for free booklet.
Dept. C-67

SIROIL
AT ALL DRUG STORES

Siroil Laboratories, Inc., Santa Monica, Calif.

Housework Easy Without Nagging Backache

As we get older, stress and strain, over-exertion, excessive smoking or exposure to cold sometimes slows down kidney function. This may lead many folks to complain of nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness.

If your discomforts are due to these causes, don't wait, try Doan's Pills, a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. While these symptoms may often otherwise occur, it's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

AMAZING PAZO ACTS TO
RELIEVE PAIN
OF SIMPLE PILES
INSTANTLY

Speed amazing relief from miseries of simple piles, with soothing Pazo*! Acts to relieve pain and itching *instantly*—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. You get real comforting help. So don't suffer one moment of needless torture from simple piles. Get Pazo for fast, wonderful relief. Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tubes with perforated pile pipe for easy, thorough application.

**Pazo Ointment and Suppositories* ®

The Lovely Night

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

something to do at home; maybe if I don't dress up at all, don't even change my clothes, no one will think I intended to go to the dance at all . . .

Doris and Ginny progressed slowly up the street toward their own homes stopping to turn back and call, "Be ready, now," with much laughter, and, in case someone might be listening, in loud voices, "Honestly, Nat, we can't wait!"

WHEN they were far enough away for her to ignore, safely, their waves and shouts, Natalie turned and hurried down her own street; she was almost late for dinner. Being late would be bad enough if her mother and father minded it; it would be worse if they were gratified, supposing that she was late because she had been having such a gay time with her new friends, the pleasant young people she had met, become close to, so readily in this new high school.

Natalie went into the house. In the dining room, the dinner table was set, her own napkin ring where it had always been, the coffeepot ready to plug in by her mother's place, the carving knife readied for her father. The one quick look she gave her own dinner table effectively dislocated Natalie from Doris and Ginny; it was completely impossible that any girl coming home to dinner at a table like that should have spent the afternoon being frightened, bullied, shamed, by Doris and Ginny.

In the living room Natalie could hear the low voices of her mother and father, waiting for her, waiting for the pleasant dinner that found them nightly around the table together, the three of them beautifully close to one another in love and understanding. Natalie hesitated in the doorway to the living room, waiting for the last echo of Doris' voice to clear out of her head before she spoke to her parents.

"Natalie," her mother said with pleasure, and her father looked up and smiled.

Natalie smiled back. "I'm so *glad* to see you," she said, as though she had not parted from them only that morning.

At dinner, with some hesitation, Natalie told them about the dance. "You see," she said, trying to explain and yet not wanting to identify Doris and Ginny too clearly, not wanting to confess to her mother and father that she was hopelessly entangled with the wrong people. "You see, it's just that I don't know very many people yet, and girls going to a dance alone sounds wrong, somehow."

"Take you myself if I could still dance," her father said.

"He can waltz," her mother confided to Natalie. "He never learned anything else, so far as I know."

"I'd even only waltz," Natalie said earnestly.

"I know exactly what you mean," her mother said. "My mother used to make the boy next door take me. She'd call his mother." Natalie's mother made a rueful face, remembering. "Sometimes he'd try to get out of it," she added, "and we'd hear him arguing with his mother, all the way over at our house."

"Lucky you got me finally," Natalie's father observed.

They can't really see it seriously, Natalie thought without criticism; it's so far back, and so mixed up with everything that's happened to them since, that they've really forgotten. They're trying hard to cheer me up. "But shall I go?" she asked her mother. "What shall I do?"

"Natalie dear," her mother said gently. "If it frightens you, don't go. Don't let these girls, whoever they are, talk you into doing anything you don't really want to do. But just remember this." Natalie's mother put down her coffee cup and leaned toward Natalie. "The only way to be friendly with people is to want to know them. And probably the best way to get to know people is to go where they are. Isn't that true?"

"I suppose," Natalie said, confused; somehow her mother's words had nothing to do with Doris and Ginny.

"And listen to this, too," her mother said. "Perhaps there is some boy, some specially nice boy, who's never noticed you particularly in school, perhaps because he sees you every day in the same old surroundings, or perhaps because you've never done anything to stand out in his mind—oh, any one of a dozen reasons for not noticing a girl particularly. But, then, if that same boy sees you—tonight, for instance—in a different setting, a gayer atmosphere—well." Her mother sat back and spread her hands eloquently.

Natalie's father nodded. "You're a pretty girl," he said to Natalie.

Natalie felt herself blushing. Anyone's mother and father can think she's pretty, she told herself, it doesn't mean anything; but she continued to blush. Her mother laughed.

"The way you describe it," she said, "it can't be much of a dress-up affair. You might wear your new blue sweater. You look very nice in that." . . .

Just as her mother and father were a refuge from Doris and Ginny, and from all the troubles outside, so Natalie's own room was a refuge from her mother and father and their wealth of affection. When Natalie came into her own room after dinner, she sat down at the chair before the desk and told herself over and over, "If it *could* be possible to keep your children from hating growing up, *surely* my mother and father would do it for me."

When she lifted her head, quieted somewhat, and perhaps a little braver, it was twenty to eight; there was only just time to dress and get outside if she hoped to head off Doris and Ginny before they rang her front doorbell. They were, she knew from horrible experience, dismayingly, brutally punctual, not liking to miss a minute of their fun.

She put on the blue sweater her mother had recommended, and combed her hair carefully. Although she did not admit it to herself, her mother's suggestion that someone—some nice boy—might notice her under new circumstances stayed in her mind, and she combed her hair to make it slightly different, almost blushing to herself in the mirror when she remembered her father's odd notion that she was pretty.

As she hurried, at last, down the stairs, her mother was standing at the bottom, waiting for her. Natalie checked herself, embarrassed, and her mother smiled at her. "Chin up," her mother said, and touched Natalie's shoulder lightly.

"Good night, Dad," Natalie said, at the door of the living room.

Her father winked at her and blew her a kiss. "Have a fine time," he said.

Outside, she was barely in time to catch Doris and Ginny before they started up the front walk. "*Honestly*," Doris said. "We really thought you'd back out, didn't we, Ginny?"

"We were all set for an argument," Ginny said. "We were going to keep at you till you came. You didn't dress up much, *did you*?"

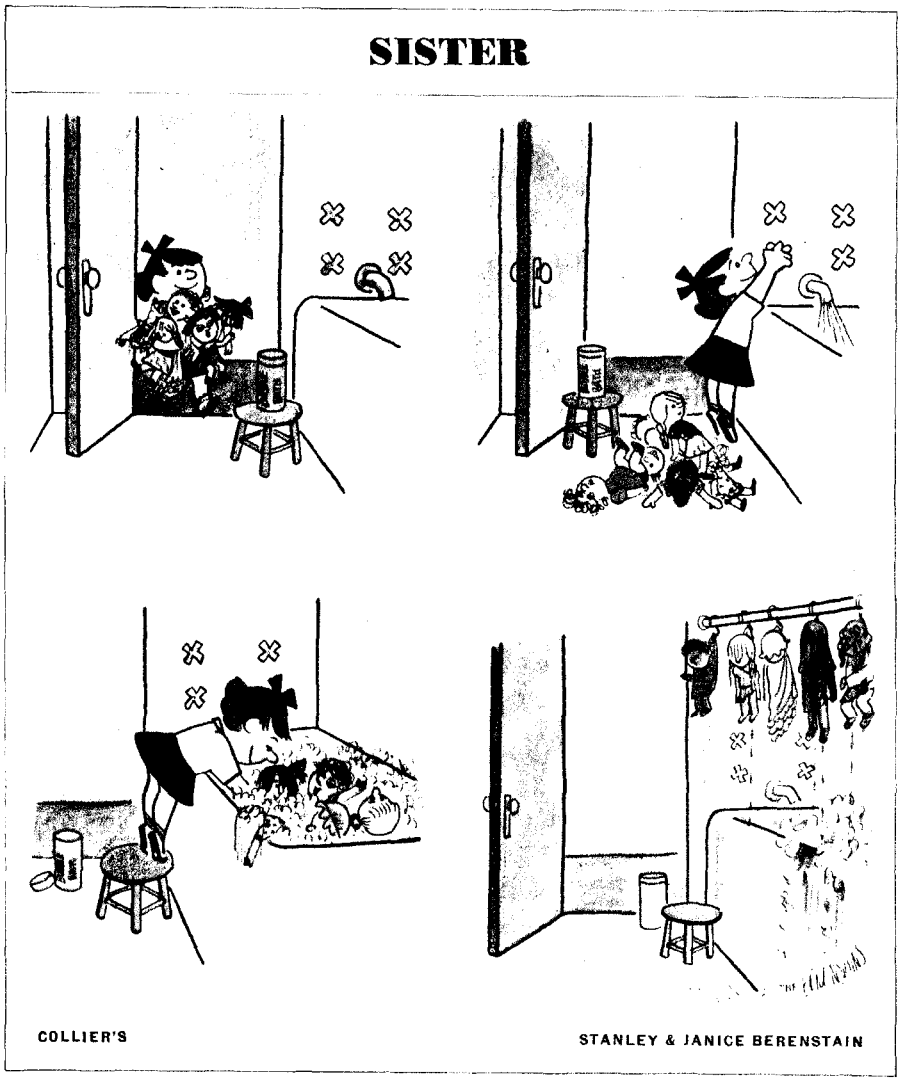
GINNY had chosen to array herself in a sleazy silk dress: Doris was wearing a particularly unfortunate blouse and skirt combination and gaudy costume jewelry. They eyed Natalie and her blue sweater dubiously.

"Listen," Ginny said, "aren't you going to wear anything better than *that*?"

Natalie stopped herself before she spoke; if she wore anything but a school sweater, went all dressed up to the dance, it would look as though—would look, at any rate, very strange if she carried through her now decided plan of leaving them at the door.

"I thought I'd wear this," she said inadequately.

Ginny snickered, but she and Doris were too pleased with themselves to trouble more about Natalie. On the way up to the high



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

school Ginny hummed and did small dance steps on the sidewalk; Doris nudged Natalie and giggled excitedly.

"Place is all lighted up like a Christmas tree," Ginny observed as they came in sight of the high school. . . .

Natalie was staring at the high school; it was so familiar to her in its everyday aspect that seeing it by night was a shock. Instead of being dark and forsaken, the way it should be when classes were over and all the students gone, it was lighted and noisy. The lights from the windows of the gym shone onto the lawns and the sidewalks; the only dark windows she could see were on the second floor, in rooms she knew so well, where she read Shakespeare and fumbled her algebra, and pounded doggedly away at French.

It was like her first day at the high school, Natalie thought, when she had come timidly up the walk, longing to be back in the safe small class at Miss Lang's, desperately afraid of these knowledgeable boys and girls who walked so assuredly along the halls. I won't go in, she told herself tonight, as she had told herself the month before when she'd come for the first time: I'll tell them I don't feel well and have to go home, or I'll wait till no one's looking and just run.

As she had done a month before, however, so she did tonight. She walked with fear up to the doors and inside. This time, with Doris on one side and Ginny on the other, she had no choice. Her first impression was that all the lights for basketball games, for gym classes, for special performances, were on and that everyone, the whole roomful of people, was laughing at her.

"See?" Doris said, so loudly that Natalie cringed. "See, it's just a regular dance. You'll love it, honestly."

"It's fun." Ginny squeezed Natalie's arm on the other side. "Let's look around first and see who's here," she said to Doris.

Arm in arm, the three of them made their uneasy way around the outside of the gym floor. Natalie, hardly looking to right or left, was sure by what she saw from the corners of her eyes that she was being stared at with smiles and snickers. It's your imagination, she told herself fiercely, you always think people are staring at you when you feel uncomfortable. No one's even noticed you.

DORIS and Ginny, giggling, pushing their way, sometimes pinching Natalie in their excitement, were carrying on their usual loud conversation.

"It's a swell dance," Doris announced, apparently for the benefit of the entire assembly.

"There's Helen Rockwood," Ginny announced. "Dancing with John Grover. She's in our English class, Nat. See her?"

Still out of the corner of her eye, Natalie saw a laughing face turned to her, a blue sweater much like her own. Helen was certainly laughing at her, and Helen's partner was laughing, too.

They came closer, and Helen said, still laughing, "Hi, Natalie."

Miserably, without lifting her head, Natalie said, "Hello."

"Come on," Doris said jubilantly to Natalie. "You want to dance?"

If anything could have increased Natalie's misery, it was the realization that in Doris and Ginny's group, the girls danced with one another. It was something that Natalie had dimly known from the moment they had suggested the dance, but the thought of moving out onto the dance floor with Doris, under the eyes of Helen Rockwood and the others, made Natalie shiver.

"Not now," she said confusedly. "I don't think I want to dance, not right away."

Doris shrugged and laughed, and she and Ginny went out onto the floor together. Natalie stood alone by the wall, wishing she did not now have to go halfway around the gym to get to the door and the welcome darkness outside. After a few minutes, when no one came near her or spoke to her, she gathered courage to look up at the dancers, and saw with surprise that no one was staring at her, or laughing; they were all completely and satisfactorily intent on their own business.

She could follow the course of Doris and Ginny around the dance floor, partly by watching for Doris' showy blouse, partly by the little wake of confusion they left behind them. Wherever they had passed through the crowd of people dancing, there were stares and laughter, occasionally an expression of annoyance from a couple Doris and Ginny had blundered into, a general murmur of comment. None of it seemed to have any perceptible effect on Doris and Ginny: they moved on, apparently oblivious of the quality of attention they drew, talking loudly and swinging each other around in wild gaiety.

But don't they *know?* Natalie thought, watching them across the room. She was so far separated from them now, she could see them for a minute divorced from herself and they seemed to her infinitely pathetic: a large clumsy girl and a small noisy girl who were attracting unpleasant attention to themselves because they so terribly, desperately wanted attention of any kind, secured in any manner—anything at all, if it could save them from being forgotten or overlooked. Why? Natalie thought, not aware that she saw them clearly, apart from her own fear, for the first time; they're not unkind or mean or anything—all they want is for someone to *notice* them.

SHE was suddenly overwhelmed with the weight of Doris and Ginny as they swung into her and against the wall.

"Come on, Nat," Doris said breathlessly.

Natalie shook her head. "Maybe later."

Then, as they moved away again, she was acutely aware of standing alone. She glanced quickly around the gym and could not see any other girl standing by herself, although across the hall there was a group of boys, laughing and talking with great gestures, their backs to the dancers.

If only one of *them* would come and ask me to dance, Natalie thought, and then the idea of being spoken to by a stranger filled her with fear again, and she looked pointedly away from the group of boys, praying that none of them had noticed her glancing toward them, and hoping that no one at all, ever, under *any* circumstances, would think that *she* wanted to dance. She felt herself putting on a look of disdain, of indifference toward the dance and the dancers—the look of someone who would never dream of dancing at a dance—and would have laughed at herself if she had not been so miserable.

A boy passed her, a boy she remembered slightly, although in her panic she could not remember in which class she had seen him; he was coming directly toward her, with a determined look on his face, and for a dreadful moment it seemed that he might speak to her. When at the last minute he turned and stopped a couple dancing near her, Natalie was first filled with relief and then with anger. He *could* have asked me, she thought; after all, it's only common politeness to ask a girl who's not dancing. Doesn't he think I came here to dance? She dropped her look of disdain and put on a smile of interest, as of a girl who was a really good dancer, and was only resting between partners. Then she realized that her smile was directed at the boy who had come near her, and she canceled the smile, and frowned fiercely instead.

Doris and Ginny came close to her again, and Doris waved and Ginny pointed significantly at the floor, asking if Natalie wanted to dance; Natalie, relieved that they did not shout at her, shook her head violently, and she could see Ginny shrug, and hear her voice beginning, "Some people—"

When she glanced, as though in meditation, at the big clock at the end of the gym, Natalie was shocked to find that it was nine thirty. She had been at the dance for over an hour. What does everyone think of me, she wondered, seeing me stand here all by myself all this time.

It was too much, and she fled; behind her she heard Ginny's voice calling out, "Nat, where you going?" and she ducked into the first place she could find, which was the girls' room. There, in this room to which the girls flocked after gym class, she found a refuge: it was, somehow, a link with the world she had partly conquered the first day she took a deep breath and walked into the school, and where (studying Shakespeare, worrying away at algebra) she could at least hold her own.

WRETCHEDLY she sat on the window sill, and wondered what to do. Doris and Ginny were not going to let her step out quietly. It was impossible to get across the gym and outside without their seeing her, and Natalie knew that she didn't have the courage necessary to resist them, with everyone in the gym watching their antics.

She turned her head quickly to the window when the door opened, and saw in the glass the reflection of Helen Rockwood, who, after a brief glance at Natalie, turned to the mirror with her comb. "Hi," Natalie said into the window.

Helen glanced around. "Having a good time?"

"Wonderful," Natalie said.

Helen turned to face Natalie, as though she had come to a sudden decision. Her voice was curious, but not unkind, when she said, "How come you're here with those"—she hesitated—"those girls?" she finished finally.

Natalie wanted to say, "Because no one else asked me," but what she actually said was, "I don't know."

"It's not my affair, of course," Helen said. "I know you're new around here, and maybe—" She finished, this time, with a helpless gesture.

"It's hard to make friends in a new place," Natalie said. She wanted to say more, but did not dare to.

"I know," Helen said. She turned again to the mirror and began to apply her lipstick. "I was new here last year," she added.

She smiled at Natalie in the mirror, slipped her lipstick and comb into her pocket, and said, "Have a nice time, anyway," before she went to the door and out again, leaving Natalie alone.

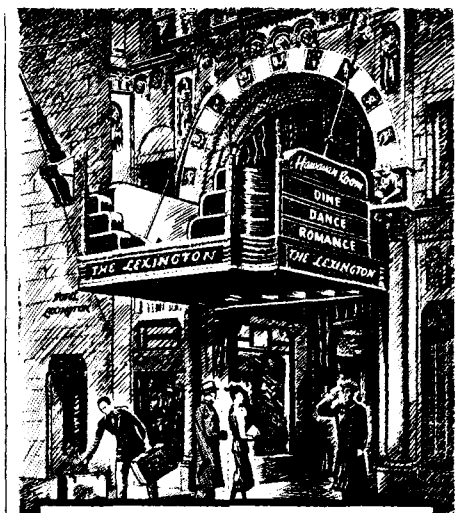
For a minute Natalie sat perfectly still, wondering what Helen had perhaps wanted to say and, like Natalie, had not dared. And, suddenly, it all fell into place—what her mother had meant, telling her about the boy next door, what her father had tried to say, actually, when he could only manage to tell her she was pretty, what Helen meant by saying it wasn't *her* affair, she had been new herself last year.

I've got to do it by myself, Natalie thought, surprised when she heard herself speak aloud; it's no good waiting for other people to take care of me—I've got to do it myself. Everyone else is too busy taking care of himself.

She did not know yet what she was going to do, but she stood up with determination, and went over to the mirror and combed her hair and put on lipstick just as Helen Rockwood had done. Then, boldly, her hair newly combed, she opened the door of the girls' room and stepped out. She was no longer part of the dance, neither desiring nor fearing partners, and she looked around unafraid; everyone seemed to be having a good time, she noticed, and those two unfortunate girls were still creating a stir wherever they went.

Mr. Brandt, the chemistry teacher, was dancing with a pretty young woman who was probably his new wife; the chemistry class had greeted him with a cheer when he came back to school after his honeymoon. Helen Rockwood went by, in the blue sweater so much like Natalie's own, and she smiled and Natalie smiled back. There was a boy standing with his back to her, leaning against the wall not ten feet away. He was watching the dancers as though he had stopped momentarily and was resting for a minute before dancing again.

Resolutely Natalie walked over to him and touched his arm. He turned and Nata-



HOME OF THE Hawaiian Room

The Perennially Popular
NEW YORK ADDRESS
Hotel Lexington
CHARLES E. ROCHESTER, President
George W. Miller, Resident Manager
LEXINGTON AVENUE AT 48th ST., N.Y.C. 17

Cushman MOTOR SCOOTER
Carries extra passenger or 100-lb. load.
75 MILES PER GAL.

Amazingly economical!—own, operate and maintain it for **less than ¾c a mile!**
Even more impressive is Cushman's advantage in traffic—its ease of handling, fast getaway, its ability to slip in and out of narrow places. You get there quicker and easier—then, you park anywhere! Wonderful for getting to work, school, market—doing errands, making deliveries. Dependable, safe, comfortable.
See your Cushman dealer for free demonstration. Or, **mail card to Dept. L4 for Free Folder.**
Rider Agent Plan Available
CUSHMAN MOTOR WORKS Inc.
LINCOLN, NEBRASKA, U.S.A.

GUARANTEED for the life of your car*

BOWERS
Flight Engineered
Spark Plug
$1.50 EACH costs less in the long run
World's Finest Spark Plug
*while owned by original purchaser of plugs
BOWERS BATTERY & SPARK PLUG CO.
Reading, Pennsylvania

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lie said, without looking to see if he were surprised or not, "I want to ask a favor of you, please. Will you walk with me as far as the door? I want to go home."

He did not speak, and Natalie realized that she had undoubtedly surprised him. "I know it sounds silly," she said, her voice weakening, "but it's important to me. If you wouldn't mind."

"Of course not," he said. Natalie saw with relief that he had been recollecting his manners, that even if he would never think of asking her to dance, his mother had certainly taught him not to be rude. For some reason Natalie felt a swift thankful joy for her own mother, and then she said, "Please, can we go right now?"

"Of course," he said, and with solemn formality offered her his arm.

Just as solemnly, Natalie put her hand through his arm, and they walked sedately toward the door at the farther end. Natalie felt that if she tried to speak, she would spoil her enormous dignity with a giggle, and perhaps the strange boy felt the same way, because they walked in strict, careful silence along the aisle between the dancers and the wall; once a dancing couple blundered into them, and Natalie's escort moved her out of the way, nodding at the excuse offered by the dancers.

Again, someone waved at him and called, and he waved back, and for a minute Natalie was afraid that he might abandon her, but he walked on beside her.

THEY had nearly reached the door when Natalie found Doris and Ginny standing in front of them; Doris looked sullen and angry, Ginny had her hands on her hips, and she looked Natalie and her escort up and down, and said, "Pretty quick to snub her old friends, isn't she?"

"*Some* people," Doris agreed. "Of *all* the nerve!"

It's a dragon on the road, Natalie thought hysterically—can my knight get me past? He had stopped, and looked from Natalie to Doris and Ginny in confusion.

"Listen here," Ginny began shrewishly, "if you think—"

She was cut off, suddenly, by Helen Rockwood and her partner, who swept quickly between Natalie and Doris and Ginny, and Helen took Natalie by the arm. "You two leaving so early?" Helen said; her glance included the knight as well as Natalie. "Do you really have to go, Natalie?"

"Yes, I have to go home," Natalie said; she was incapable of saying more.

Helen turned and made an elaborate display of looking at the clock.

"You're probably right," she said. "I have to go pretty soon myself." Doris' "Well, of *all* things," and Ginny's "Some people think they're pretty smart," were lost before Helen's voice.

At the door, Helen's smile touched Natalie quickly and Natalie smiled back.

"Good night, Natalie," Helen said politely.

"Good night, Helen," Natalie said politely. She walked out through the door, accompanied by the strange boy. Once outside, she released the arm she had been clinging to, and said weakly, "Thank you very much."

He glanced back at the lighted doorway and then at Natalie, hesitated, and then said, "I better come a little farther with you. It's pretty late."

Bless his mother, Natalie thought, and almost laughed. "No, thanks," she said. "I only needed to get across the gym. I don't want to keep you from the dance."

"That's all right," he said. "I think I ought to take you home. It's pretty late."

He's going to go on saying that, Natalie thought, until he manages to think of something else to say. It made her feel more assured to know that he was conversationally helpless, so she said, "Thank you," and they turned and began to walk down the path. Natalie debated briefly whether to tell him about Doris and Ginny, decided it was not really important, after all, and finally said pleasantly, "Are you in my French class?"

"I think so," the boy said. "You're Natalie Waite, aren't you?"

"Yes." She was absurdly pleased to recall that the French class—formerly one of her greater terrors—met three times a week.

"I'm Bob Lennox," he said.

Natalie placed him immediately; he sat in the middle row, usually, and his French was almost as weak as hers.

"Irregular verbs," she said, and shuddered.

"Golly," he said, and they both laughed.

They turned the corner and Natalie could see the lights in the living room of her own house. Her mother and father were still up waiting for her, to see what kind of a time she had had. When they came to her house, she was going to invite Bob in, and she knew already that he would accept, politely and awkwardly. Her mother and father would like him, Natalie thought.

Walking along in the pleasant darkness, with the sound of his footsteps echoing hers, Natalie rehearsed happily their entrance into the house.

"Mother, Dad," she was going to say, "I want you to meet Bob Lennox. A friend of mine."

THE END

CLANCY

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Feels Years Younger

"Sleepless nights due to caffein in coffee had me feeling like an *old woman*—till I switched to POSTUM. Now, with 8 hours sleep every night, I feel — and look — *years* younger!

SCIENTIFIC FACTS: Both coffee and tea contain caffein. So, while many people can drink them without harm—others, *caffein-susceptibles*, suffer nervousness, indigestion, sleepless nights. POSTUM contains no caffein—*nothing that can possibly keep you awake!*

MAKE THIS TEST: Buy INSTANT POSTUM today—drink it exclusively for 30 days—*judge by results!* . . . INSTANT POSTUM—A Vigorous Drink made from Healthful Wheat and Bran. A Product of General Foods.

Everest & Jennings
Folding
WHEEL CHAIRS

LIGHT, STRONG,
FULL SIZED CHAIRS
FOLDS TO 10 INCHES

Ideal for travel, work, play. Beautifully designed and chrome plated. Try it and you'll buy it.

Manufacturers of WING Folding Crutches
See your dealer or write
EVEREST & JENNINGS Dept. 65
761 N. Highland Ave., Los Angeles 38, Cal.

Don't Suffer CONSTIPATION

Try This MODERN Way

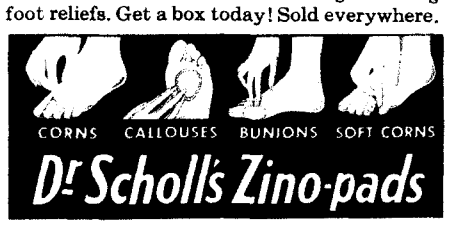
Jad Salts® *flush* food waste, actually wash out your lower bowel by bringing extra, needed fluids to soften the dry, hardened area. Jad Salts work so *gently*, the way nature intended, that you will enjoy the complete bowel movement they give. Jad Salts are alkaline, *reduce excess stomach* acidity as they make bowels move again. So for a smooth, thorough, comfortable aid to regular bowel movements, take Jad Salts, the *modern* way to relieve constipation.

NOW!
FASTEST RELIEF FOR
CORNS

CALLOUSES • SORE TOES • BUNIONS TENDER SPOTS

1. **Instantly Allays Pain — No Faster Relief Possible This Easy Way . . .**
2. **Quickest Corn and Callous Removing Action Known to Medical Science . . .**
3. **The Only Method That Stops Corns, Callouses Before They Can Develop.**

Super-Soft Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads instantly stop painful shoe friction and lift pressure. Applied at first sign of sore toes from new or tight shoes, these soft-as-down, soothing, cushioning, protective pads stop corns *before* they can develop. And no corn or callous removing action is faster than Dr. Scholl's. Insist on Dr. Scholl's—world's largest selling foot reliefs. Get a box today! Sold everywhere.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mountain Crossing

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

Mr. Macgregor's apparent confidence. Jim Deerfield grinned at the watching, scowling Indian.

"Howdy," he said, holding his clasp knife up and slowly closing the blade. "Broken Jaw. Great Blackfoot chief. Howdy."

The Indian scowled more darkly, stabbing a finger at Mr. Macgregor, who seemed to feel this called for more spit and so managed again.

"What man, Folding Knife?" the Blackfoot demanded. "Him smell of Company!"

The Indian was too hostile for dissembling. Deerfield grinned again. "Broken Jaw has big nose," he conceded.

Mr. Macgregor shot a quick glance at Deerfield. The Indian raised his arm in signal. The rest of the party loped up, eager in their hostility, pressing in close on either side of Deerfield and his companion. The Company man was sweating. Mr. Macgregor dropped one hand automatically to his pistol as a Blackfoot slammed arrogantly alongside of him bruising his leg against his saddle skirt.

DEERFIELD stopped the reach for the gun with a look. "We'll get a lot of that," he said quickly. "Take it. They won't understand a man as big as you taking a prodding. Got to keep 'em puzzled."

He turned to Broken Jaw, indicating Mr. Macgregor.

"New factor for Fort Dessalines," he said.

Mr. Macgregor grunted like he'd been struck by an arrow.

"Deerfield, you crazy?" he protested angrily.

Deerfield did not turn his head, too busy watching Broken Jaw. A man had to gamble often in mountain country, usually with his own life but sometimes with the lives of others. The trick was to stay alive, and it didn't much matter how you did it. Right now, Mr. Macgregor would do better to keep his mouth closed.

"Shut up!" Deerfield told the Company man over his shoulder. And to the Indian facing him he said, "Macgregor. Big Company chief. He come to talk for Company. Can Broken Jaw talk for the Blackfeet?"

"No talk!" the Indian growled. "Blackfeet kill. You bring Company man here. Kill Folding Knife too!"

"Damn you, Deerfield!" Mr. Macgregor cut in tensely. "These beggars know you. That's why you were hired to guide me. Tell them I'm your partner—that we're trappers—"

"You look like a trapper?" Deerfield snapped. "This ain't no time to lie. Let me do the talking!"

A pair of Blackfeet reined in close to Mr. Macgregor. Deerfield rested his hands on the low pommel before him and looked steadily at the Blackfoot chief.

"Kill?" he said scornfully. "Crazy talk! We don't run. Our hands are empty. We aren't afraid. Why? Maybe we bring big medicine. The Blackfeet kill that, too?"

"All Company medicine bad. We kill. Blackfeet not fear white man. Blackfeet great tribe."

A number of Indians pressed forward, some of them now even closing in on Deerfield, who had lifted his share of Blackfoot scalps with his clasp knife in seasons past and had made the name of Folding Knife respected if not feared. This was a dangerous moment and, if survived, likely to give way only to another. Lances and war hammers were ready. A sudden surge of unpredictable Indian anger, a pair of swift strokes, and the Company would have lost a new factor who might accomplish some good at Fort Dessalines. What was more important in this instant, Jim Deerfield would have lost his life. Moments like this made men old before their time. Deerfield thought briefly of his own shock of white hair.

"I hear Broken Jaw," he said quietly. "But he doesn't answer me. Does he speak for the Blackfeet?"

The scar-faced Indian stared a moment longer, then swung to his men, repeating Deerfield's question. His answer was a yell of assent. Broken Jaw turned back to Deerfield with satisfaction, but Deerfield continued to grin.

"I hear forty voices," he said evenly. "Young men, without wisdom. And only forty of them. Are these the Blackfeet, numberless as the buffalo? Are the wise old men of the council dead? Are there no lodges left in the hills? Are these forty all that remain of the greatest nation in the mountains? Or could it be that Broken Jaw speaks only for these, and not for all of his people?"

Anger darkened the Indian's face. He swung his arm in a gesture which embraced the horizon from east to west.

"Blackfoot nation," he said proudly. "Blackfoot land. Many lodges, many warriors, many wise old men. Broken Jaw great chief. Speak for all!"

Deerfield rose unhurriedly in his stirrups and peered at the sky line embraced by the Indian's gesture as though searching carefully, then settled back in his saddle.

"Folding Knife sees many words but only forty Blackfeet."

Broken Jaw grunted an ejaculation in his own tongue, following it with a swift order. The Blackfeet swarmed against Deerfield and his companion, disarming them. Their ponies were crowded into the center of the Indian party and thus surrounded they started on up the valley. Mr. Macgregor scowled at Deerfield.

"How do we get out of this?" he demanded. "Might as well know it, Deerfield. We ever get to the post, I'm reporting you to headquarters. You've drawn your last dollar of Company pay!"

"Maybe we both have," Deerfield said imperturbably. "These devils get stirred up enough to attack Dessalines and even a message to headquarters won't get through. You pull in your horns!"

"Sit back and listen to you trade your skin for mine?" Mr. Macgregor snapped. "Think I don't know why you identified me to these red dogs?"

"I didn't tell Broken Jaw anything he didn't already know," Deerfield said. "He claimed you smelled of Company. Reckon you do. You rile too easy. We ain't dead yet. And you're liable to be the first man the Company has had out here ever to see the main Blackfoot encampment."

Mr. Macgregor fell into sullen silence. Deerfield let him be. There were plenty of men in the mountains, red and white, who could tell him old Jim Deerfield was a shrewd trader when it came to handling Indians. There were a few others who knew old Jim would never trade another's hide for his own until the last dog was hung. These were things Mr. Macgregor would have to learn for himself. They might make a tolerable buckskin man out of him. If he lived to run a Company post in Blackfoot country, he was going to have to learn to hear mountain talk—all of it.

TWICE in the next hour, during which the Blackfeet moved steadily away from Going-to-the-Sun Pass, by which Deerfield and the factor had entered their country, Deerfield made an attempt to draw Broken Jaw into further talk. Both times the Indian had him summarily moved back into the center of the company under close if not apparent guard. It wasn't good. Deerfield was troubled. He had meant to sting Broken Jaw's pride enough to be escorted back to the main Blackfoot camp on the valid theory that postponement of the inevitable among Indians reduced its inevitability to a considerable degree.

But he didn't want the chief's personal enmity. Deerfield knew the scarred man at the head of this party was the strongest

FOOT PALS
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

IT'S Brushed leather
IT'S Admiral blue

$10.95 and higher

Admiral blue brushed leather with matching lizard print trim

IT'S THE Strikingly Smart BOND STREET

WALL-STREETER SHOE CO. • North Adams, Mass.

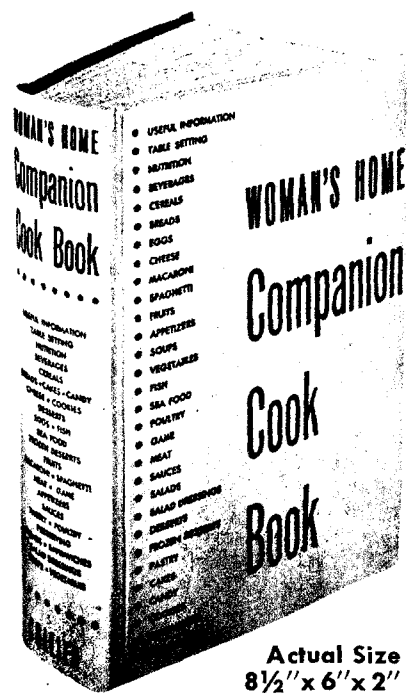
1,000,000 WOMEN Can't Be Wrong!

Yes, that is the number of copies of the *Woman's Home Companion Cook Book* that are constantly being used by housewives and Home Economics Teachers happy with their "Queen of Cook Books."

A Constant Kitchen Companion

This Encyclopedia of Cooking contains more than 2,600 recipes, each one tested at least three times in the *Woman's Home Companion Home Service Center* before it was included in this giant volume.

1,000 pages of easy-to-follow recipes, beautifully and profusely illustrated with hundreds of photographs of actual specimens of kitchen artistry. A comprehensive index saves precious time for the housewife.



Actual Size
8½"x 6"x 2"

The cream-colored moistureproof Du Pont Fabrikoid binding, designed for long wear in the kitchen, resists water and grease, making it ideal for looking while cooking.

ADD NEW VARIETY TO YOUR MEALS

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

The Woman's Home Companion Cook Book
Crowell-Collier Building, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of the "WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION COOK BOOK" for a Week's Examination ON APPROVAL. If I decide to keep it, I will send you $1.80 and $1.00 each month until the total price of $3.80 plus a few cents postage is paid. Otherwise, I will return the book at the end of one week and pay nothing.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

CO-7

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

voice in the Blackfoot council, on whom the tribe counted to drive the Company from these hills. And he needed Broken Jaw's willing ear to work the medicine he hoped to make out of Mr. Macgregor's presence among the Blackfoot lodges.

At midmorning the Indians halted to water their horses in a little park divided by a small stream which wandered through the ruins of a dozen beaver dams. Each dike had a gaping hole cut through its center, and on the timber ends exposed in each the marks of axes were plainly visible. The ponds had been so recently drained that the mud of their bottoms had not yet caked. The domed roof of each beaver lodge had been hacked open. The Indians milled about a stand of saplings to one side, gesticulating angrily, attention momentarily diverted from their prisoners.

Mr. Macgregor looked at the pleasant meadow stretching before them and the thick cover of the timber beyond it. His hand slid down to caress the neck of his pony and his eyes turned to Deerfield in a reckless plea. Knowing his own inability to outride a Blackfoot even in familiar country, Deerfield had no need to wonder what Mr. Macgregor's chances would be. Deerfield shook his head and gestured toward the Indians. The Company man's lips flattened unpleasantly, but when Deerfield rode toward the Blackfeet, he followed.

The carcasses of more than fifty beaver hung from the saplings where the Indians had gathered. Mature animals and young dug from the exposed lodges, skinned and left to rot. As Mr. Macgregor rode up, some of the Blackfeet reined about and made threatening passes at him, restrained only by Broken Jaw's sullen eyes.

MR. MACGREGOR watched the Indians warily, but the hanging carcasses also drew his attention. His study of them was impersonal, professional in its thoroughness. He hiked around in his saddle to survey again the meadow and the drained ponds. "Every beaver in the stream!" he said to Deerfield. "Didn't leave a pelt alive. This park's ruined. Beaver'd never come back in here. Who did it?"

"We're about twenty miles from Fort Dessalines," Deerfield answered.

"Company hunters?" Mr. Macgregor grunted incredulously. "They know better! Where'd next year's catch come from after this? Drifters, more likely. So-called free trappers. Pelt pirates—your kind, Deerfield."

Deerfield let this go in deference to the Company man's sincerity. There was so much for him to learn.

"Tails are still on the carcasses," he pointed out. "A mountain man knows beaver tail's the best eating he'll ever get. No independent outfit would have left that meat."

"Indians, then—in a hurry to trade—"

Deerfield tilted his head toward the angry Blackfeet. "Look like they had anything to do with this?"

Mr. Macgregor looked back at the beaver carcasses, rather than at the Indians, for the moment ignoring one for the other. "Like to get my hands on the bunch that did this!" he muttered with angry proprietorship.

Deerfield was growing increasingly uneasy, but his companion's aroused commercialism wryly amused him. He might not live long, but the Company's new man for Fort Dessalines knew a dollar in trade when he saw it wasted.

"The Blackfeet figure they've got one of the bunch," Deerfield said. "A Company man—you. Watch yourself. Stumbling on this hasn't done us any good!"

A moment later Broken Jaw grunted a command. Indians drove between Deerfield and Mr. Macgregor, separating them and preventing further talk. The party rode grimly out of the little park, bearing still northward. . . .

Toward evening Deerfield caught the scent of smoke on the evening wind, a scent which told him much. He tensed, watching the Indians closely. Presently one of them reined up with a sharp exclamation. All halted for a moment, then lashed at their ponies, turning upslope into the timber.

Deerfield could have described with fair accuracy beforehand what they found in a little clearing into which they rode a few minutes later. The old, weather-stiffened buffalo hides of an Indian lodge covering had an odor of their own when set afire and he had recognized it at once. Mr. Macgregor, however, was not prepared for the scene which faced them. His lips whitened with shock, his pallor emphasizing strong lines and the cragginess of features which were deceptively stolid in repose.

THIS had been the summer camp of a single Blackfoot family. The Indians lay as they had fallen in the midst of afternoon tasks. All had been shot, cut down by the small-bore bullets of good rifles, not by the huge slugs fired by the trade muskets common in the mountains. And there were skinning knives with bloodstains on them, crude frames for stretching beaver carcasses and other evidence that a large cache of furs had been in the camp although not a single pelt now remained. It had been a sudden and merciless strike, over before its victims could be aware of what was happening.

The Indians in Broken Jaw's party grew malevolently silent. Jim Deerfield could feel the wet film of sweat under his buckskins. A man set his plans with whatever he had to work with at the moment necessity was thrust on him. He played shrewdness and knowledge to the limit of their worth. And if he had gods, he spoke earnestly to them. Sometimes these things were sufficient. If they were not—well, men died in the mountains the same as elsewhere, just with a little more frequency and unpleasantly more violence.

Deerfield had counted on showing Mr. Macgregor a mild argument or two on the way into the main Blackfoot village in case the new factor for Dessalines was stubborn over the concessions which would be the least the Blackfeet would demand for their prisoners' lives. But the ruined beaver stream had been more than enough. This gutted camp was too much. It crowded their already thin luck too far. No concessions could square this with the Blackfeet.

Deerfield turned to Mr. Macgregor, wondering if the Company man understood their chances, now. The man seemed completely unaware of the portentous silence among the Blackfeet about him. His eyes were on the dead Indians sprawled in the little camp. His face was ashen.

"Who?" he muttered thickly. "Deerfield, for the love of God, who—?"

Deerfield pointed wordlessly to the fresh imprint of a rifle butt in the torn earth almost at the feet of Mr. Macgregor's horse. The ornate monogram of the Company, engraved in the steel butt plate of a weapon, had been clearly stamped into the dirt. Mr. Macgregor looked up at Deerfield with stricken eyes.

"Dessalines keeps a higher quota of prime plew rolling into Company headquarters than any other post," Deerfield said. "A factor can get to taking pride in that kind of thing and there's only two ways of getting top trade out of the Blackfoot country."

"This—this is one of them?"

"The quickest, I reckon," Jim Deerfield agreed. "This and trapping out creeks the way that one this morning was trapped out. The other way is to leave the trapping to the Blackfeet and it ain't so practical. When game's scarce, they hunt food; when war's on, they fight. Only trap betweentimes. Makes the take in furs kind of unreliable."

Mr. Macgregor glanced unwillingly at the dead Indians and back at Deerfield again. He indicated Broken Jaw and the stony-faced, silent warriors about him.

"Won't give us much chance, now, will they?" he asked thinly.

Deerfield shook his head. "Working themselves up by holding themselves in. Letting us have our palaver out, hoping we'll decide to risk something. They'd like that."

Mr. Macgregor wet his lips again.

"Put up a fight when they jump," Deerfield said. "Quicker, that way." Then, because talk passed time which would otherwise be intolerably motionless, he said, "Back a ways I figured you could make a deal. Figured I could get them to listen to you—" The thought faded off as he realized that whatever he might have done, he could not now produce any proof that Mr. Macgregor spoke from the heart; the Indians would not believe him. Even out of his long experience with the horse tribes he could find nothing which would make Broken Jaw listen seriously for a moment to any Company man.

Mr. Macgregor kept his glance averted from the Indians facing them. Deerfield felt tension mounting to an intolerable level within his own body; the Blackfeet wanted him to be tense. Suddenly Mr. Macgregor shifted in his saddle.

"Oh, my God!" he said thinly and indistinctly. Deerfield turned.

The Company man leaned awkwardly far out in his seat. He choked. His body shook. He retched violently and was very sick on the ground. The Indians watched in apparently unmoved silence for the paroxysm to pass, but Deerfield sensed unwilling change in them and he felt the rise of a stubborn hope which had never been quite dead.

Mr. Macgregor was a big man. He was brave enough for even the Blackfeet, for he had shown little fear in the face of their hostility. And he traveled in the company of the respected mountain man known as Folding Knife. This sickness therefore was not the nervous stomach of the weakling and the coward facing death. The big Company chief had looked once too often at the broken remains of the dead Indians in this camp. His was the same sickness as that in their own hearts. This was the unwilling thinking of the Blackfeet. Deerfield would not let himself go beyond it. He spoke swiftly, before it could fade.

"This Company man is different from the others!" he said loudly in the Blackfoot tongue. It was all he could do. The rest depended tenuously upon Mr. Macgregor.

The new factor presently raised his head and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. His eyes passed slowly across the faces of the waiting hostiles. Deerfield saw dawning in him a thing which made it possible for some mountain men to live their lives out among the horse tribes and mingle their blood with them without shame. Mr. Macgregor did not seem to see the leashed, bestial savagery in the Blackfeet. He didn't seem aware of their grotesque heathen paint and the strong musk of their unwashed bodies. He seemed only to see justly angry men. He spoke sharply to Deerfield without taking his eyes from the Indians.

"Talk for me, Jim," he begged. "I want a chance—just a chance. Tell them I've got to get to Dessalines. The place has got to be cleaned out. No more of this." He indicated the destroyed camp without looking at it again. "No more Company killers in these hills if I'm factor. I'll trade only with the Blackfeet, themselves."

DEERFIELD frowned, doubt persisting in spite of Mr. Macgregor's white-faced sincerity. There were some things for which a man could beg and stand on his hind legs. His life was not one of them.

"No good," he said. "If the post fur quota dropped, you wouldn't be factor long. Broken Jaw knows how the Company operates. He'd think of that."

"Tell him!" Mr. Macgregor ordered sharply. "Make him believe me! If he does, he won't let the Company remove me. He'll see I get enough Indian furs. Tell him!"

Deerfield shrugged. One plea would release the waiting lances and arrows as well as another. The end result would be the same. He turned to Broken Jaw with a translation but the Blackfoot held up his hand.

"To fight Company, Broken Jaw learn much Company talk—learn much white man's language. New chief Dessalines speaks good words. We wait, go to post with him. We see. Maybe post no want new chief, make trouble. We see about this too. If new chief no lie, him have plenty Blackfoot fur."

Some of the warriors about Broken Jaw growled angrily but the chief spoke arrogantly to them and they subsided. Deerfield could see that the hostility of the Blackfoot party was beginning to ebb. Mr. Macgregor jumped down from his saddle with visible relief and came around his

COLLIER'S

"Oh, good! This one has a picture we haven't seen very often"

J. S. MACDONALD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pony's head to stand at Deerfield's stirrup, looking up.

"Still aim to head South and winter with Carson at Taos?" he asked.

Deerfield nodded. "I reckon. Kit's invite made me welcome."

"I could use you here, Jim."

"Not if you weren't lying to Broken Jaw."

"Why should I lie?" Mr. Macgregor asked. "What's the post at Dessalines been working—twenty men? Ten to protect the gates and ten to trap. And how many Blackfoot lodges are there in these hills—six or eight hundred? If only a tenth of them trap, I'll ship more plew in the spring than the post ever saw before. And the trails'll be open instead of choked with Blackfoot arrows. That's better'n what we've seen today!"

"For you—for the Blackfeet, too, maybe," Deerfield agreed. "But the free traders that used to work in here on their own—"

"Won't have a chance without a permit from my post," Mr. Macgregor said blandly. "Broken Jaw'll see to that. A man's got to protect his trade."

Mr. Macgregor grinned and lifted a hand to grip Deerfield's warmly. "I could have killed you this morning when I realized you'd led me right to these Indians and told them who I was. I'm grateful now, Jim. You took a hell of a risk with your neck as well as mine, but you showed me how to make peace for the Company up here. I'll be sending a good report East and if you ever need outfitting for a season—"

"Thanks." Deerfield nodded gravely. "Like you said, a man's got to protect his trade; I had to do my job."

Deerfield reined away. Broken Jaw quartered out from his men to stop him.

"This morning Folding Knife bad friend—enemy," the Indian said earnestly. "Bring new Company chief to Blackfoot country. Now Folding Knife brother. Show way to peace and much trade. Folding Knife come back many seasons. Blackfoot lodges always welcome him."

Deerfield automatically touched his balled fist to his forehead. "Blackfeet good friends," he said by ritual. "Remember long time. Good hunting and a light winter."

He set his horse into motion again. When timber screened him, he lifted the animal's pace. It was possible that Mr. Macgregor, unlike other factors before him, would be content with the trade the Blackfeet brought to his post. It was possible that Broken Jaw would be able to restrain younger warriors who would rather lift trade goods from a burned post than haggle for them in exchange for furs. It was possible that there would be peace in the mountains this season and for others to come. But these things were as impossible to predict with certainty as it would have been impossible to convince either Mr. Macgregor or the Blackfoot chief that old Jim Deerfield had brought them together wholly by an error in judgment which had put him in unwilling contact with an Indian party he had been desperately trying to avoid.

Deerfield removed his fur cap and ran blunt fingers through his shock of white hair. He still had his scalp. This alone was important. If every man in the hills, red or white, hung onto his hair, there'd have to be peace. A kind of self-centered way of thinking and maybe a mite ugly, but practical as hell for the mountain country.

He fell to thinking of the miles ahead and figured that with luck he'd reach Kit Carson's post at Taos by first snowfall. THE END

Uncle Funzy and the Burning Tapers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

tragically victimized, while his fork rolled a big ball of spaghetti against his tablespoon. Papa looked up, chewing and frowning.

"Poor Alfonso!" Mama repeated.

"Talk," Papa said impatiently, watching Uncle Funzy gorge himself.

Mama looked heavenward with a quick prayer in her eyes, and said, "Poor Alfonso is lose his job and the landlor' throw him out the house. Joosta think," Mama said with her fork, "throw him out f'couse he's owne on'y three month' rent!" Papa stopped chewing and put his fork down.

"So poor Alfonso," Mama continued, "he's stay with us till he's find another job."

"*Si*," Uncle Funzy said, smiling.

"Patsy, eat," Mama said. "You' spaghetti is getta cold."

FOR a week after that, Papa spoke to nobody. He got up early to go to work, came home late for supper, and then went to Gino's Café across the street and played three sevens and *brische* the rest of the night. We kids, the four of us, stayed out of his way because when he'd got one of those mads on, he was liable to whack you for doing nothing.

Every morning, after we left for school, Uncle Funzy went to the union hall in Manhattan looking for work, and when he came back in the afternoon and Mama asked him about the job situation, he always said the same thing, "Is still slack."

Then he would go into the front room to practice his flute. Now it was an andante in the low register, lugubrious and sostenuto; and then it was a scherzo in the high register, vivacious and sputtering. Uncle Funzy could really make that flute talk.

The first thing Papa did when he came home and heard Uncle Funzy practicing was to shut all the doors between the front room and the kitchen. Hearing the doors slam in rapid succession, Uncle Funzy knew that Papa was home and that supper would soon be served. This was a signal for him to end his practice session, and he always finished up with a double- and triple-tonguing rendition of The Carnival of Venice, making the house echo with an orchestra of trilling tones; and when the Carnival began, Mama always stopped her supper preparations and closed her eyes, listening rapturously and swaying her head with the infectious rhythms.

"Cook, goddemma!" Papa would shout, banging his knife and fork on the table. Papa's contempt for Uncle Funzy, and, for that matter, all musicians, was understandable. Papa was one of those rare Italians: he was tone-deaf. In fact, he was so bad that he couldn't tell a tarantella from a funeral march—unless, behind the band, there was a team of horses pulling a hearse.

The only time he sang was at weddings when he was good and drunk, and then it was always the same two or three notes. It infuriated Mama that he couldn't resolve a musical phrase the way normal people did. Papa always left it hanging. As he approached the end of a song, Mama would begin to apply some body English to it, twisting her body around and down to guide the last note into place, the way Papa does when his *boccie* ball is off course. But the note always came out suspended and flat anyway.

ONE night, about a month after Uncle Funzy moved in with us, Mama said, "Patsy, why you no get Alfonso a job with you?"

"Him?" Papa snorted, pulling off one of his shoes. The Carnival began to start up.

"Even he's skinny, he's strong," Mama said.

"He's no could lift the hook," Papa said.

"Maybe he's could be timekeep'," Mama suggested.

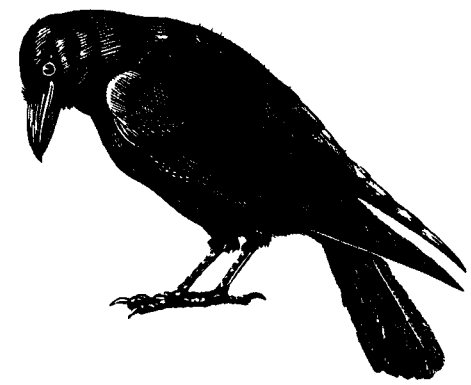
"Salvatore's keep his own time," Papa said.

"I was joosta think—"

THE COVERED WAGONS PAUSE AT CROW'S DISTILLERY

Many a west-bound Forty-Niner stopped to enjoy a bit of Kentucky hospitality at Colonel Crow's little log cabin distillery.

OLD CROW



A TRULY GREAT NAME

Among America's Great Whiskies

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

100 Proof • National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"No think—cook!"

"—if you get Alfonso a job—"

"Cook," Papa said, pulling off his other shoe.

"—then maybe he's move back to New York."

Papa jumped out of his chair. He stared at Mama. He sat down again, shaking his head. He rubbed the tip of his nose with the toe of his shoe, thinking hard. Then he got up again and walked back and forth across the kitchen in his woolen-stocking feet, talking and debating with himself. At last, he stopped in front of Mama and slammed the heel of the shoe into his hand decisively.

"I ask Salvatore tomorrow."

PAPA had a big smile on his face when he came home the following night. He stood in the open doorway, listening to the flute and twirling his hat around his finger, his smile getting bigger and bigger. Mama eagerly wiped her hands on her apron and went to him.

"Is a job for Alfonso?"

"Better," Papa said. He sat down and tilted his chair back like a man who has been dealt an ace, trey and king of trumps in *brische*.

"Better?" Mama asked. "What's better?"

"A wife," Papa said.

"A wife?" Mama said.

"A wife," Papa said.

"Patsy, you craze."

"I'm craze, eh?"

"Alfonso no susport himself."

Papa winked roguishly at Mama. "This one she's susport Alfonso. She's gotta the dowry."

"Who she is?" Mama wanted to know.

"Fortunata," Papa said.

"Fortunata!" Mama was shocked. Fortunata was Salvatore Zucco's sister, about ten years older than Uncle Funzy and about a hundred pounds heavier.

"Me and Salvatore make the match," Papa said, bringing his two forefingers together. "They come here Sunday."

"But she's too fat," Mama objected, blowing out her cheeks and describing a huge circle with her arms. Papa ignored Mama and went on, counting out Fortunata's blessings on his fingers.

His thumb said. "She's a musish; she's study sing'."

His first finger said, "She's gotta five hundred dollar the bank."

His middle finger said, "And when they get marry, Salvatore is give them the basement his house to live."

"Fatty Arbuckolo!" Mama sneered, thinking about Fortunata. "She's all the time eat."

"And all the time work," Papa came right back. "A forelady the candy fattory."

Mama wasn't impressed. "I no like," she said angrily.

"Oh, *you* no like," Papa growled. "Well, I no like you' whole demma family is free-load on me!"

"I no care," Mama said. "Alfonso he's never marry such a woman."

Papa folded his hands behind his head and smiled up at the ceiling. "That's whatch you think," he said. "When you' brother he's hear Fortunata she's gotta five hundred dollar, a house with no rent to pay, a good job, and she's sing—goom-by, Funzy!" . . .

That Sunday, Papa was feeling good. He put on his brown suit with the wide white stripes, and his long green tie that came down below his belt; he shined his pointy brown shoes. After dinner he gave us kids each an extra nickel and handed Nonno a fresh cigar. Nonno and Uncle Funzy went into the front room and soon the house was filled with running flute scales. And Papa smiled.

Mama was stacking the dishes in the china closet and Papa was setting the anisette glasses on the table when he heard the downstairs door open. He rushed to the head of the stairs and shouted down, "Ai, Salvatore—Fortunata!"

"Ai, Patsy!" Salvatore yelled back.

It must have taken them fully five minutes to climb that one flight of stairs because Fortunata had to stop and rest on each step to catch her breath, and, when they finally came in, Fortunata was puffing like she was blowing out candles. Right away Papa slid a chair under her and she sat down, whishing like a stuck balloon. Her arms, which looked like overstuffed balonies, floated away from her sides and gave you the feeling that they were lighter than air; and her chins, all of them, rolled in waves to the shores of her mountainous bosom. Mama looked at her and shook her head.

"Grazie," Fortunata said to Papa, settling in the chair. Just then, as Papa began to uncork the anisette bottle, Uncle Funzy began to play the Carnival. Fortunata listened, nodding her head like a connoisseur. "Alfonso?" she asked.

"Some musish, eh?" Papa said proudly, and turning to Mama in an offhand kind of way, said, "Why you no tell Alfonso we gotta company?"

Mama didn't move.

"Go 'head," Papa said, pushing her toward the front room.

What with the corkscrew in his hand and that crazy look he was beginning to get, Mama went.

The flute playing stopped, and a moment later Mama led Uncle Funzy into the kitchen, carrying the flute under his arm. Seeing all the dressed-up company, he pushed his hair down, but it sprang right back up.

"Alfonso," Papa said, "I want you meet my boss—Salvatore Zucco."

Uncle Funzy stepped forward cavalierly, shook Salvatore's hand with one brusque downward motion, said, *"Tanto piacere,"* and stepped back.

"And his kid sist', Fortunata," Papa said. Fortunata stayed in her chair and put on a smile, inclining her head a little.

Uncle Funzy bowed from the waist, even deeper than they do in the movies, and said, *"Tanto piacere"* to the linoleum.

"Buono!" Papa shouted. "Now how's about a nice glass anisette?"

Fortunata's hand went to her neck. *"Scusi, signore,"* she said to Papa. "But I no drink. The wheesk' is no good my voice."

Papa explained to Uncle Funzy. "She's sing."

"You sing?" Uncle Funzy asked Fortunata, who just sat there shrugging her face into a modest smile. Salvatore looked sharply at his sister and jumped up pounding his fist on the table.

"Whatch you mean she sing?" he shouted at Uncle Funzy. "She's the most best coloratura in the world!"

Papa kissed his fingertips. "Wait you hear!"

"Mock my words, someday she's sing the Metropolita'!" Salvatore said, sitting down and waving his hand toward Canarsie. Uncle Funzy worshiped at the Metropolitan Opera shrine, and just at the mention of the place, his eyes lighted up like votive candles. "Sing for him, Fortunata," Salvatore said, as though he were ordering a longshoreman to lift a bag of beans.

"Now?" Fortunata asked.

"Sure now," Salvatore said.

"Maybe Alfonso play the flute for you, *signorina,"* Papa said, emphasizing the *signorina* to let Uncle Funzy know that she wasn't married.

Fortunata and Uncle Funzy exchanged looks of helplessness, and then Uncle Funzy stepped forward and bowed. *"Signorina,* I'm be delight' accompany you."

Fortunata sighed as Papa helped her get out of the chair. She rummaged in her pocketbook, which was about the size of Mama's oilcloth shopping bag, and after a while took out several sheets of music. *"Ardon gl' incensi,"* she announced. The music was the Burning Tapers aria from Lucia.

"Ah!" Papa said, as though he knew what it was all about. Mama snickered.

"Signorina." Uncle Funzy put his hand under Fortunata's elbow, and holding it lightly, escorted her into the front room.

After placing the music on the spidery metal stand, Fortunata cleared her throat into a long silk handkerchief and patted her lips. Uncle Funzy bent over the score, not blowing through the flute, but moving his fingers up and down and swinging his head from side to side like a metronome.

When he was satisfied with his preliminary sight reading, he nodded his head to Fortunata with professional courtesy—a sign that he was ready to begin. Salvatore and Papa sat back on the sofa, blowing thin strands of smoke to the ceiling; and Mama, sitting between them, folded her arms grimly.

Uncle Funzy puckered up his lips and blew a short introduction while Fortunata stood by, clearing her throat and counting the bars out loud. Then, with her feet spread far apart, she clasped her hands to her breast and screeched:

"Ar-don-gl'in-cen-si!"

Nonno, who had been sleeping in the rocking chair by the window, woke with such a start that Papa's unlighted cigar nearly fell out of his mouth. He looked around the room, trying to figure out what was happening. Sizing up the situation, he wrinkled his nose at Fortunata and sank deep into the rocker, hunching up his shoulders to block out the sound.

"Oh-lie-to-gior-no . . ."

On and on she sang, making rattling noises in her throat when the notes were low, and screaming in nasal waves when they were high. If the passage was dramatic, she twisted the long handkerchief into pretzels around her hands; and if it was tender and compassionate, she cradled the handkerchief like a baby and crooned right at it. Papa smiled over at Mama; he was enjoying the recital immensely.

And now the flute obbligato—the mating of flute and voice!

Fortunata sang a couple of notes and cupped her ear, waiting for the birdlike response. The flute responded, playing the same notes. Then she sang some more notes and the flute pursued her kittenishly, until, at last, they were together—the flute and Fortunata.

WITH an agonized expression she looked over to Uncle Funzy for a sign of passionate sympathy, for a sign that the flute obbligato had somehow crystallized a meaning for each of them; but Uncle Funzy was staring straight at his music and blowing his flute with spirited detachment.

Just before the last note, she filled up her lungs, got a good toe hold in the carpet, and then let it go—holding the note for at least ten bars, while all the while her heart broke and begged for Uncle Funzy's attention. But Uncle Funzy had buried his nose deeper into the music stand, and the duet came to a thunderous conclusion.

"Bis! Bis!" Salvatore and Papa leaped out of the sofa, clapping their hands and shouting. "Encore! Encore!" they yelled, going over to Uncle Funzy who was already disconnecting the sections of his flute.

"Che voce!" Papa told God.

"Well, whatch you think?" Salvatore said, strutting around Uncle Funzy.

"Bella voce," Uncle Funzy commented, but he seemed to be preoccupied with the interior of his instrument and was peering through one of its sections as though it were a spyglass. He blew through it, clearing the canal of spittle and food particles.

"Grazie," Fortunata said, and returned the compliment. *"Bel flauto."*

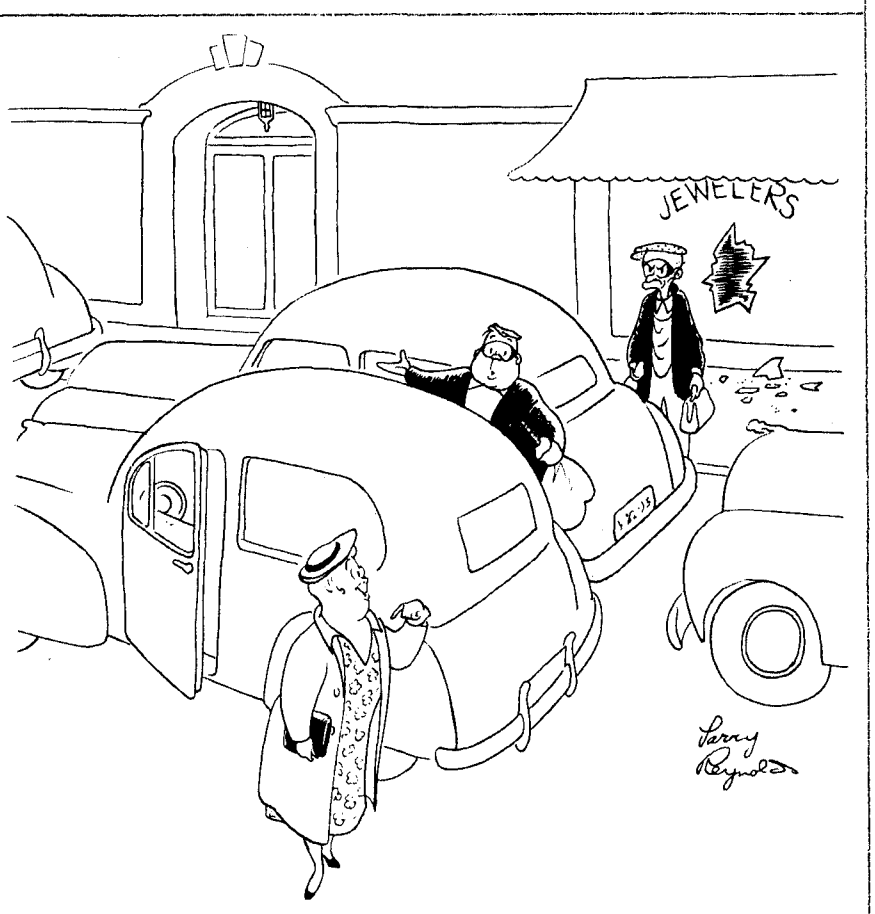
"Well," Papa said, winking at Salvatore. "I see you and Fortunata gotta whole lots to talk about musica."

"How's about *boccie?"* Salvatore said to Papa, taking the hint. "This time I beat you worster than last time."

Papa laughed. Under normal circumstances, Papa is very sensitive about his *boccie* game. At any other time, Salvatore's harmless boast would have precipitated a violent argument involving fabulous bets like a day's pay, or loser pays for all the pizza and wine the winner could eat and drink. But this time Papa merely laughed it off, and spun his bowling arm around to get the kinks out of it.

"We see who's win this weeks," Papa said confidently. On the way out he gave Mama a gentle push, leaving Uncle Funzy alone in the front room with Fortunata, except for Nonno, who had already begun to snore.

BUTCH



COLLIER'S **"I'll be right back. I'm just going to dash over to the grocer's for a moment"** LARRY REYNOLDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Papa b eat Salvatore two out of three, and his fa ace was flushed with wine and victory wh en he came home that night for supper. Si ghing contentedly, he sat down and watche d Mama set a plate of cheese and salami and a gallon of wine in the middle of the t able. He smiled up at Mama. dle of the r e a face at him and went back Mama mad e to heat up the spaghetti and to the stov beef rolls tied around with sew*braciuole*—i ing thread.

"Well," Pa apa asked Uncle Funzy, filling the wineglass es, "how it went?"

"Fine," sa id Uncle Funzy, pinching a hunk of brea d off the wheel-shaped loaf, wrapping it around a slice of salami and stuffing it into his mouth.

"You talk with Fortunata?" Papa asked, sipping his win e and looking at Uncle Funzy over the top o his glass.

"We talk," Uncle Funzy said, "and then she's go home."

"You like?" Papa said.

"Si," Uncle F unzy said. "Nice girl."

Papa beamed and the wine gurgled down his throat. "She 's gotta whole lots money, too."

"Si," Uncle Fu nzy said, nicking off a piece of cheese.

"Is a lucky ma n who's marry her," Papa said.

"Si," Uncle Fu nzy said.

Papa began to fill the wineglasses again. "Funzy, say me— why you no get marry?"

"I'm?" Uncle Funzy's Adam's apple wriggled as he sw allowed the cheese down.

"Why not?" Pa pa said.

Uncle Funzy d rank some wine. "Patsy, how I'm can marry? I got no job."

"What's differe nza, job or no job?" Papa said, throwing his hands out, palms up, to show how simple it was. "After you marry, you getta the job."

"I no know," Uncle Funzy said, shaking his head.

"I know," Pap a said. "Is not naturale a big man like you is no gotta wife." And leaning over and winking at Uncle Funzy, he said, "You thi nk about."

"I'm think," Unc le Funzy said.

Mama came ov er and put the steaming platter of spaghetti and *braciuo'e* on the table with a thump, scowling and leering at Uncle Funzy.

WHEN Mama w oke me and my kid brother, Natale , the next morning, I looked out of the win dow and it was one of those drizzly days aga in. Uncle Funzy was singing and shaving in the bathroom.

There was something wrong. Uncle Funzy never got up before we went to school. We figured that maybe when he went out last night, one of his musici an friends might have given him a job. We asked Mama about it, but she told us to mind our own business. While we were w ondering what it was all about, Uncle Funz y came singing into the kitchen, all dressed up and smelling of powder and cologne.

"Ar-don-gl'in-cen-si!" he sang.

"No sing that song," Mama sn apped.

"You no like?"

"I no like."

"Then I no sing," Uncle Funzy said, giving Mama a big hug. He went to the closet and took out his raincoat.

"Where you go?" Mama demanded suspiciously.

"Ah!" said Uncle Funzy. "That's a surprise!"

By the time school let out that afternoon, the rain was coming down in buckets and I had to run all the way home, ducking under awnings and hugging close to the buildings. Upstairs, standing outside the kitchen door, I took off my raincoat and rubbers and hung them in the hall. Remembering the big fight Mama and Papa had the month before, I wasn't taking any chances. Mama had the flap of the stove open to take the chill out of the room and I stood in front of it, warming myself.

"Why you stand there?" Mama said, still mad at something. "Why you no study?"

"What's there to study?"

"How I'm know," she said. "You go school, no me."

"Okay," I said, and I went to the closet and fished out a Tom Swift book. Mama didn't know the difference. A book is a book. . . .

I was up to the part where Tom Swift starts to chase the bad guys on his motorcycle, when Uncle Funzy opened the door in breathless excitement. He stood in the doorway for a moment, the door behind him like an opera cape. He didn't have his raincoat on, his suit was drenched, and the rain had flattened the springy hair on his head. Closing the door quietly, he came slowly into the room toward Mama with a queer look in his eyes. He picked up her hands by the fingertips and held them tenderly.

"Dearest sister," he whispered in Italian, "I'm married."

MAMA blanched. Then, her body quivering in convulsive twitches, she began to cry and threw herself on Uncle Funzy's shoulders. "Poor Alfonso! Poor Alfonso!" she wailed.

"Poor Alfonso?" Uncle Funzy said, patting Mama on the back. "But I'm a rich man. Today I married a queen!"

"Oh, my poor baby!" Mama cried, hugging him closer. "I should have stopped you—I should have stopped you!"

Uncle Funzy drew back, bewildered. "Stopped me? But why? You did not want me to marry my Angelina?"

Mama's tears went off like an electric light. "Angelina?"

"Si," Uncle Funzy said. "Last night I see Angelina, and I say, 'Why we don't marry?' and she say, 'Why we don't marry?'—and today we marry!"

Mama was shaking her head like she was having a fit. "But Fortunata—?" she asked.

"Fortunata?" Uncle Funzy's voice sounded like a man flicking a piece of dirt off his suit; and then he made a nose as though he were smelling something bad. "Such a Lucia!"

"Fortunata she's"—Mama hesitated, and then continued in a weak voice—"she's know about your Angelina?"

"Si," Uncle Funzy said. "I told her all about."

Mama laced her fingers, praying at the rain-streaked windows. "But Patsy he's think—"

"Patsy say get marry, and I get marry," Uncle Funzy said, throwing his hands out, palms up. "And now," he said, going to the door, "you meet my Angelina!"

"She's here!" Mama pointed all her fingers to the floor.

"I make you the susprise," Uncle Funzy said, smiling. "She's wait outside the hall."

"Outside?" Mama's voice was getting weaker.

"Si," Uncle Funzy said. "We live here till I'm getta job."

"Oh, *Dio!*" Mama's arms fell to her sides, and she stood there looking like the end of the world.

"And now the susprise!" Uncle Funzy said.

He opened the door with a sweeping flourish and there stood Angelina—small and dark and smiling uncertainly, looking first at Uncle Funzy and then at Mama. Mama started to move toward her, but her feet seemed to be glued to the floor. Biting her lips and on the verge of new tears, she stared helplessly at her new sister-in-law. Angelina's smile went away and she stood in the doorway, out in the hall. Strands of wet hair had escaped from under her small felt hat and stuck to her face in black clusters; and Uncle Funzy's raincoat, still sparkling with rain, hung limply from her shoulders and cascaded in a straight line to the floor, hiding her feet. She looked just like a kitten in the rain.

Watching her, Mama began to sniffle. Then she began to cry. Then she began to blow her nose into the hem of her apron. Then she couldn't stand it any longer, and she ran to Angelina and threw her arms around her. This time she really bawled. And the tears running down Mama's cheeks looked like the rain, zigzagging wildly down the windowpanes. THE END

No. 115, shown here, is one of many attractive Airfilm styles at $13.95 to $14.95.

Cushion Every Step

as you actually walk on air!

Between the insole and outsole lies a layer of *sealed* air cells. It's springy Airfilm—America's only pneumatic shoe material. Airfilm supports your entire weight and cushions the shocks . . . *you walk on compressed air.* . . . Airfilm shoes —Crosby Square's finest—provide welcome relief for callused feet. . . . See your Airfilm dealer or write for his name. *Mid-States Shoe Co., Crosby Square Division, Milwaukee 12, Wis.*

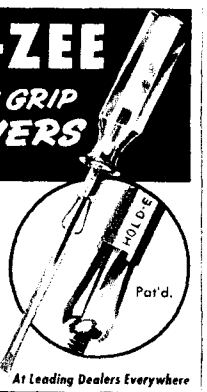
PATENTED AIRFILM SHOES MID-STATES SHOE CO. CROSBY SQUARE DIV. H-27

• "Airfilm" is a registered trade mark of Airfilm Corporation

HOLD-E-ZEE The Original AUTOMATIC GRIP SCREWDRIVERS

Hold, start and set up screws in unhandy places. Gripper instantly released by SPRING ACTION, sliding up out of way when not in use. Highest quality throughout.

New Models FOR RECESSED HEAD SCREWS



UPSON BROS., INC., ROCHESTER 4, N.Y. At Leading Dealers Everywhere

Dr. Edwards' Offers Complete Relief from Constipation

the clogging, TRANSIENT kind!

Whenever undigested food clogs the intestines and causes constipation with its bad breath, lack of pep, sallow skin—take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets. They work so *gently* yet *thoroughly*, giving you such complete and more *natural-like* bowel movements.

For years, Dr. F. M. Edwards, a noted Ohio Doctor, relieved his constipated patients with his Olive Tablets—now sold by all drugstores. Olive Tablets are strictly all vegetable. They work on BOTH upper and lower bowels and clean waste from entire intestinal tract, giving you *complete satisfaction.* Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets are packed in 15¢, 30¢ and 60¢ sizes.

Can You Do This With Any Other Tool?

You Can Do Scores of Difficult Jobs QUICKLY and EASILY with the

New VISE-GRIP WRENCH

Genuine VISE-GRIP, the most sensational hand tool ever built, gives your hand Tremendous Power! **LOCKS to the work with more than Ton-Grip!** Does "impossible" jobs like magic! Does jobs no other tool can do! Insist on the genuine VISE-GRIP, with name stamped into the tool. Only the genuine has these features:

Involute Jaw Curve holds all shapes with remarkable ease. **Knurled Jaw Tips** hold work at the very tip. **Thin Nose. Super Wire-Cutter.** Fine alloy steels, specially hardened, nickel plated finish.

WITH CUTTER.....	No. 7W—7-in.,	$2.25
	No. 10W—10-in.,	2.50
WITHOUT CUTTER.	No. 7C—7-in.,	1.85
	No. 10C—10-in.,	2.25
Also world famous original model:		
	No. 7—7-in.,	1.65
	No. 10—10-in.,	1.95

If not at your dealers, order direct. Postage paid if money accompanies order.

Manufactured Only By

PETERSEN VISE GRIP MFG. CO., INC.

Dept. C-4 DeWitt, Nebr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A. PETRUCCELLI

THE 49th STATE

ONCE, LONG AGO, Americans fought and won a war which freed them from the tyranny of taxation without representation. Yet there are still hundreds of thousands of Americans who are taxed by a federal government in which they have no voice. Among them are the people of Hawaii. They've paid that government more than $1,000,000,000 in the 50 years since the islands became part of the United States.

Today Hawaii's tax bill is greater than that of 11 states—Arizona, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, North Dakota, South Dakota, Utah, Vermont and Wyoming. But it hardly gets its money's worth. Its citizens can't cast a vote for President or even choose their own governor. Their delegate to the House of Representatives has no vote. They aren't represented in the Senate at all.

Why not? Why the discrimination? Why isn't Hawaii a state? People have been arguing about those questions during most of the islands' half century of territorial history. They have been the cause of numerous statehood investigations and statehood bills in Congress. The investigators turned in favorable reports. Some of the bills came very close to passage. But creation of the 49th state is still around the corner.

You are likely familiar with the most common reasons given for opposing Hawaiian statehood:

The islands are not contiguous to the continental United States.

The natives, we are told, are politically immature.

Statehood would give political equality to the island's large non-Caucasian population, which might vote as a bloc and gain control of the new state.

Hawaii's admission to the Union would increase the disproportionate voting power of small states in the Senate.

The islands are a hotbed of Communism.

Well, let's take up those objections in order. First there is the matter of remoteness. Hawaii is closer to San Francisco than San Francisco is to Washington. It is eight hours from the mainland by air. This air travel is over water rather than land. Is that a valid reason for denying the islanders their well-earned right to vote?

Some members of Congress would impose on Hawaii a period of political adolescence which, though indefinite, seems unreasonably long. Hawaiians have been Americans since the beginning of the century. Immigration from Europe and Asia has been virtually closed for 18 years. Of the 29 former United States territories, only one, New Mexico, had to wait longer than Hawaii for statehood. A citizen on the mainland can vote at twenty-one—or at eighteen, if he lives in Georgia. Isn't a 50-year apprenticeship for Hawaii enough?

The objection to Hawaii's non-Caucasians violates the fundamental principles of our democracy. The fear that they might seize political control for some harmful end shows a sad lack of faith in the freedom and opportunity which make that democracy so blessedly attractive. Under it, Hawaii's yellow- and brown-skinned citizens even now enjoy an equality that might serve as a pattern for the American mainland.

As for the voting strength which the Senate setup gives to the smaller states, that is a situation which already exists; and if the populous states want to change it, they will have to do so through a constitutional amendment. Their problem will not be solved by denying statehood to Hawaii.

Now, about Communism. The comrades are at work in the islands, of course, just as they are here at home. Hawaii is an inviting target for them. The islands are dependent on the outside for many necessities of life. The domestic economy is largely built around the growth and export of sugar and pineapples. The workers in these industries are organized by Harry Bridges' left-wing International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union. In 1946 the ILWU tied up the sugar plantations in a 79-day strike that nearly wrecked them. Last year it called a six-month strike which paralyzed Hawaii's vital two-way shipping.

Those strikes offered the Communists their big chance, but they weren't able to cash in. And the fact that Hawaii stood up under the heavy blow of the strikes and at the same time stood off the Reds convinces us that Communism hasn't made the progress that some opponents of statehood would have us think.

Incidentally, neither these opponents nor anybody else in the federal government did much to help the islands when the going was tough. In fact, Washington policy may have made the going a little tougher. During the war the government was Hawaii's biggest employer. Then, in a postwar burst of admirable but ill-planned economy, it abolished 12,000 civilian jobs in a little more than a year. The sudden cutting off of 12,000 workers' incomes had a serious effect on Hawaii's whole economy. Largely as a result there are now 33,000 unemployed in a work force of 197,000. Furthermore, federal authority made no move to invoke the Taft-Hartley law in last year's dock strike, even though the tie-up obviously menaced the islands' health and well-being.

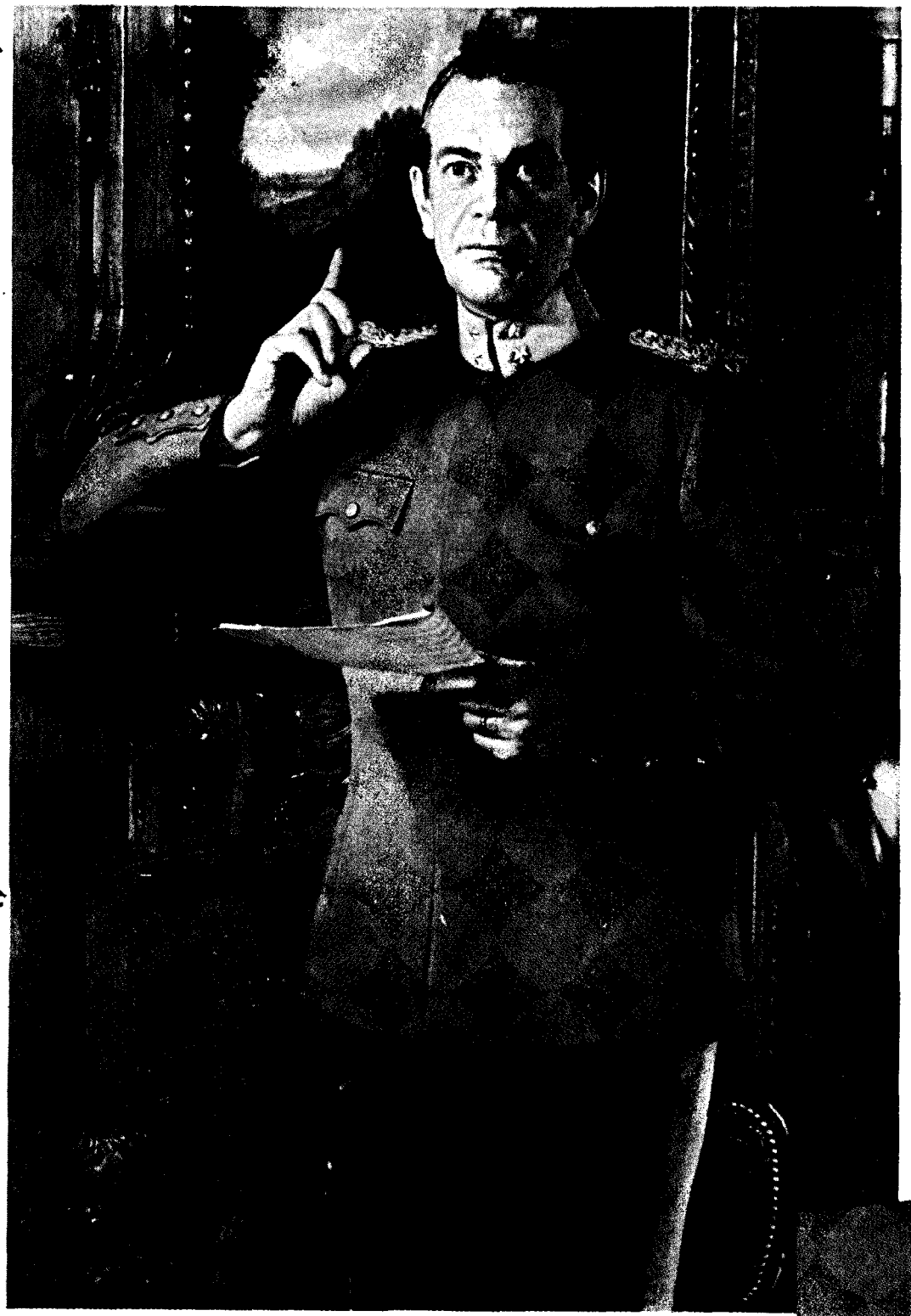
As a result, even though Hawaiian Communists gained no lasting victory, their fellow agitators in China, Japan and the Philippines have been able to point to the territory's strikes and unemployment and say, "You see, American capitalism won't work. It is collapsing in a series of crises and breakdowns."

We believe that statehood would strengthen Hawaii against these propaganda blows. And certainly our prestige in the Far East, as well as Hawaii, could do with some strengthening right now. The source of that strength is at hand in Hawaii. Already the territory is a model of a harmonious living-together by diverse races and cultures. And its living standard surpasses any that its neighbors enjoy or that Communist blandishments can promise.

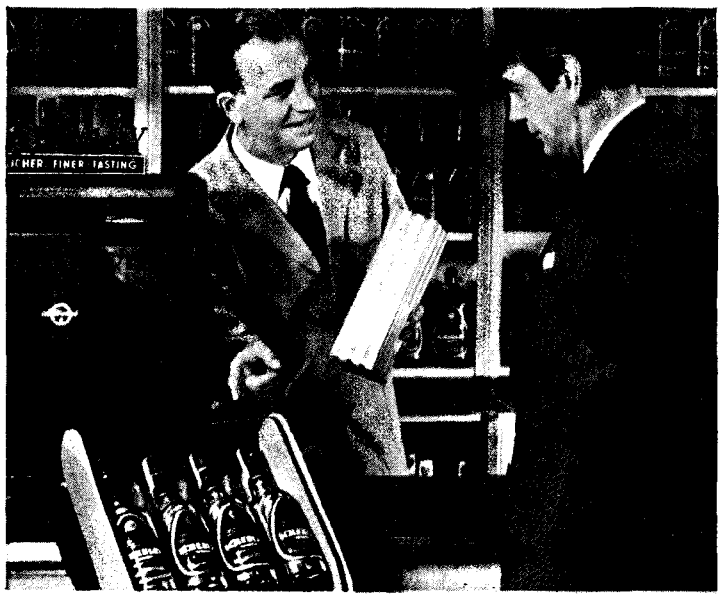
We also favor statehood for Alaska, but we think Hawaii has prior claim. It stands on the threshold of the Orient and on the political front line of American democracy. Its citizens today enjoy many advantages that are a part of their American citizenship. If our government will grant them the full and equal rights inherent in that citizenship, it will correct an old injustice and show the Eastern world a democratic example that might take us far toward the goal of peace and freedom in a most critical theater of the cold war.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Raymond Massey stars on stage and off
...for finer entertainment



THEATRE GOERS KNOW that the name of Raymond Massey on the marquee means top box office and top performance. Millions have applauded his brilliant acting on stage and screen. And, in the choice of fine whiskey, millions have come to rely on the name Schenley for a truly smooth, sociable drink.



"I'VE FOUND THAT YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT with richer Schenley," says Mr. Massey to his dealer. "I've travelled the world over, and I've never tasted a finer whiskey than Schenley."

★ ★ ★

ACTING IS ALWAYS TENSE, EXCITING WORK. That's why, when day is done, Raymond Massey often relaxes at home with friends. Schenley stars at these social gatherings. Its mellow taste wins applause from everyone. It's a really *smooth* performer!

You, too, will enjoy smooth, sociable

SCHENLEY

RARE BLENDED WHISKEY 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. SCHENLEY DIST., INC., N.Y.C.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

COPYRIGHT 1950, THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED